

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

“The Veil is upon their Hearts.”

BY S.

It was a lovely Sunday in the month of June—one of those days when the mild and balmy temperature, not bracing enough to be exciting, or fervid enough to be enervating, seemed to invite the soul to the calm enjoyment of sabbatical repose. The roses trailing around the porches were all in bloom; the sunlight, dancing in at the windows, gilded every thing with brilliancy, and the birds, singing on every spray, made nature vocal with sweet praise.

But there was one heart upon whom the bright influences of nature fell unheeded, because other and graver cares oppressed it. In his little study sat the minister of the parish, plunged in deep and earnest thought. He had been looking over his sermon, and was now reading his Bible, to draw from it a fresher inspiration. Then, as was his wont, he knelt in prayer, for the only blessing that could make his labors effectual. Mr. Ray was a man of strong and ardent feelings. The world had early fascinated him; but, from the moment that his soul had received Jesus as his Savior, he had never swerved in his allegiance. His object had been the mastery of his passions, and so successfully had he battled against them, by fasting, prayer, and watchfulness, that, to the world, he seemed a cold and passionless man. But the ardor which had been turned from earthly pursuits found a safer channel for itself in the warmth of his religious zeal. The fervor of his devotion glowed like a hidden fire,

and gave to the utterance of his mouth a singular force and power. It was not mere eloquence; it was the earnestness of conviction; the seeing things that are invisible; the acting as if the objects of time were the shadows, and the scenes of eternity the realities,—this it was, that thrilled his audiences with unwonted emotion, and caused many a stout heart to quake beneath his searching scrutiny.

The sanctuary of private prayer should not be rudely entered, but, as we stand by that man, and witness his all-absorbing devotion, we feel that here is a spirit of no common mould. Like Jacob, he is wrestling with God, and we know that he must prevail. He is praying for a deeper insight into the hearts of his people—for a clearer knowledge of their sins, difficulties, and trials, in order that he may give them the instruction best suited to their case. He grows more and more earnest. “Lord, remove the veil that conceals their hearts,” is the cry of his soul, and, as he rises from his knees, he feels conscious of an increase of spiritual strength and energy.

The bell has ceased its tolling, and the worshippers are assembled within the church. The old and the young, the serious and the gay, the rich and the poor, are all there to receive the word of reproof, consolation, or warning. Their eyes are fixed upon the minister, and something in his face rivets their glance, like a sort of fascination. It seems to each one as if he were reading his or her very heart, so searching are his words—so vivid his delineations of the hidden sins which mar and deface the inner life. Is it a mere fantasy,

or does each one see himself reflected in a moral looking-glass, and shrink affrighted from the view? We know not how it is, but the revelations of that day never passed from the minds of Mr. Ray's parishioners. They were engraved there as on tablets of iron, and many a changed life and altered purpose could be traced back to their powerful influence.

But the minister himself—was there any thing, on that day, to make it a marked one in his life? He had passed through the midst of people, silent and abstracted in his spirit, yet glowing with its solemn communings with heaven. The thought that had absorbed him so completely in his moments of devotion was yet uppermost in his mind, and, as he closed his eyes, and bent his head in mental prayer, it seemed to his excited imagination as if an angelic form stood beside him. "Thy prayer is heard," said the heavenly vision, "thou hast desired to know thy people, and the Most High hath granted thy petition. Wherever thou fixest thine eye, the veil that shrouds the heart shall be lifted, and thou shalt read its most secret thoughts."

Strange inconsistency of human nature! The boon he had so earnestly sought was granted; the knowledge he had wished for was within his reach; yet the thought only sent the blood back to his heart, and caused a shuddering to pass over his whole frame. Should he dare to avail himself of the permission thus granted? Should he destroy all the illusions of his life by lifting that fearful veil? What discoveries might he not make! What treachery under the guise of friendship! What covetousness under the mask of religion! As these thoughts were passing through his mind, his eye fell on one of his deacons, and slowly the veil was lifted, and his inmost heart was revealed to his view.

Deacon Marsh was a man of severe aspect and rather repulsive manners. He often availed himself of a deacon's prerogative, to censure and reprove, not with the

mild spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, but with the sternness of a hard and unbending nature. The sins to which he was not addicted from temperament or education, found no quarter, but, as the heavenly directed vision of the minister probed his very heart, he found there the darkest passions fiercely contending for the mastery. The love of supremacy, the hatred of those who differed from himself, the hidden rejoicing over the misfortunes of those he deemed his enemies, the griping avarice, the unmerciful spirit—all shone out in characters of living fire. Mr. Ray closed his eyes in agony of spirit. Was this the man upon whom he had depended to aid him in training his people for heaven? If such the keepers of the fold, what must be the condition of the flock!

As he was revolving these thoughts, his glance met that of an upturned face, and his attention was drawn towards a young and beautiful maiden, whose loveliness of person was only equalled by the charm of the most winning manners. There was a brightness about her that made her very presence a pleasure—her smile, gay as the sunshine, and as freely dispensed, made every one happy that came under its influence. "Here at least," said the minister to himself, "it will be safe to look." But, as the bright tissue which veiled this youthful heart was gradually removed, the expression of pain again contracted his features. He saw that the moving spring of all her actions was a love of admiration so strong, so intense, that, for it, she was willing to sacrifice every thing that came into competition with it. The success she had already obtained, the future triumphs she meant to achieve,—these were the thoughts that filled her mind, while her head was bent in prayer, or her lips opened in praise. The most thorough selfishness governed her conduct, and prompted her to disregard the feelings and the happiness of others whenever they came in conflict with her own.

As Mr. Ray turned in disappointment

from this sad revelation, his eye met that of a gentle matron, surrounded by her blooming family. Her face bore the expression of habitual gentleness, and, save for a smothered fire in her eye, and certain lines of firmness about her mouth, which spoke the strength of her inward purpose, you might have set her down for a most amiable and inoffensive person. But under this mild exterior, ambition was cherishing plans of aggrandizement, not for herself, but for her children. As she beheld the bright promise of their dawning intellect, she formed schemes of earthly advancement, and all her powers were bent on polishing and refining them—not that they might be meet jewels for a Savior's crown, but that they might be fitted to adorn a high sphere of worldly influence and dignity. If to all this she could have added the safe reversion of the life to come, she would have gladly done it, but the world was the first, and heaven only the secondary object in all her educational aims and efforts.

But we cannot accompany Mr. Ray in his spiritual investigation. Some there were found faithful to their vows, and true to their allegiance, but the mass were engrossed with earthly cares or giddy pleasures. His face grew more and more sad; his words glowed with a more intense energy as the fearful result struck upon his heart. He had chosen for his text, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." When he spoke of the consciousness of secret sin which had induced her accusers to depart one by one, without inflicting the punishment justified by the law, his thoughts, like melted lava, had a scorching and withering power; but, when he turned to the winning gentleness and love of Christ, the effect seemed irresistible. As his eye wandered over the congregation, now silent and spell-bound, he descried, in a distant part of the church, a figure which had hitherto escaped his observation. It was that of a woman sitting solitary and apart. She was clothed in the faded garb of poverty, and her features, once lovely,

were pinched by want, and defaced by the unhallowed hand of vice. A scant calico dress covered, but did not conceal, her wasted form. A thin shawl was pinned across her breast, and an old straw bonnet drawn over her face completed her attire. The man of the world would have passed without heeding her; the woman of fashion would have rustled by her in all the pride of her ample drapery; the philanthropist would have laid the plan of some great scheme for the reformation of women of her class; but all would have left her a prey to want and sorrow. But, as the minister gazed upon her, the veil was raised from her heart, and displayed a scene such as angels love to gaze upon. There was deep sorrow for sin, blended with the strongest faith in a bleeding and suffering Savior. Her love was ardent, because much had been forgiven her. Her humility profound because her sins had been great and numerous. She sought for nothing, asked for nothing here below; she only prayed for

"A heart inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross."

Tears streamed down her sunken cheeks; but they were not tears of anguish; her Savior had sanctified her as his own, and the trials of earth faded from her view.

Strange power of the imagination! As Mr. Ray, at the close of his sermon, described the final departure of a penitent soul to dwell with Christ forever, the scene he was describing seemed to be acted out in that obscure corner of the church occupied by the woman who had so powerfully drawn his attention. Her worn-out garments seemed to be exchanged for the pure and spotless robe of the redeemed, her face infinitely more lovely than in its days of earthly innocence, shone like a bright beatific vision, and a halo of glory encircled her head. Angelic forms hovered around her, and finally bore her away to dwell forever with the Lord.

A sudden cry from a remote part of the church, broke the spell under which minister and people were laboring, and drew them hastily to the spot from whence the sound had proceeded. A poor woman had fallen from her seat, as they supposed, in a fainting-fit; but, upon a closer examination, they found she was dead. Her hands were yet clasped as in the attitude of supplication, and her face wore a smile of such unearthly sweetness that none who saw it could ever banish it from their remembrance. She was laid in a lowly grave, but her spirit had passed into that sacred Presence where the veil is forever taken from the heart made perfect in Christ's holiness.

Looking to Jesus.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

TEACH, O, teach me, blessed Jesus,
Ever to look up to thee;
Though in darkest shades I'm walking,
And no ray of light I see.

When on me thou art bestowing,
Earthly blessings, rich and free,
Teach me to look on beyond them,
To the Giver, even thee.

When thy chastening rod thou layest,
With a heavy hand on me;
Though my heart is bleeding, breaking,
Help me to look up to thee.

When thy presence thou withdrawest,
And thy love is hid from me,
Help me then with faith undying,
To lift my weeping eyes to thee.

And when inward foes are striving,
To lure my trusting heart from thee;
May I see thee in the Garden;
View thee then on Calvary.

Then, though wildest tempests gather,
I will sing of victory;
If I may, in joy or sorrow,
Lift an eye of faith to thee.

When I tread the lonely valley,
Be thou there to comfort me;
When Jordan's waves around are swelling,
May I look to none but thee.

The Connexion between Holiness and Usefulness.

BY S. L. LEONARD.

THERE are but few questions of greater importance than how the Christian may be best qualified to labor successfully in his Master's vineyard. If we have not greatly misapprehended the teachings of the Scriptures, they clearly represent holiness of heart as the great source of success in all efforts for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. We do not intend to assert that the most holy persons are always apparently the most useful. The circumstances that surround a person that is entirely sanctified may be such as to render him apparently less useful than many who enjoy less holiness. But who will deny the existence of a close connexion between the holiness of the child of God, and his usefulness? Holiness alone can keep the Christian steady in the discharge of the duties that his Heavenly Father has assigned him. Human nature shrinks back from the cross. And how many crosses are there in the path that leads to heaven! No worldly motives can sustain us here; for all these motives fall in with the remains of the carnal mind that are yet in our hearts. But holiness overcomes this opposition of the heart to the service of God. It changes the bent of the mind, and enables us to put a proper estimate upon earthly good, and upon the favor of Heaven. As long as the heart is filled with love to God and man, that love will make us cross-bearing and self-denying followers of Christ; and no person can be a steady Christian until he can say, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

But there exists an intimate connexion between holiness of heart and clearness of mind in reference to spiritual subjects. It is no answer to this to say, that many persons entertain correct views in regard to religion, without ever having experienced a change of heart. Such persons would be still more knowing if they were holy. One

of the inspired writers tells us that "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;" and Christ says, "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." And does not observation confirm the teachings of Revelation upon this point? How else will we account for the fact that the unlettered child of God is often a sounder theologian than many who have spent their lives in studying the doctrines of religion, without having had their hearts changed? And does not the amount of our knowledge have much to do with our usefulness? Would Wesley ever have become as sound a theologian as he was, if he had possessed but little holiness, and would he have been fitted for the work that he performed, without his theological training?

But without holiness we cannot exhibit, as we ought, the fruits of religion in our lives. The conduct flows from the heart; and it is impossible for an impure fountain to send forth pure streams. Why is it that so many members of the church are so much conformed to the world in their conduct? Is it not because their hearts are not "right with God"? Can any thing remedy this evil but a rich baptism from on high? When this is achieved, the example of the church will be what it ought to be. And who can deny that the example that the Christian sets has much to do with his usefulness? Religion claims to be practical matter, and to exert a controlling influence over the lives of her votaries. Thus the world judges, and the godly lives of Christians have had much influence upon the success of the gospel. Were not the holy lives of their converts one great cause of the success of the apostles? When they went forth, preaching Christ and him crucified, they found the world arrayed against them. Their doctrine was "to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness;" and he who embraced it did so at the hazard of his life. Yet they triumphed over all these obstacles, and planted the

standard of the cross amid the ruins of systems of idolatry that had long held the most polished nations of antiquity beneath their sway. One great reason of all this was that, when they were asked for the proof of the divine authority of Christianity, they could point to those whom it had liberated from the dominion of vice. And was not this, to a great degree, the secret of the early success of Methodism? Can that be of but little importance without which the Christian cannot "in all things adorn his profession by a godly walk, and an upright conversation?"

If the reasonings of this article be correct, how important is it that the child of God possess entire holiness!

You Love Me so Dearly.

THERE are times when we learn as much from our children, as they learn from us. There is something in the artless simplicity of childhood, that proves stronger than the careworn severity of mature years. I was sitting at the piazza at evening, musing too doubtfully upon the future, and letting the clouds of care darken the beauty of a brilliant sunset. I will not say what burden weighed upon the spirit, nor what doubt had risen as to the course of Divine Providence. Just then, little feet were heard, and my child ran gayly to my extended arms. Catching the playful spirit of my little girl, I seized her in my hands, and held her over the railing, as if to let her fall. Astonished at her want of fear, I asked, "What, not afraid? Why don't you cry? Won't I let you fall?" "No, *papa love me so dearly!*" was the instant reply.

I cannot tell what instruction distilled like cordial through my soul. The words of perfect confidence lingered in my ears, and entered my heart. It is impossible that a father's love should let fall the child who lies smiling in his arms. How, then, can the Heavenly Father let fall the children who trust in him? Every doubt is

rebuked, and every dark foreboding put to the blush, by the lesson which a child has uttered. Are we not the sons of God? And is our future destiny too sublime for comprehension, so it doth not yet appear what we shall be; and still shall we fear to lie passive in our Father's arms? Does he not love us too dearly to let us fall? If he did not refuse the greatest boon, but "delivered him up for us all," will he not also freely give us all things? With an adequate idea of our relations to God as his adopted ones, can we justify one doubt, can we harbor one fear as to the future? If God is our Father, does he not love us too dearly to let any evil befall us? Will he not make all things work together for our good?—[N. Y. Observer.

Canadian Correspondence.

HAMILTON, C. W., }
May 25th, 1857. }

DEAR BROTHER :

I am sure it will afford the highest pleasure to yourself, and to the numerous readers of the "Guide to Holiness," to learn of the progress of holiness in this city. I think I informed you, that, since the labors of the Rev. James Caughey, and the occasional visits of our beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of New York, a meeting has been regularly maintained, one evening in each week, for the especial purpose of promoting holiness in the church. These meetings have been marked by different degrees of interest, but have never been abandoned. Each of the ministers of the circuit presides in them in regular rotation; they are opened with singing and prayer, and reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures, after which, the witnesses or seekers of holiness, give in their testimony. They are usually closed by one or two members engaging in prayer, and not unfrequently an earnest seeker enters into rest. Since the dreadful railway disaster of the twelfth of March, last, (which was the occasion of calling the

attention of many to the subject of personal religion,) these meetings have been more than usually interesting. The result has been a marked improvement in the members who have attended, and the earnestness with which the blessing of entire sanctification has been sought. It is especially pleasing to trace the results of holy living, earnest prayer, and active faith. In answer to the prayers and faith of a devoted sister, (a leader of two classes,) her eldest son, (a man of family,) has been awakened to see how far his attainments were below his privileges. He resolved at once on trying, what Mrs Palmer terms, "the shorter way" of obtaining the blessing of perfect love. He soon experienced the efficacy of simple faith, in the atonement for full salvation. He immediately set about trying what he could do towards spreading the knowledge of this glorious salvation, and soon a wife, a sister and brother-in-law, a sister-in-law, and several others in whom he felt a deep interest, became decided witnesses of the power of God, to cleanse the soul from all sin, and some others, who feared not God, were brought to a saving knowledge of "the truth, as it is in Jesus." Those who have experienced the blessing of perfect love, are not only standing fast in glorious liberty, but are also doing their utmost to bring others into the enjoyment of like precious faith. Their efforts in this good work, have not been in vain. Between the twelfth of April and the eighth of May, twelve others have been added to Jesus' witnesses, mainly through their direct and well arranged endeavors to bring them to Jesus, whose "blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness." At the last Monday evening meeting, in which I presided, after an hour spent in the relation of experience, half an hour was spent in prayer for seekers who were present; four of them laid hold by faith on the precious promises, and experienced the "cleansing from all unrighteousness."

Our quarterly love-feast for the whole

circuit, (you are aware that our whole city is *one circuit*, having four churches and three ministers,) was held in the Mc Nab street church, on Monday evening last, the eighteenth instant. It was conducted by the superintendent, Rev. James Elliott, and was a season of deep religious interest. Forty persons related their experience during the hour and a half which the Discipline allows a love-feast to last; of this number, twenty-two testified that God had "purified their hearts by faith in the blood of Christ." A good number of them were young men, of whom the church entertains great hopes; the rest were chiefly persons sustaining the relationships of married life. Our statistics show our numbers to be five hundred and twenty-four, of whom thirty were received on trial during the last quarter. About seventy are professors of holiness; and, of them, I must say, that generally there is a becoming consistency between profession and walking. We are looking for greater things than these, and our efforts and hopes are for a glorious revival of religion on the right foundation. It will at any time greatly cheer and encourage our souls to see yourself, or Brother Gorham, or Dr. and Mrs Palmer. Pray for us.

The account of Mrs. Palmer's meeting in the May number of the Guide is especially valuable. Many have asked how were those meetings conducted? etc. The article will do great good.

I am, dear brother,

Yours in the bonds of love.

E. B. H.

The Fortunate Coal Merchant.

BY REV. R. MCGONEGAL.

FEW persons, other than a pastor, can fully appreciate the difficulties which often occur in the spiritual life, over which the Christian minister labors with ardor, and with so little proportionate success. Cases appear, which baffle every effort of both love and faith. And sometimes they are of so long standing that no epithet better

expresses their state than to say, they are cases of "chronic" unbelief, or of "chronic" indifference, or of "chronic" idleness. The causes are generally kept from the pastor's knowledge; therefore, he is illy prepared to do for such persons what he might otherwise do for their good, both temporal and spiritual.

A very good illustration of the above remarks may appear in the history of the fortunate coal merchant. Whether the reader will be pleased with his character, conjecture is useless, and we will give the facts, and let them speak for themselves. Herein may be found a case of conscience, and hence may be afforded a very useful exercise in ethical philosophy. And should any thing reprehensible be discovered, it is a matter of earnest hope that the reader will make haste to sift his character and his practical life of every thing similar which may possibly disfigure the symmetry of a pure Christianity.

Mr. B— received his birth and education in New England; more is therefore expected of him. In comparatively early life, he became a member of an evangelical church. His standard of piety, and of moral life, could not have been very low. For a few years of his life in the church of Jesus Christ, he manifested a commendable degree of interest, and took an active part in the temporal and spiritual affairs which belong to it. He was placed in positions of responsibility and influence therein. It was therefore natural that he should be wisely observant of all the opportune chances for doing well for the church in her economic arrangements. And it may be said, in his praise, that he has done nobly for the pecuniary welfare thereof.

During these first few years of his membership in the church, the home establishment of Mr. B— was small and thrifty. He was a hard-working man, of slowly-increasing means. In his domestic establishment, his wife, after the good old fashion, did her own work, and himself had spare time for gardening, and for other

small work at home. His business at the counting-house went on steadily, but, though his property was moderately growing, the prospect was not likely that he would ever become a wealthy man. Nor has such a purpose, or even desire, yet made itself manifest in the events of his life. Could any one have been asked what might be the weak point in the moral and religious character of Mr. B—, at the time of which we speak, the question would not have been answered. Or, if it had been answered, one would not have had the heart to even suggest that avarice, that most loathsome vice, could have a place in his character. To disprove such a thought, Mr. B— was known to be a benevolent man, that is, he could not be accused for want of this amiable quality of character; for his donations to causes of charity and benevolence, and his subscriptions to the wants of the church most faithfully attest this.

But let us proceed with our narrative. In the autumn of 18—, the firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*, and had been for years, purchased a very large supply of coal, as they could buy it at an unusual advantage. This happened, not because of any particular far-sightedness of the firm, but rather seemed to be one of those providential arrangements by which Christian men, even in their business, may, if they are so disposed, become the almoners of God to the poor and the laboring classes. The season advanced rapidly, and shut up navigation. A long and cold winter followed. Thousands of the hard laboring classes, which, in the best of times, get along but poorly, found themselves oppressed for the means of daily life and sustenance, and were obliged to buy their fuel at a very great disadvantage. Very hard is the battle of the poor man for subsistence, when kind employers and favoring times smile upon him; but what shall we call it, when work can scarcely be gotten, when employers are oppressive, and when times frown upon him?

That was, indeed, a hard winter. Pro-

visions for the family sold at prices which were enormous, compared with other and better times. Fuel rose proportionately with other things of household consumption. Coal was four dollars a ton, then five, and then six. Other coal-sellers disposed of what they had on hand, and navigation was so obstructed that this very important article could not be procured. The firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*, consisted of two persons. They found themselves masters of the coal trade. They improved their advantage, and put coal up to seven, and soon afterward to eight dollars a ton. They could raise the price to nine dollars a ton, and it was not long before they had the want of humanity (not to say the want of conscience) to do it. The hard winter thus rolled by; the poor bought coal, and the firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*, continued to sell it.

Would it betray a want of humane feeling in us, to look into the homes of working men, thousands of whom were sorely pressed for the means of comfort, in the city where Mr. B— was a coal merchant? If we have the heart thus to look, and dare to feel for the poor, and feel also a fraternal sympathy for them, during the "hard times" of that inexorable winter, as they battled with want, shall we not do injustice to the firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*? Is there not some danger that charity, which "hopeth all things," may give place to a feeling or sentiment, that may not be quite so gentle? Think for one moment. How many a larder was obliged to spare a delicacy, and a comfort, and a necessity, for the more rigid demand against the piercing cold! And this, too, because that the *extra charge* for fuel was at least equal to, or even more than, the *usual cost* of fuel! How many a band of children must pay from their very dishes and their persons the money which, chinking, gave sweet music in the coffers of the coal firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*!

Does this really appear to chime with that lofty principle of benevolence, taught in the *Golden Rule*? Can we suppose that the life of Christ on earth may be represented by a deportment like that of the coal merchant? We must not be guilty of an act of so great levity towards Christ, or towards his pure gospel.

Let us pursue the history of the fortunate coal merchant still further. Not long after that cold winter, so hard to the poor, and so close to the laboring man, (whose fortunes were usually better than those of the abject poor,) the firm, of which Mr. B— was the *ruling mind*, was dissolved, and this Christian gentleman set up business at the old stand, on his own account. The fact should be stated just as it was; he had become a forehanded man by the coal speculation of that hard winter, and could stand by himself. He soon had more cash than was needed in his business; therefore a connexion was formed with moneyed institutions, with moneyed men, and with money-hiring men.

As time rolled on, the position of this gentleman in the church became changed. He was more influential than when his temporal circumstances were less auspicious. An official member before, offices soon multiplied on his hands. To his praise be it said, as his means were more ample than in former years, his subscriptions to all causes did not fall away in liberality, but rather rose, and rose with his wealth. He identified himself with the cause of education, and paid largely for its advancement.

In due time Mr. B— was extensively known as a successful financier, and was therefore often selected, as men of success will be, for places of pecuniary trust. He was known for his abilities, and fully appreciated as such; for, doubtless, he had a talent in this direction.

The domestic establishment of this gentleman also underwent a change. His place of residence was removed to a more respectable part of the city, and must be as

goodly in its style as others among which it was located. His wife became aware that her changed circumstances demanded a transference of herself mostly to the sitting-room and parlor, for the greeting and the entertainment of those numerous callers and visitors incidental to wealth and public consideration. The discovery was soon made that a carriage would be a very proper, and even necessary adjunct to such a man's domestic and social comforts. With such changes came servants for the kitchen, the dormitory, the stable, the garden, and the grounds ornamental.

Once, the entire family expenditure was not more than five or six hundred dollars by the year. A year, of the time of life to which we have now traced his prosperous career, consumes two thousand dollars, his home establishment has become so expensive. This cost, it must be remembered, is outside the expenses of his merchant life. How much this was, we have no means of knowing. How much soever all might have been, he was able both to bear it, and to make the service he obtained therefor profitable to him. We have marked a few effects of the increase of Mr. B—'s property. It may not be out of place now to state other effects. Formerly, he was an excellent leader of a religious class. He was humble, sympathizing, and spiritual. His class has, long years since, been resigned to other hands. His prayers in social meeting, once so warm, so tender, so spiritual, so edifying, have the effect to cool the fervor of any meeting where it chances to be his duty to pray. His testimony, before the members of his church, has degenerated into "remarks." Instead of greeting his poorer brethren with that cordial shake of the hand with which he formerly did it, his recognition is a nod of the head, or a few short words. It is not the entire church now, but a few friends of wealth and consequence of which his favorite circle is made up. Sometimes, by mistake it may be, Mr. B— neglects a social meeting for the neighborly gathering, and even the

more extensive party. Besides this, he was noticed by the wealthy of other and fashionable denominations. There consequently came invitations to parties, and to other places of amusement; these he did not see fit to decline, nor to consider incompatible with his high profession, and derogatory to the noble standard of his own denomination respecting such things. It is a glory to Methodism that her discipline takes the true gospel stand-point of declining to have her members drink at the fountains of this world's pleasures. But Mr. B— accepted the favors and advances of others; therefore he must return their kindnesses, as a man of wealth would naturally do. He must add the sanction of a Methodist's name to such scenes of gayety, and fashion, and dissipation, and expense.

Years have now gone by since Mr. B— was in the least danger of being charged, by even the most fastidious Pharisee, with being fanatical. Times of revival interest come and pass by, and he is very little affected by even the most touching scenes. His family altar has not, of late years, been the scene of counsel and prayers for the penitent, as in years long since gone by.

Another effect is quite marked. When Mr. B— lived in less fashionable style, certain very pious ministers were frequent visitors at his house. This feature of his character has also changed. Fashionable, and social, and jocular, and smoking ministers have, of late years, become his favorites, rather than such as are known for their deep piety, and their plain, godly speech.

We can but regard this as a marked case. And there must be something in his life to produce such an effect upon it. What could have produced such a change in the texture of this man's moral history? Twenty years of time only could never, in many important respects, have produced another man than the one who began the coal trade, without coupling therewith some other and potent cause. His entire Christian life seems to have become another life.

In moneyed matters, he is a valuable man; the church could not do without him; but, as far as the spiritual welfare of its members is concerned, if Mr. B— were in his grave to-day, that church could not possibly miss him. Wesley deprecated the time and state of things when rich men become necessary to us as Methodists. But this time and state of things are upon us, and no man can deny it, unless he shuts his eyes and his ears against the evidence which every day now brings.

Now let us ask a question in ethical philosophy. Can a Christian gentleman take advantage of a time of public want and scarcity to amass a fortune consistently with a pure Christianity? We know that political economists say, that an article of trade is worth what it will bring in the market. This may be true in political economy, but it is a fallacy in Christian morals. For necessity is a hard master, and will force a man, and even the entire public, to pay, for present consumption, more than a good man ought to take, if he would keep a good conscience. Could Mr. B— have placed himself in a position of poverty and actual want, he would not that men should have treated him to the high price for a necessary of life, to which he treated them during that hard winter.

But colors are best set off by being placed beside those which are complementary to them. So we present a case of quite another kind of complexion in moral aspect. The reader may contrast the two, and draw therefrom what may serve to inform and to chasten his heart.

He was a noble-hearted farmer, whose narrative now claims our attention. He was not an open professor of religion, nor a member of any church. His motives are not known, in his deed of philanthropy, only as they seem to stand out upon the act itself.

This farmer had an abundant yield of his lands. His crops were gathered into his grain rooms in the finest condition. The intention evidently was to demand a

large price for his wheat; for it was the produce of his industry. Time rolled on; brought the autumn, and then came the winter. Other farmers kept selling off their stores of wheat at large prices. Still, grain continued to rise in price, till it almost boded a famine. This farmer kept his wheat.

At last, a speculator, who had heard of the failure of others to get this farmer's grain, having great confidence in his ability to succeed, determined to make a trial of his skill with the farmer. He went privately to him, saw his treasures of wheat, and made him a large offer for it. But the farmer was inexorable. While the speculator was in his house, the farmer was told that a neighbor wished to see him. He was a poor man, and had come to get a bushel of wheat for his family, which consisted of a wife and several small children. The farmer told him that he might have it, with much cordiality of manner, which showed that he was not averse to selling his wheat. This was a matter of surprise to the speculator; for the farmer's cordiality to the poor man was so different from his unyielding deportment toward himself. The poor man was taken to the grain rooms, and his wheat was measured out to him by the farmer's own hand. When this had been done, and the favored man was about to depart to his humble dwelling with food for his household, he shouldered the grist, asking the price expected for it, when the next harvest-time should come round, as he had no money.

"One day's work will do," said the farmer.

The poor man hesitated, lowered the grist from his back to the ground, and stood looking at his benefactor, as if doubtful of his meaning, and said,

"Others will pay you much more."

"I know that," said the farmer.

"I will work for you one or two days, just as you say, with a hearty good will," said the poor man, with emotion playing over his honest face.

"You do me one good day's work in my harvest-field, next summer, and I shall be satisfied," replied the farmer.

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said the poor man, as he shouldered his bag, and started off with a light step and a grateful heart for his home, doubtless praying blessings on the benevolent farmer, who could not, and certainly did not, take advantage of a time of public want and scarcity to amass wealth.

Nor was this an isolated instance. All that hard winter, and till the next summer, did that noble farmer hold his wheat, as if in trust for the poor. He sold not a kernel to the rich, nor to speculators, but kept it for the poor. The same price, also, each man was to pay—"one day's work in harvest-time."

The Way to be Happy.

A STORY is told of two travellers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in the winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were closely covered, and you could see hardly anything but their eyebrows; and these were white and glistening with frost. At length, they saw a poor man who had sunken down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers. "Stop and help him," replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveller; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped his sledge. "Come," said he, "come and help me to rouse him." "Not I," replied the other; "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can."

till you come back." So saying, he resolutely kept his seat; while his companion hastened to relieve the perishing man, whom they had so providentially discovered. The ordinary means for restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveller was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what were the consequences? Why, the very efforts which he had made to warm the stranger, warmed himself!—and thus he had a twofold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot, by reason of the exertions which he had made. And how was it with his companion, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep warm. The lesson to be derived from this little incident is very obvious.

Dress. Holiness.

A LETTER TO MY YOUNG FRIEND, MISS M. E. H. N. I.

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own,
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I am exceedingly grateful that the Holy Spirit, by its pure, all-powerful light, has shined upon your heart, in respect to dress. I had thanked God for having awakened your mind to the need of a holy, clean heart. You did not resist the light and truth presented by your affectionate relative, who desired to see your feet walking in the length and breadth of God's testimonies; that your peace might flow as a river, your joy be full, the power of watchfulness increased, a steady

strength imparted, your usefulness without any abatement, confidence in God at all times, and in all circumstances, and a fixedness in God, because of the death of the carnal mind.

You rejoiced in the light, and received new strength every step of your progress from a halting, stumbling state of grace. I thought at times you had received a clean heart—then, again, was tempted to doubt whether you were already in that blessed state.

This temptation, you will suffer from, more or less, until you are rooted and grounded in the experience of holiness; and, when the enemy finds you maintain your position, he will cease this mode of attack; but make an onset in some other point—we can never be entirely exempt from temptation while in the body, though the wiser we grow in the ways of God, the more easily we will discern his approaches, and be able to say, as the Master did, Satan cometh, but findeth nothing in me; and we may be calm and peaceful, even while enduring his suggestions.

However, you have not been discouraged with yourself, but have walked steadily on, obeying light as fast as it came upon the path of duty—the sure way to run for eternal life; and it is thus that many see past inconsistencies and present claims after they have received the doctrine. We must accept the truth with a humble, teachable spirit; then the fruits will follow as fast as light and obedience lead the way. It is the case in many instances, that greater stability is given to the character which tests every step of the progress, while those who immediately fall in love with the truth, without patiently counting the cost, are apt to turn aside.

In every stage of grace, the price of the pearl is to be deliberately considered, if we would not be guilty of trifling with holy things. Then the full and entire surrender is made,

"Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will;

All my goods, and all my hours;
 All I know, and all I feel;
 All I think, or speak, or do;
 Take my heart, but make it new."

We must now keep in mind, hourly and daily, the covenant we have entered into—sealed with the precious blood of Jesus. Perhaps here many vacillate. They look at the greatness of the offering, and its consequent responsibility, and not sufficiently at the greatness of the grace offered in exchange for the poor, sinful heart laid upon the altar.

They begin their reasoning upon their own inability, while Satan well contrives his plan to keep out of sight the waiting Savior, with his atoning merits, bleeding hands, pierced side, and divine intercession for the weakness of his flock—there is our safety and purity.

Now, as you are gathering experience daily, and light breaks forth here and there, as you look for it, and you find, by sweet consciousness, that you are indeed in the school of Christ, learning from his compassionate tenderness as you are able to bear; I will explain myself a little about that which you thought cost me some care respecting you.

I heard from your own lips the language of faith—the joy you felt in closer union with Christ, and that the doctrine of holiness you received as a Bible truth and requirement, and believed the Lord said to you, "Be ye holy;" that you wished to meet the command fully, and your whole spirit was absorbed in the attainment. At times you had the sensible evidence you were purified, and knew you loved the Lord with all your heart. I fully believed the utterance of your lips, the joy of your countenance, and the sincerity of your eye. But inwardly, my heart would say, O, if this dear sister would lay aside her feathers, flowers, and other outward ornaments, how would my heart rejoice at such an evidence of deadness to the world! Yet I did not feel at liberty to say any thing about those things—I did not wish to bring

you into bondage to my views; however, example and instruction is to be followed in this, as well as other things, as far as Christ is followed.

The branch of Zion to whom you belong have no rules or restrictions on the subject of dress, other than the Bible, which is, indeed, ample for the guidance of all Christians. But the power of habit and example is mighty.

When you made a profession of religion, your mind may not have been particularly enlightened by those portions of holy writ respecting outward adorning; beside, the example in the church, all around you, was such as to keep you asleep and quiet on this point. My own experience was a little different, as self-denial was a prominent motive, though I did not sufficiently understand the apostolic injunction, "Be not conformed to the world," as I afterward did, when I received the doctrine of holiness. Then self-denial and God's requirement met together in my light and convictions, and grace was equal to meet both. It has been peculiarly grateful to my feelings to know the Holy Spirit has been enlightening your mind in this important matter, so that your profession and appearance may agree, and the one witness to the other. You have now laid aside those objectionable ornaments which can add no beauty or attraction to the Christian woman—whose adorning is that of a meek and quiet spirit. Such vanities may be left for those who have their portion in this world, who are not seeking the white robe, the palm of victory, and the golden harp.

There are a multitude of considerations that should have Bible weight. "Our life is a vapor" then too short to spend it in the fashions of the world. Use the world as not abusing it—wasting it upon our persons. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If time is thus spent,

where is the inclination to set up the idol *self* in outward adorning?

We certainly have come to a point in experience and example, in the general church, which demands a thorough reform among all Christian women, with regard to dress. The Romish priesthood of France utter their complaints about this overwhelming evil. The voice of a Protestant minister of England tells us his heart aches over this demonstrated worldliness. Hosts of Christians in our own loved America are daily pained and grieved at the sway of fashion in all our churches. My dear friend, you have begun to consult the word of God, and to seek the guiding of the Holy Spirit; *continue to abide their dictates*; and walk in the path of self-denial and propriety.

It may not be improbable that some vague sense of duty, and the obligations of a religious life, with the prevailing failure of professed Christian women, with respect to folly and vanity, induces some weak minds to make an entire renunciation of the world, and enter a cloistered life—a living death. Poor things! They dwell upon the symbol, while their hearts are destitute of the grace of the crucified Jesus.

While we live in the world, let us exhibit, in our life, that we are not of the world, but are preparing for the glorious world we have not seen. Yours in Jesus.

Y.

An Incident in my Religious Experience.

SEVERAL years ago, I found myself, at the close of day, in great darkness of mind. I attempted to pray, but could get no access to God. The inquiry then was, What have I done to-day that has thus grieved the Spirit? And the determination was as quickly formed not to retire until the cause was known and removed. My cry was, "Show me what evil way there is in me, that it may be put far from me." As this and similar petitions were offered with great earnestness, the Spirit brought

to my remembrance this written word:—"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, or of *wearing of gold*, etc." It then occurred to me that, in the morning, I had thoughtlessly allowed a gold ring to be placed on my finger, and there it was still. Several years before, I had studied the Scriptures on this very point, and settled the question once for all, that, whatever others might do, *I* could not go contrary to what I believed to be the written word of God; and solemnly promised Him that I would adorn myself "with good works," and seek only "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." By wearing the ring, the light within was turned into darkness, and how great was that darkness! The sin was confessed and forsaken, and light and joy returned. "One thing at a time is the law of mind," and, if we have made an *entire consecration*, we shall put away every practice that does not accord with inspired precept, as the Spirit points it out to us—so shall we go on unto perfection.

A. C. B. L.

The Power of Prayer.

ABOUT three years since, an incident came under our own immediate observation, illustrative of our subject. A pious lady, residing in the town of S—, had a husband who was a very wicked and profane sea-captain. He left his home on a long voyage. Soon after his departure, a few pious friends met for prayer at his house, and, with great earnestness, they besought God in behalf of this captain, for his conversion. While they were thus employed, he was wrecked, and his life was in imminent danger. He then vowed unto God that, if he would spare his life, and permit him to return again to his home, the remainder of his days should be consecrated to his service. His prayer was accepted; he was rescued, and took a homeward-bound vessel, and reached his home in safety. We visited him at his dwelling; we bowed with him in prayer;

and heard his heartfelt groans—his fervent supplication—for pardon through Christ.

I never saw a sinner so powerfully awakened as was this man. His manifold sins rose like mountains before him, and his strong frame trembled with deep emotion while the scalding tears started from his eyes. On the Sabbath, at the close of the public exercises, he arose before a crowded audience, and told the story of his shipwreck, and his vow unto God. He confessed with tears his sins, and expressed his fixed purpose to be from thenceforth the Lord's. It was not long ere he rejoiced in an assurance of acceptance. What an encouragement is this to those Christians who have unconverted friends who are unsaved!

Father M— was a godly minister residing in the State of Massachusetts. At one time he left his family to go on some mission to Canada, making, as he thought, sufficient provision for their necessities, until his return. He was, however, detained longer than he anticipated, and his family were reduced to a meagre crust of bread. The mother knelt, and besought help of God for her destitute family. After pleading for a long time, she arose, assured that her petition was heard, and would be granted. In a short time, a baker's cart was seen approaching the house, with great difficulty on account of the huge drifts which, from a recent storm, had rendered the roads almost impassable. The baker alighted, and rapped at the door. The poor woman hastened to open it, and his first exclamation was,—“There is the table; now for the crust!” He entered, and, going immediately to the table, opened the drawer, and took up the solitary crust. He then related to the astonished woman the following circumstance. He dreamed of the drifting storm, saw the dwelling of the famished family—the room—the table and the crust of bread in the drawer, were vividly presented before him. So deep had been the impression of the dream upon his mind,

that he could not rest until he sought out the dwelling, and, recognizing the table as the woman opened the door, he uttered the exclamation we have recorded, and hastened to satisfy himself respecting the crust. He generously supplied their wants, and then requested prayer in his behalf, the result of which was his immediate conversion.

A poor woman residing in B—, was, one morning, wholly destitute of any provision, and, in her distress, called upon the Lord, who graciously answered her prayer. An eagle, flying over with a large fish just caught from the river, dropped it near her door, and this satisfied her hunger for the time.

INCIDENTS RESPECTING FATHER M—.

Many years ago, there resided in the town of Y—k, in the State of M—e, a minister by the name of M—y. He was of rather an eccentric turn of mind, but a man possessing a remarkable degree of faith in God. Ministers, in those days, did not have quite so large a salary as they now do, and our brother's family were sometimes so reduced in temporal matters as to be entirely destitute of food.

At one time, when thus circumstanced, he bade his wife spread the table as usual, assuring her that food would be provided to put upon it, and so it was.

One day, observing a couple of geese flying over, he seized his gun, and said, “O Lord, if thou wilt give me both of these geese, I will send the best one to Widow —. He fired, and they both fell. One of them was a very large, fat goose, but the other was exceedingly lean. His wife thought it was hardly fair to send the best one to the widow, but he replied, “I will not lie unto God. I promised him that I would give away the best one, and I shall do it.”

A poor widow called at his house one day, who was destitute of shoes. He bade his wife take off hers, and give them to the woman. Upon her complaining

afterward, at his requiring her to give away her only pair of shoes, he replied, "The parish will not let their minister's wife go without shoes but they would that poor woman."

At one time, he met with Whitefield, and urged him very hard to go to Y—k, and preach to his people. Whitefield hesitated, but, upon Father M—'s saying, "Brother Whitefield, if you do not go, you and I can never meet in heaven in peace," he promised to go. He accordingly went, and put up at the house of Deacon S—. The next morning, as Mrs. S— was driving him to the church, he suddenly exclaimed, "Turn the chaise!" She looked at him, and found that he was deadly pale. She, however, urged him to permit her to drive to the house so that the people might look upon him; but he spoke yet more strongly,—"I tell you, turn the chaise!" He felt forbidden by the Spirit to go, and therefore, although hundreds were eagerly waiting to see and hear the eloquent stranger, he would not disobey the monitor within. Both Father M— and Whitefield have long since died, and we doubt not, that they have met in heaven in peace.

Such were the eccentricities of Father M—. They were a source of extreme mortification to his brother ministers, and a council of them was appointed to meet him at his house, either to dissuade, or put him down from preaching, Father M—, throwing a quantity of letters upon the table, invited them to look them over, and left the room. They took up and read, one after another, and found them to be letters from various places, giving accounts of the good results that had followed his labors, and urging him to come again. After reviewing them, they very wisely concluded that Brother M—'s labors were more profitable than their own, and that he had better continue on unmolested. When Father M— returned, they told him the result of their deliberations. Prayer being proposed, they called upon him to

pray, and, among other things, he thanked God that he and his brethren were enabled to *set their horses together once more.*

DORA.

Two Ministers---The Contrast.

SINCE our last, we have been to hear Elder K. three evenings. The last evening there were not more than one-eighth as many people as were present the first and second evenings of the meeting, and he scolded and complained so much more than he preached, that we backslid—yes, and we did actually backslide, right there before his face, while he was distorting his text and showing *himself* instead of *Christ*.

True, we are told to look "beyond the watchman," but when the watchman spreads himself—tells what *I* have done—how many battles *I* have fought—wonders why the people don't hear *me*—how can you help seeing the human, instead of the divine? And, *so* seeing, who can help backsliding? Ah! *so* seeing, *is* backsliding. The elder says, now is the low tide—that almost every protracted meeting has its low tide—but that the high tide will come—and he shall yet have a revival here. That is our opinion precisely; *he* will have it, if it comes as the result of such efforts as we have witnessed. Alas! for poor "earthen vessels"! How apt is success to beget self-confidence! The bucket did hold water, when He who gave the water lined it within, and hooped it without; but, when the lining is marred, and the hoops are broken, the water goes through it like a sieve. The poor bucket may go up and down the well, as aforetime, but nobody drinks from it!

Last Sabbath, we attended the dedication of W. Chapel. The morning sermon was by the Rev. Dr. D., of Philadelphia. He is small in stature, and decidedly a *Paulish* preacher: learned—clear—logical—powerful—scriptural, and best of all "glorying in the cross of Christ." We could not but be struck by the contrast between him and Elder K. The latter, so bold, rough, self-

confident; everything tending to say "K." is here, hence making him "weak when he was strong;" the former, so mild, modest, and successfully hiding "Dr. D." behind Christ, that "when he was weak, he was strong." The Doctor is 58 years old—entered the ministry when he was 18—has been in active service every month since. He is a self-made, self-educated man; was chaplain of the U. S. Senate in 1831-2, and afterwards president of D. College. He preached from his text, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." If each one of that vast audience does not "behold the Lamb of God" savingly, it is not Dr. D's fault, in our judgment. In his appeal to the ladies, he said, "Sisters, the Lamb of God has done everything for you; I have seen females in Turkey and Africa, but there are no *women* there; they are all *slaves*!"

The Two Gates,
OR,
DYING INTO LIFE.

M. W. L.

"As the sun was sinking in the west, and the veil of darkness was settling upon the face of the earth, gently the light of his life passed away."—[Discourse at the Funeral of Leonard Woods, D. D.]

RESTS he now—the veteran soldier, wearied
with the mortal strife;
Went he up a glorious victor from the battle-
field of life.
Fierce to him the stirring conflict; but he
wrestled long and well,
And his arms were girded on him when the
stalwart warrior fell.
Joy for thee, exultant spirit! for thy warfare
now is o'er,
And the din of clashing armor shall oppress
thy soul no more.
O! the sweetness of awaking in that "land of
pure delight!"
O! the fulness of the glory, bursting on thy
ravished sight!
But for us, still in the conflict, panting in its
dust and heat,

Weeping ever for the loved ones, falling under-
neath our feet—
Now for one—but *one* sweet vision, ache these
tired mortal eyes,
Sick with longings to behold thee, till our
heart within us dies!
Oft we press beside the gateway of the still
abode of Death,
Trembling, knock upon his portals, listening
with suspended breath.
Vain alas, this mournful striving! for the wall
is high and wide;
Comes there only weeping echo, answering from
the other side.
Yet we still repeat the effort, aching from the
silence deep,
Knocking, pleading, calling, crying, till the
night-dews o'er us creep.
Hear'st thou not, departed loved one, our per-
petual, yearning cries?
Does no breath of all our sorrow float to thee
in Paradise?
Seest thou not that fount of anguish, constant
in its hidden flow?
Is thy tender heart unconscious of its gushing
depths of woe?
Never sound the stillness breaketh. Hopeless
must that distance be,
Thus debarring all communion of our loving
hearts with thee!
Hopeless? ah, these stricken spirits, sinking
under sorrow's weight!
Why should we be ceaseless wailing, kneeling
by that lovely gate?
Upward to the heavenly portals, could we lift
our trusting sight,
Far into the shadow-valley would there ray
celestial light.
Knocking at the gate of Glory, answered is our
pleading call;
Sweetly come the angel-voices from behind
that jasper wall;
Fall they on us in our darkness, weeping at the
gate of Death,
As upon our drooping eyelids we had felt a
seraph's breath.
Courage, then! still press we onward cheerly
to the faithful fight;
Soon will lift the cloudy curtain veiling loved
ones from our sight.
Then shall pass the heavy shadows from these
sin-beclouded eyes,
Break the clear, eternal morning o'er the hills
of Paradise.

Let thy memory, parted spirit, cheer us on our
struggling way,
And thy gently falling mantle, strengthen us
to win the day !
From our weakness faltering often, fainting in
the weary strife,
May we fall like thee victorious, *dying into end-
less life !*

Why is it ?

WHY is it ? This inquiry has been suggested to my mind many, many times during the past few years, in regard to the opposition which the profession of gospel holiness meets—not from the world, but from the majority of the church. That other denominations should object to it is not so much a matter of surprise ; but that Methodists, in whose creed it is a prominent feature, should not merely avoid it, or be silent upon it, but actually employ the gifts given for a better purpose, in opposing its spread, is, indeed, very surprising and unaccountable. Brought up in a branch of the Christian church where it would be deemed a sin to make such profession, I was totally ignorant of its being taught as a state of grace to be enjoyed on earth, until I found pardon and peace in believing in Jesus, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

When I first heard it, I was in the enjoyment of the justifying grace of God, and felt I had a clear title to heaven through the blood of the Lamb. Perhaps some will ask here, "Was not this enough? What could you desire more?" But I read, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." And again, "Be ye holy." I felt there were still in my heart roots of bitterness that would spring up; and, though I looked to God for help, and grace was given to keep them in subjection, yet they were there and troubled me. Then again the inquiry would arise, "How can I remain uncondemned before God, if his word and Spirit tell me I must have a clean

heart, and I neglect to follow their teachings, by not seeking it?" I loved God because he loved me, and had declared himself to be my Father. How then could I dishonor him by not receiving and enjoying all that the blood of his Son had purchased for me! My duty and privilege were thus clearly set before me, but how to avail myself of this privilege, was a question I could not so easily settle. I set about trying to make myself better. I sought it, as many others have, by works, but found nothing but drudgery and toil. I began to see the evils of my own heart as I never saw them before. Its deep fountain was constantly sending forth pride, love of the world, anger, malice, unbelief, etc., to hinder and discourage me, till I could exclaim,

"I loathe myself when God I see."

I felt the need of plain, simple teaching, supported by experience, and addressed a person on the subject, who had been many years in the church. His answer was, "I don't know any thing about it." I thank God that He enabled me to resolve I would never rest until I knew something about it. It was not long after, that my lot was cast among those who enjoyed and professed, honestly and simply, this full salvation. A meeting was held weekly for the promotion of this blessed doctrine, which I regularly attended, and, for nearly a year, sought earnestly for a clean heart. I saw just what God required of me, even an entire surrender of ALL to him; but, strange as it may seem, after the ardent desire I had expressed to be wholly his, I yet hesitated to consign every thing to God's disposal. I shrank from sundering ties, the strength of which I had not realized till put to this test. But O, the matchless love and mercy of God! He did not cast me off as I deserved, but, in this severe struggle, strengthened and comforted me by his blessed presence, and enabled me, one after another, to break the links of the chain that bound me to earth, until the

last was severed, and my freed spirit found its rest in God. I was no longer my own. The breathing of my inmost soul was, "Thy will, not mine." But, in taking all, He gave all—himself, and all of earth I needed to hold in trust. This was little more than two years after my conversion, and a number of years have since elapsed; but still he saves; and to-day I have a firmer confidence than ever—I have left the shore, and am nearing the heavenly port, and, with my latest breath, I'll proclaim him "mighty to save," yea, even "to the uttermost." A covenant-keeping God! I have not gone all this pleasant way, however, without being proved and tried. Often, when my enemies would have triumphed over me, the single scripture, "It is Christ that died," has put them all to flight. I count it an honor to be esteemed worthy to suffer for his sake. Good is the will of the Lord. I want nothing but what he gives, and I am willing to bear any thing he sends or permits. He has taken me, a vile, sin-polluted worm, and made me his child, and "my soul shall make her boast in the Lord;" yet I know that even now I am only safe while I implicitly trust him by the moment. I have no confidence in self; all I can say of it is, vile, vile; helpless, helpless!

And now, again, comes the inquiry, Why should any Christian object to this? Why are young disciples discouraged from seeking it by adverting to the impropriety of making such "high professions," when the older members of the church, and even their minister, do not enjoy it; or, if they do, never speak of it? Often have I been made to bear a heavy cross because of these discouraging remarks, but I dared not dishonor God by refusing to speak of his work. How long, O Lord, shall this opposition continue?

C. N. S.

THE almost Christian is a most unhappy man, having religion enough to make the world hate him, and not enough to make God love him.—[Countess of Warwick.

From One of my Flock.

The following extract of a letter is forwarded us by a beloved brother in the ministry. It is from a member of his last year's flock, and was addressed to himself and wife. Speaking of the writer, he says, "All who have the Christian acquaintance of Sister M. S. will know that this is but a truthful expression of an experience which is beautifully symmetrical."

PRAISE the Lord that he ever led Brother H. to hold that protracted meeting. O, how I shrank from it! I almost wished that I had never made a profession of religion, that I might approach the altar as a seeker. Little did I expect that I so soon should be there as a seeker of holiness. Least of all did I expect such a blessing as was poured out upon me. How could I, when I knew nothing about it? O, how confused and dull were my ideas, until the Holy Spirit began to enlighten me! Then how clear was all! Had one taken me by the hand, and led me here, I could have been no more sensible of it than I was of being led directly by the Spirit of God. Never, when I had prayed for a brighter evidence of my acceptance with God, had it entered into my heart that there could be such an evidence as that which I obtained and enjoyed. How oft, when busied with my sewing, or other domestic concerns, has the presence of God been so manifested to me that my hands would drop helpless by my side; and, as soon as I could gain strength, I would withdraw to my closet, and there prostrate myself before God. There I praised him, if ever mortal did, I can only think of the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost fell upon the disciples. It was something that I could feel, not only in my soul, but it seemed to settle down upon me; and every part of this poor body was just as sensible of its descent, as it would be if standing in a heavy shower of rain. Yes, much more so. Is it any wonder I praise God? O, is it not a wonder that I do not praise him more! Sometimes I exclaim, "Glory to God," and the

language seems so tame, so faint in expressing my feelings, that I long for something more to say. Then I tell my God that when I reach my heavenly home, I'll praise him in nobler strains, for then I shall know as I am known, and see as I am seen. O that long-to-be-remembered night when the portals of glory were thrown open to my ravished sight, and I, upheld by the everlasting arms, stood before the throne! I felt those arms as sensibly as ever I have felt the pressure of your own friendly hands; I heard the harpings of the angel choir as sensibly as I ever did the sounds of your own loved voices. It was more than I could bear without shouting the praise of him who unveiled such glories to my gaze. I sprang up, completely overwhelmed with the view, and felt, of a truth, that I dwelt in God, and he in me. Praise was in my every breath. Then loomed up before me an open grave; as I gazed upon the fresh earth, and looked into its depth, for a moment a chill passed over me, so sudden seemed the transition. The next moment, the grave was radiant with light! It was a grave still, but O, how brilliant the light that beamed from the glory that rested upon it. You will not wonder that this poor tongue praised God all night, and that I needed neither sleep nor rest. The grave is no longer gloomy to me. I look by faith into it, and even from its depth rises the same refulgent light; and death is robbed of its sting. Glory be to God in the highest!

Our brother adds: "Brother D—, my spirit catches the same glory. So may all." To which we would fervently respond an amen.—ED.

The Promise Verified.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."
—Matt. xviii. 20.

NEVER did I know this promise so strikingly verified, as it was one Friday evening, a few weeks since, in a little prayer meet-

ing, held in Howard street in this city; and, that the people of God may be encouraged, I have concluded to mention it in the "Guide." At the close of a delightful meeting, which was held in Baldwin Place church, twelve young men, together with myself, understanding that there was to be a meeting in Howard street, went up there; but, upon our arrival, we found that there had been a misunderstanding, the meeting being appointed for another evening. We resolved, however, not to let this hinder the object of our gathering; so, proceeding to an upper room, the only available one, and which was used as a store room, we commenced a meeting. There were no chairs, so that we were obliged to stand; but we did not mind that. We knelt down among the old boxes and barrels, and while two brethren prayed, the Holy Ghost came down upon us. We arose from our knees, full to overflowing, with its delightful influences; we could scarcely contain ourselves, and we remained till eleven o'clock praising God. We seemed to forget entirely this earth, and were lost in the contemplation of Heaven, and of the loveliness of Christ's character. Would that every professor of religion among those who seem to be at ease in Zion had been with us, to have felt the joy and quickening power that we felt. O! how I do pity those, who bear the name of being disciples, but by their lives are not to be distinguished from people of the world. If all would be more zealous in the service of Him whom they profess to follow, if all would strive to grow in grace, and to be like Christ, what different times we should see! Alas! there are too many "sleeping professors," who form a great obstacle in the conversion of souls.

While in this meeting, we were reminded of the time when the twelve disciples were met in an upper chamber, after our Lord's resurrection, and he appeared unto them with the salutation, "Peace be unto you." We were met in an upper chamber, thirteen in number, and Christ appeared unto us;

not sensibly to the eye, but to the soul; and he spoke peace unto us, and it was even so; such peace and joy as we had never experienced before. Its influence did not stop there, but was with us after we separated, all saying that it was, indeed, good to be there. I speak not for myself alone, but for all of us, and my feeble description falls far short of the reality.

Brethren, there is no place so humble but Jesus Christ may be found there. A place more humble than this, could scarcely be found, and yet in it we enjoyed more than we ever had before. Our Lord was indeed there, and that to bless, and we felt that it was not in vain that we had met there. No matter how few there may be met together, there will be enough to claim the promise of his presence, and he is faithful to his promises. I hope that all Christians will feel encouraged, as I do, to pray earnestly for the presence and blessing of Christ, as I know by experience that he is very willing to bless.

W. S. BARNES.

Perfect Peace.

I RECOLLECT on one occasion, whilst travelling amongst the English lakes, being enraptured with a scene of surprising beauty. It was a lovely summer's evening. Scarcely a single cloud was to be seen in the sky; there was only just sufficient movement in the atmosphere to prevent the sensation of perfect stillness; and hardly a ripple could be traced on the surface of the water. Beyond, the summits of the lofty mountains were tinged with the glorious hues of sunset. The whole landscape appeared as though it had been formed only to image the spirit of peace. But in a few hours all was changed. Dark clouds passed over the heavens; a thunder storm broke in fury; impetuous torrents rushed down the mountain sides, and the lake, which was before so placid, was lashed in tempest. It was difficult to believe that the scenery was substantially

the same as that on which I gazed so short a time before with such inexpressible delight. Here was an appropriate emblem of what the world's peace usually is. Everything is for a season bright and prosperous, and there seems not the most distant prospect of reverse; but, as in a moment, all is exchanged for gloom. And then it too frequently happens that whatever peace that prosperity might impart, passes away with the departure of the prosperity itself.

But there is a peace which is not thus transient, but is perfect and lasting; and it is unspeakably desirable that we should know the secret of that peace. One beautiful passage of Scripture explains it:—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."—Isaiah xxvi. 3. To obtain a more distinct conception of the nature of this peace, it is well to inquire what it is to have the "mind stayed on God."

God must be known. "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace." I cannot trust any one of whom I am ignorant, nor shall I be disposed to trust him whom I believe to be incapable of helping me, any more than I should knowingly commit myself to a leaky vessel, or build on a foundation of sand. That man who really knows God as he has revealed himself in his word, will feel that he can trust him. For he is omnipotent; the "everlasting God," who "fainteth not, neither is weary;" omniscient, knowing, therefore, all that concerns us; infinitely wise, and therefore able to dispense to us precisely the blessings which we need; faithful, and therefore never likely to fail the soul that confides in him; beneficent, and therefore "delighting in mercy." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."

There must also be reconciliation. No mind will ever truly stay itself on God which is not reconciled. There may be, in the time of overwhelming sorrow, the

urgent cry for help from God; but there is nothing like heartfelt dependence upon him. Who can trust in him with whom he is at enmity? But, believing in Christ Jesus, the enmity is done away. There is established between the soul and God, a new relationship; and whilst, as a father, God pities his children, they approach him with filial confidence, seeking and expecting a father's mercy.

There must be, moreover, the firm belief of the divine promises. God might be known, and there might be the full assurance of provision for reconciliation; but there would still be only a partial trust in him, unless there was something to indicate the degree in which he was ready to extend his aid. He has met this necessity by addressing to us "exceeding great and precious promises;" and we are taught, as believers in Christ, that he exercises over us the care of a constantly superintending providence, regulating for us every event of life; that he will supply all our need, comfort us in every sorrow, fortify us against every temptation, render all things subservient to our best welfare, and consummate all his mercy to us on earth, by conducting us to heaven. To have the mind rightly stayed on God, there must be a fixed persuasion of the truth of these promises, and an entire dependence upon him. The degree of our faith in God's promises, is just the degree in which our minds will be stayed on him.

He who thus trusts in God is kept in perfect peace. It is the reward of his trust, but it is also its natural result.

It is peace in the soul. It is not promised that there shall be averted from the Christian every thing which is in its own nature calculated to produce disquietude. Though nothing happens to him but what is common to man, he is liable to all the calamities and afflictions which befall the rest of mankind. Like them, he must be prepared to meet with disappointment, with vicissitude, with sickness, with bereavement. But he has peace notwith-

standing. He is like the passenger in a storm-tossed vessel—who, whilst the winds are howling around him, and the waves are rolling mountains high, feels no fear, because he has full confidence in the strength of the ship, and in the care and skill of its captain; or, like the inhabitants of some beleaguered city, who, though aware that the enemy is surrounding its walls, is convinced that its defences are impregnable. It is a calm, self-possessed, happy frame of mind. Its model is that peace which reigned in the bosom of our great exemplar and Lord, and who left his own peace as his legacy to his church. Its sweetness and power are indescribable, for it "passeth all understanding." It is "perfect peace."

Observe the influence of this peace in the anxieties of life. Who does not know what it is to be harassed by distressing anxieties? But how such anxieties are relieved, and even dispelled, when the soul can stay itself on God! We can cast on him all our care when we are persuaded that "he careth for us." We can dismiss from our minds every anxious thought respecting either the present or the future, when we know that he who "feedeth the young ravens when they cry, has promised to supply all our need."

See its influence, also, in the vicissitudes of life. It is not a peace for the sunshine only, but also for the shade; not only for the mount, but also for the vale. The Christian cannot but feel such changes, and there may sometimes arise the disposition to murmur; but, when he remembers that they have all been appointed by his wise and loving Father, and that everywhere there shines alike the light of his countenance, he is at peace.

See the influence of this peace in the time of deep affliction. "In the world," said our Lord to his disciples, "ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." It is an every-day thing to see the Christian, racked by excruciating suffering, still tranquil, because sustained by

the promises of God, and the sympathy of Christ. There are few things more agonizing and heart-rending, than to stand by the bed of death, when the eye of some loved one is fast becoming dim; to bear the cold remains to the house appointed for all living, and then, returning to the desolate dwelling, to mark the vacant place, and to feel the lack of the wonted smile. But even amidst such scenes this peace may reign, and he who "restores comfort to the mourner," can enable him to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

See the work of peace in death. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Faith often achieves her noblest triumphs when her work is almost done, and the soul is about to enter on the perfect vision of heaven. Reposing on the power and grace of that Savior who has vanquished death, he awaits with peace and even with joy, the stroke of the last enemy.

It is perfect peace! Reader, is this blessing yours? If not, be entreated to seek it. Be reconciled to God, through Christ; then study the character and promises of God, and pray for that spirit whose fruit is peace. The more you know of it the more you will be convinced that there is nothing like it in the world.—[Methodist Magazine.]

"Blessed be the Lord."

BY J. P. LACROIX.

SINGLE actions are often better criterions of character than years of acquaintance. They are, in fact, little windows of the soul, whereby we may see the moral motives which direct the outward deed. This fact was never more vividly realized than, some days since, while sitting in love-feast.

A young man, on whose *physique* were clearly traced the effects of fast living and dissipation, after speaking of his recent conversion and good resolutions, had scarcely taken his seat, when an elderly

lady arose. Her sunken eyes and sallow, skinny face too evidently revealed the sorrow and care to which she had been a prey. It was only after repeated attempts that she succeeded in standing, and then, were it not for the support of a pew-back, she must have sunk in the effort. While the entire audience looked on in deadest silence, she attempted to speak; and at each stifled effort her dim eyes, losing their leaden vacancy, acquired a diamond-like radiance. Evidently this was no ordinary occasion. She was struggling to give voice to some overpowering emotion. "Blessed be the Lord! my son——," here, her voice failing, the sacred fountains of the soul gushed out in copious tears, and, quivering as an aspen leaf, she sank to her seat. This indeed was an epoch to the indigent widow. That for which she had hoped these twenty years—that which had been the food of her thoughts by day, and the substance of her dreams by night—that for which, morning and evening, she had ten thousand times wept and prayed, and for which alone life was dear to her—was now most fully and blessedly realized. Her boy—her only child—her beautiful and talented, but ungrateful and blasphemous son, had seen the frightful error of his ways, and fled for refuge into the open arms of Jehovah. What more could she desire? What could add to her earthly bliss?—nay, was not hers a heavenly bliss? To one whose faith is so unwavering, and who estimates every thing by its relation to the future, is not the heaven of the Bible not only *not* a fancied and hoped-for thing, *but* an actual, realized, living fact? This aged mother, in whose words and tears there was such significance, could she, by all the puzzling logic of rationalists, idealists, or sceptics, be made to question the veracity of that old family Bible? No! no! That which had cheered her life, dried her tears, said to her soul, Peace, be still, nurtured her mind on the satisfying belief of a Christian future—and, in obeying which, she had experienced so many indubitable proofs of divine

approval and protection—that was by no possibility a mere fiction, emptiness, or priest-jargon—it was a most divine, breathing reality.

Suppose, as she sat there, in enraptured tears, some ice-hearted one had whispered in her ear, “Your son is only deluded;” would that absorbing emotion have cooled into doubt or even hesitation? By no means; for, in her very soul she knew, not only that he was not deluded, but that from the darkest delusions he had fled to the most substantial reality—the only and one real thing for a man here on earth.

Though she could not reduce her argument to a syllogism, yet was it none the less conclusive. For, whereas formerly her son’s noble brow, as a thunder-cloud, scowled and threatened from the fierce conflicts of his hasty passions, now it was as placid as the summer sky; for those passions were in subjection to God’s grace. Once his lips quivered with curses; now they only spoke words of meekness and love. Once he thought it unmanly to shed tears; now he wept for joy in the great assembly.

Surely that mother had cause for emotion. For though her son had all the gifts of genius—though he could entrance the learned and polished by the magic of his eloquence—captivate the fair by his chivalric bearing—or tune the immortal lyre—yet what were all these without the grace of God in his heart? To most, very much; but to her, verily nothing—nay, less than naught. For did she not know that, unless he should *repent*, it were better he had not been born? In truth, then, his repentance was to her a sufficient reason for rejoicing. Formerly his life was leading through vanity and guilt and falsity, to the inevitable and bitter fruits thereof; now his life led through the changeable, transitory and deceptive, to joy and truth, and God. This all-fruitful fleeing, from guilt and condemnation, into the ranks of those whose pathway lies and leads through the Elysian plains of eternity, flashing upon the rising

widow’s mind in all its unspeakable reality, was truly enough to deprive her of utterance. A more beautiful sight one does not often see, than this of the repenting profligate and the blessed mother.—[Beauty of Holiness.

Reachings of Faith.

BY MRS. PALMER.

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, ‘It shall be done!’”

CALL upon me, and I will show thee great and mighty things—things that thou knewest not. So saith our wonder-working God. How important, then, that we should endeavor to assure our hearts before the Lord, and gather such inspirations as may induce us so to reach out the arm of faith as to grasp the highest possible good for ourselves and others!—Let us often say to the suppliant soul,

“Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.”

On Saturday, September, 13th, 1856, a camp-meeting commenced at Millbrook, Canada West. From the first hour of the meeting we had much to encourage our faith. The first public service began about four o’clock in the afternoon.—Millbrook is between twenty and thirty miles from Coburg, the seat of Victoria College, a very flourishing Wesleyan institution, where are being educated between two and three hundred young men, many of whom are preparing for the ministry. Several of the students were at the camp-meeting. The first sermon was from one of these students, a young man who was evidently hungering and thirsting after righteousness. The preparations for the meeting not being quite completed, it was deemed inexpedient to have a public prayer-meeting after the sermon, and some of the students desir-

ing a conversation with us, it was proposed that we adjourn from before the stand to the prayer-meeting tent, in order that all who desired might unite in the social interview. That social interview was the germ of most mighty, memorable influences. It will make its mark, I trust, on the minds of all present for all coming time.

In answer to the invitation to converse with the company, we began by saying, "In view of the fact that it is according to our faith it is to be done unto us, it seemed greatly important that our faith should reach the right point. What had we reason to believe God would be willing to do for us, as individuals, and what would he be willing to do in answer to the prayer of faith for the success of that camp-meeting?"

"First, how far might our faith reach for ourselves? We live under the dispensation of the Spirit. If the ushering in of the dispensation of the spirit was so glorious, what ought we to expect now?—Surely not a *decrease* of power. Might every one of Christ's disciples receive a baptism of the Holy Ghost, which would be as penetrating, as ever-abiding in its influences, as the baptism that those early disciples received on the day of Pentecost? Is it as truly the privilege of the disciples of the present day to be filled with faith and the Holy Ghost, as it was the privilege of Stephen to be thus filled? If so, privileges are *duties*. The question now before us is, May we ask in faith, believing it to be according to the will of God that we may be endued with power from on high, baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire? Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin. We must not ask unless we believe it is according to the will of God to give the grace. We must not ask to receive it *now*, unless we believe it is according to the will of God that we should now receive; otherwise our petition would be a vain repetition, and such we are commanded not to use. The question was then put, and understandingly settled, that we might now ask with perfect agreement and in expecta-

tion of receiving a pentecostal baptism. The next question was, Do we believe that it is according to the will of God that every sinner who may come upon this encampment may be so arrested by the power of the Holy Spirit as to feel their need of salvation? God will not irresistibly convert, but his word warrants us in the belief that he will irresistibly *convict*; and now may we not ask in faith that every sinner who may tread on the encampment may feel the power of God's presence, and, as far as may consist with the economy of grace, be constrained to yield to Christ? And in this we were agreed, and the petition was presented."

It was next proposed whether we might not ask that every professor who might tread upon that hallowed ground, not wholly sanctified to God, might be deeply convicted of the necessity of present holiness; and in this also we were enabled to come to an agreement of faith. Before we knelt to unite in presenting our petitions, we re-examined the ground well to see whether our faith might intelligently take all within its grasp. Then we solemnly bowed and presented our petitions before the throne in the name of Jesus, believing that, to the degree the things we desired were according to the will of God, we had the petitions we asked of him.

Wonderful, indeed, were the results of that meeting. The Lord heard, and to an extraordinary degree answered, our petitions. I verily believe that the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will disclose that there was not one sinner that came on that encampment but was convinced of sin. All did not yield to these convictions, but scores of convicted sinners were daily presenting themselves as suppliants before the Lord, and scores on scores believed and were saved. And yet more distinctly marked was the answer in regard to the work of holiness. So general was the work, that we could not doubt but that the Sun of Righteousness so penetrated into the recesses of every professor's

heart, that not one but felt keenly that without holiness no man should see the Lord. And it is believed that none left that encampment without either having obtained the grace, or earnestly resolved that they would never rest without it. Many also received the baptism of fire. We have witnessed many glorious outpourings of the Spirit, but I think we never were where there was a more general work of grace.—[Beauty of Holiness.

Christian Holiness.

A PASTORAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. F. BOTTOM, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

In the preface to our excellent Discipline, is the following graphic quotation from the pen of our venerated founders (Messrs. Wesleys.) "In 1729, two young men, in England, reading the Bible, saw they could not be saved without holiness; followed after it, and incited others so to do. In 1737, they saw, likewise, that men are justified before they are sanctified, but still holiness was their object. God then thrust them out to raise a holy people." In another part of the same concise manual of Christian obligations, the minister of the gospel is thus admonished: "Observe! It is not your business only to preach so many times, and to take care of this or that society; but to save as many as you can; to bring as many sinners as you can to repentance, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness without which they cannot see the Lord."

In pursuance of this, our "high calling," I have felt impressed to address you by the pen on the leading doctrine of our church, and the underlying thread of our holy religion, in the hope that thus good might be done where a pulpit address could not reach, and thus also an opportunity afforded of answering the numerous inquiries on

the subject, so frequently occurring where the matter is one of such general interest.

Before proceeding further, I want to be distinctly understood as having no part with the controversies in the matter which has so sadly rent the church of Christ. But fearing that counsel has been darkened with many words, I want simply to state what I believe to be the scriptural truth on the doctrine of holiness, and as taught by the standard authorities of the church.

Let us lift up our hearts to Him who is the source of Light and Truth, that we may have "light in his light," and "fellowship one with another," and that the Holy Spirit, who is the great Teacher, may guide us into all truth.

BIBLE TEACHINGS—NO. 1.

The doctrine of holiness is not by any means an obscure one, when left to stand on its own basis, unclothed of the traditions of men. Indeed, as to the thing itself, there has been no dispute, so far as we are aware, among any of the numerous controversialists, of all denominations who have engaged the subject. The points at issue seem rather to have been as to time, and conditions, and manner of attainment, than to the reality of the experience itself. As we do not relish dispute, we will at once inquire, *what are the teachings of the scriptures on the point?*

On a careful perusal of the Holy Bible, we find, that, while the grand idea of the sacred word is "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD," it expressly and particularly enjoins its attainment and practice upon individual believers, in numerous passages. Indeed on no other doctrine of the Bible can such an array of distinct passages be brought in support. Every motive which is calculated to move the human mind, is employed to enforce its attainment and practice.—The terms used by the inspired writers to express the idea, are various; most commonly such as perfect love, holiness, sanctification, full redemption, the anointing which abideth, the indwelling Spirit, full

assurance of faith, a clean heart, the pure in heart, etc.

For brevity's sake, we shall quote at length only a few passages, and refer by figures to a few others, which we beg you to look out and read as you proceed.

That the Scriptures not only teach, but enjoin its attainment in the present life, is clear, from the consideration of passages which, concerning it,

First, express the will of God.—Matt. iv. 10, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." 1. Thess. iv. 3. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification," etc. See also Rom. xii. 1.—Eph. v. 17, 18.—1. John. ii. 17.

Second, those which express his commands.—Deut. vi. 4. 5. "Hear, O Israel, * * Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Matt. v. 48. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." See also, Lev. xi. 44.—Heb. xii. 14.—Joshua vii. 13.—Psa. iv. 4.—1. Thess. v. 16, 18, etc.

Third, those which express his promises.—Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 29. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them, * * I will also save you from all your uncleanness, and ye shall be my people and I will be your God." * * See also its parallel, 2. Cor. vi. 17. 18.—1. John i. 7. "But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—See, also, Jer. xxxii. 8.—Psa. lxxiii. 1.—Titus ii. 14.—1. John i. 9. and iv. 16. 18.—

Fourth, the prayers which are offered up by the inspired penmen for this great gift. To wit: Psa. li. 2. "Wash me thoroughly

from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin;" and 7th verse, "purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—10th verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

1. Thess. v. 23.—"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless," etc. John xvii. 17.—"Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."

Fifth, in addition to these, the Scriptures record many examples of this holy experience. Without quoting express passages, we refer you to the glorious company of them held up for our example, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Elijah, and the whole army of martyrs!

Sixth. And that no room may be left for impunity and presumption by those who are neglecting to perfect holiness in the fear of God, the Scriptures everywhere most explicitly declare that this experience is an absolute pre-requisite for the kingdom of glory. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they that are written in the Lamb's book of life," and this, indeed, is the uniform spirit of the Bible, and the express design of the gospel scheme. "For this purpose was the Son of man manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SMILE OF LOVE.—Holy and beautiful indeed are the smiles of fathomless and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing dews to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

Faith and Practice both Essential to the Enjoyment of Holiness.

I RENEW my subscription for another year. May the Lord enable you, in deed and in truth, to present us with a periodical which shall shine as a light in a dark place, and effectually teach many souls the theory of holiness. This is a word we are inclined to think, is greatly misunderstood. We consider the word as embodying the two great commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets,—“loving God and loving man.” This, then, is to me the theory. The practical combines two points; first, being right; second, doing right. The first is the righteousness that cometh by faith, and by faith only, having no dependence on the second, as an active agent in its commencement, but depending on its active exercise for its existence in the future. A great mistake, we think, is contained in the advice sometimes given to persons who are seeking for this great work to be accomplished in them is, “If you want to get right, you must go to work for others.” This is wrong. It sets a person to work in the dark. Mind your own case, my brother—my sister. Get the beams and motes out of your own eyes, and then, when anointed with that great eye-salve, perfect love, you will be able clearly to discern the spiritual wants, and to apply the spiritual remedy. *Attain* holiness by simple but mighty faith in the infinite merits of the atonement of our blessed Savior. *Retain* it “by doing whatsoever he commands you.”

This includes, not only the practice of the positive precepts of the gospel, but embraces a definite and fearless testimony against every form of sin. We cannot recognize that individual as a possessor of holiness, who dodges responsibility by denouncing, in the abstract, what requires open, pointed rebuke, not in the spirit of denunciation, but in the spirit of him who said, “Woe unto you, scribes and Phari-

sees, hypocrites; ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess.” This is plain, open, faithful and explicit. The great incubus that paralyzes the strength of thousands at the present time, is a man-fearing spirit, allied with what some erroneously call prudence.*

I respond to that sentiment by Dr. Peck, in a former Guide,—“We are not like Elijah in the fearlessness of our position, and the fidelity of our rebukes. Do we not fear to arraign the guilty in high and low places at the bar of revelation? Yes, we need to pray earnestly,

‘Increase our courage, Lord.’ ”

Let such, among the readers of the Guide, as are cursed with a soft, easy, compromising Spirit, read the 655th hymn, especially the third verse, and may God bless the solemn inquiry to your soul's good, and his Spirit cleanse from all worldly expediency. How prone men are to discourse very fluently on general principles, and end by leaving them so general that they belong to every body but *me*! For example, if they read the narrative of the man who fell among thieves, we hear an elaborate denunciation of inhumanity and selfishness in the abstract, and of the Priest and Levite in particular, and eloquent commendation of the compassion and generosity of the good Samaritan. But, when the personal application comes, “Go and do thou likewise,” then comes the pinch. Here they stop. Who finds any body now that has fallen among thieves? One in ten thousand. So the people content themselves with declaring what awful, bad, hard-hearted men, that Priest and Levite were, and praising the Samaritan. The “Go and do thou likewise” clause surely can't refer to us; for we are not in the circumstances of the Samaritan. But wait, brother; let us see if some at the present day have not fallen among thieves. Look at the poor victim of the (legalized?) rum-

* Wesley's Journal, vol. i. pp. 61 and 113.

seller. Has he not fallen among thieves? Now can holiness consist with indifference, or a do-nothing policy on this subject? Not only must we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, etc., but do all in our power to dry up this fountain of misery, and bear a faithful testimony against those engaged in the traffic.

We might mention other instances in which the oppressed of our race have the same claim on our sympathy as that exercised toward the Samaritan, and where the evil doer is equally deserving of rebuke as the thieves among which he fell; but we leave each to make his own application.

We would not make of any of these a hobby, but, with the Spirit's assistance, strive for a divine harmony of all. Some are called upon more frequently than others, to "cry aloud and spare not," upon some particular forms of vice, but the true soldier of the cross is ready to aim an arrow wherever, whenever, and in whatever shape the enemy appears. Dear brethren, may God help us to attain the complete, inward renewal of our hearts by faith, and then, like men of God made perfect in that love which casteth out fear, thoroughly furnished unto every good work, labor with energy and directness to save souls, and to this end, bear a firm and uncompromising testimony against all sin. W. H.

"NOTHING MINE BUT GOD."—In recently looking through the Memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the commentator, we notice this entry in her diary: "*Resolved to call nothing mine but God.*" This reminded us of the Savior's requirement, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" and also of the apostle's representation of the Christian possessions, "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "he that loseth his life shall find it."

The secret of the Lord is with the righteous.—Proverbs iii. 32.

Power of Prayer.

PRAYER has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in its rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of man, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven! What has not prayer done?—[Ryland.

As YOU are to act in the power of Christ, so you are to present your duties to God in the name of Christ.—Col. iii. 17. Your most costly sacrifices are but unsavory in the nostrils of a holy God, if they be not perfumed by the fragrant incense of his intercession; your fairest righteousness doth not cover it; your duties must be dyed in the blood of Christ, they must be enriched with his precious merits, or they will be too mean for God to look upon, unless with indignation. In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.—Isa. xiv. 24.

GOING TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.—Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent, who inquired if you were in the land of the living?" "No," replied the venerable man, "but I am *going* there. This world is alone the world of shadow, and the eternal is the only one of living realities."

FORGIVENESS.—It is said of Archbishop Cranmer, that the way to have him one's friend, was to do him an unkindness.

A creature's place is a low place, but a sinner's place is a lower.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.—A journey from home in these days of travelling facilities, is an event of such common occurrence that we hardly deem it worthy of record; and, were it not that we are too far from our "Drawer" to avail ourself of its suggestive contents, we should hesitate to make the incidents of another flying trip to the West the subject of communication. As it is, we have no alternative, and must, therefore, amid the jostle and confusion of travel, attempt to entertain our readers with such incidents and reflections, as our journey may furnish. We left Boston in company with our friend, A. A. Lawrence, Esq., on the morning of the ninth instant, and reached Syracuse in time to save us from an infraction of the fourth commandment. How suggestive of serious reflection is the rapid speed with which our modern appliances whirl us over the country! A day's travel, and we have crossed the boundary line of our State, and are separated by hundreds of miles, from home and its endearments! Life is a journey—how rapid its progress, and yet how few note its advancement! The events of childhood, seemingly but of yesterday, have not only passed away, but we are startled to find that much of maturer life has gone, and perchance that we have nearly reached its close. What account, beloved, have you to render? Examine thyself, for the day of probation may be nearer its close than you imagine. We had a painful illustration of this on our route at a station near White Pigeon, on the Michigan Southern Railroad. While our engine was being supplied with fuel and water, our attention was attracted by several men bearing an awkward shaped box into a building, the entrance of which was crowded with people. Mingling in the crowd, we ascertained that it contained the bodies of a gentleman, his wife and child, who the week before had been killed on the road. At the time the accident happened, they were seated in the front part of the car; when suddenly, a crash was heard, and the next moment they were smitten down by some fragments of the forward car, and instantly killed. The whole

family were swept away with the exception of one child two years old. How forcibly do such incidents recall to mind the solemn language of our burial service, "In the midst of life we are in death—of whom should we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord?"

We have made but few stops on the road; but an occasional failure in making our connections, or some other detention of the trains, has given us an opportunity to take a hasty survey of several cities, and mark their improvements. Among these, Syracuse, where we spent our first Sabbath, is worthy of special mention. Nature and art have contributed to make this one of the finest cities in Central New York. Its scenery, from a high bluff on which we strolled, was really beautiful, and its private dwellings, though not in as good taste as those in the suburbs of Boston, at least in our judgment, were many of them very fine.

On the sixth day of our journey, we reached Appleton, Wis., which, since our visit last fall, has been incorporated into a city. Like all western cities, its prospects, (so think the inhabitants, and we think with good grounds,) are highly flattering. The projected railroad from Fond du Lac to Lake Superior, is now in progress, and will be probably completed as far as Oshkosh this season; by another year they hope to reach Appleton. This connection with the great thoroughfares, is all that is needed to make Appleton one of the most desirable points in Northern Wisconsin. Its immense water power, beautiful and healthy site, and noble University, give it advantages enjoyed by few localities. Its prosperity is due, in no small measure, to the munificence of our distinguished fellow-traveller, the founder of its University and the projector of many of its public works. Unlike the speculator of the present day, he has had less regard to his own interest, than to the well being of others, and though his disinterestedness has resulted in heavy pecuniary losses, he has found himself more than compensated in the signs of prosperity which everywhere meet the eye. The following resolutions, presented by a deputation from the Senior class of the College, show that there are those who feel and appreciate their obligation to this noble-minded man:

"Whereas we, the students of Lawrence University, have heard of the arrival in Appleton of the Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, and whereas, a nobility of private character, a princely generosity in the cause of humanity, and a munificent patronage of learning, were exemplified in the acts of Mr. Lawrence, and

whereas, we deem this a fitting opportunity to testify our sincere regard for so worthy a representative of such principles—Therefore :

“Resolved, That we welcome with feelings of peculiar pleasure the visit of Mr. Lawrence to the vicinity of the noble University, that is at once the bearer of his honored name, and the lasting monument of his liberality.

“Resolved, That the presence of our benefactor at our evening chapel exercises, would be hailed by us as a kindness that would still add more to the heartfelt emotions of gratitude that we cherish towards him for those priceless blessings which we, as students, daily enjoy.”

The college has met with quite a heavy loss recently, in the destruction of the building occupied by the Ladies' Institute. The stringency of the money market throughout the West has rendered it difficult to raise funds for its re-erection—but we understand that measures are in progress for commencing the work early in spring.

The church here, has been enjoying a very gracious revival, through the labors of Dr. Redfield, who has undertaken the supply of the pulpit till the next session of the Wisconsin Conference—the Rev. W. McDonald, their former pastor, having returned to the East. In this revival, we understand, the church have been constantly urged to those personal attainments in Christian experience, which invariably constitute the basis or foundation of a permanent work. Such a course, so far as our experience and observation extends, never fails to result in the conversion of sinners. Let the church be characterized by a holy life, let it be apparent that she walks with God—that she is no longer of the earth, earthy—but the living spiritual body of Christ, and a breach is immediately created between her and the world that cannot long remain unoccupied. Oh that this truth were but generally seen and felt! With what power would these western churches rise above the spirit of speculation and worldliness which now bears down every thing in its course!

Returning through Fond du Lac to Milwaukee, we next shaped our course for Prairie du Chien, intending to make our first day's journey terminate at Madison. At the depot we heard it intimated that, owing to some breach, the road was not open to Prairie du Chien; but on the positive assurance of the ticket master that a train had been through the night before, we purchased our tickets, though not without some misgivings. We reached Madison about four o'clock in the afternoon, giving us ample time to see whatever of interest it contained.

We had heard much of the unsurpassed beauty of this interior city, but confess that the half had not been told us. Situated between two of the prettiest lakes in the world, (*i. e.* that part of it that we have seen,) with a gentle slope on either side, and a surrounding country beautifully diversified; it presents a landscape upon which the eye never wearies in gazing. The Methodist church in this place, is under the pastoral care of Rev. C. E. Weirich, formerly publisher of the “Beauty of Holiness.” It being the night for their weekly prayer meeting, we availed ourself of the opportunity to enjoy a season of Christian communion with these brethren, and forming the personal acquaintance of their pastor.

At one o'clock on the following morning, we expected to resume our journey; but, on reaching the depot, we learned that the cars were to proceed no further that night, and indeed, that it was doubtful *when* we could reach Prairie du Chien. This disappointment to ourselves and others was very great, and to some of the passengers, imposed a burden they were but poorly able to sustain. It was the more annoying because the railroad company had advertised the road as being in running order to its terminus, when it was very evident that the breach could not be repaired under two or three weeks. We should forbear to mention these things, were it not due to the public to guard them against imposition. A statement of the facts was prepared by the passengers, and forwarded to the leading papers at Milwaukee and Chicago, but we were informed that the press is so far controlled by these money-grasping corporations that it is doubtful whether the complaint will be noticed.

On the next morning, we, with many of our fellow passengers, resolved to abandon this route, though we had purchased through tickets; and, passing through Jamesville to Beloit, and from thence, after some detention to Belvidere, we made connection with the Chicago and Galena road, reaching the Mississippi at Dunlieth, instead of Prairie du Chien. This diversion in our journey, gave us an opportunity to see the southern part of Wisconsin, composed chiefly of rolling prairie, and constituting the finest farming country we have ever beheld. At Du Buque, opposite Dunlieth, we took the steamer for St. Louis. This, to us, was the most interesting part of our journey. Every thing was new. The scenery, manners, and customs, and habitations of the people, presen-

ted some phase more or less novel. The waters of the Mississippi were very high, submerging both of its banks to a considerable distance inland. Here was a log-cabin, completely surrounded by water, with the inmates busily at work, and the children playing on a little platform built out from the front door, and boarded round to prevent their falling into the water. There, was a little village in a similar condition, and persons wading through the water, or passing from door to door in boats. In our progress down the river, we passed Rock Island city, and Davenport, where, had we had an opportunity, we would have gladly stopt and made the acquaintance of some dear friends of our cause with whom we have had some pleasant correspondence; also Nauvoo, the Mormon city, situated on one of the most beautiful sites on the river. It was near dusk when we passed this last mentioned place, and we could only trace the outlines of the ruins of the temple which was reared at such immense cost and sacrifice. Its walls are all that remain—a monument of the folly of this deluded people. Keokuck, Alton, and many other places rendered familiar by the history of the past, and prosperity of the present, all passed in review, but our limits forbid an extended description. We are now, dear reader, in the city of St. Louis, Mo., one of the most flourishing cities of this great West, where for the present we must bid you adieu—hoping next to address you, (if God will,) from our own quiet sanctum in the city of Boston.

The above was intended for our June issue—but did not reach here in time. We are now at home again.

THE MAY GUIDE.—Two or three pages of this number were not read by proof, the sheets having been mislaid. This will account for some typographical errors, so glaring that they could not have escaped detection.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A TRACT IN A SHOE.—A shoemaker, who had received a tract, without reading it, used it for the lining of a sole of a shoe. To all appearance the labor of the tract distributor was in vain. But it was not so. The shoe was worn, and after a time was sent to another shoemaker to be soled anew. The latter, one Sabbath morning, sat down to his work. Tearing off the worn-out sole, he found the tract, and his attention was immediately arrested by the title: "Remember the Sabbath day to

keep it holy." The words were like an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The shoe was laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God. He was awakened, and led to the cross of Christ, and there found peace.

A NOBLE BOY.—The following touching episode in street life—life in Paris—is a beautiful gem, and should be in all memories surrounded with pearls of sweetest thought and gentlest sympathy:

About nine o'clock in the morning, a little boy of twelve, whose jacket of white cloth and apron ditto, distinctly indicated that he followed the profession of pastry-cook, was returning from market with an open basket on his head, containing butter and eggs. When he had reached the vicinity of the church of St. Eustache, the little fellow, who could only with difficulty make his way through the crowd, was violently jostled by a stranger who was passing, so that his basket tipped, and fell to the ground with its contents. The poor lad, when he saw his eggs all broken, and his butter tumbled in the gutter, began to cry bitterly, and wring his hands. A person who happened to be in the crowd that gathered around the little fellow, drew a ten sous-piece from his pocket, and giving it to the boy, asked the rest who stood grouped around him to do the same, to make up the loss occasioned by this accident. Influenced by his example, every one present eagerly complied, and very speedily the boy's apron contained a respectable collection of coppers and silver. When all had contributed their quota, our young valet, whose distress had vanished in a moment as though by enchantment, warmly thanked his new benefactors for their kindness, and forthwith proceeded to count the sum he had received, which amounted to no less than twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. But, instead of quietly putting this sum in his pocket, he produced the bill of the articles he had lost, and as its total amounted only to fourteen francs, he appropriated no more than that sum, and then observing in the group that surrounded him, a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked right to her, and placed the remainder in her hand. Certainly it would have been impossible to show himself more deserving of public generosity, or to acknowledge it in a handsomer manner. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the crowd, who were delighted to find such delicacy and propriety in one so young.

Badge of my Royal Priesthood.

[Extract of a letter from a friend now in England to Mrs. Palmer.]

"As I was about closing this very long letter, I received, from Miss R—, the lady above alluded to, the enclosed communication; the perusal of which will give you much pleasure; and, I think, will cause you anew to lift your heart to God in praise and thanksgiving; and not the less so that he has honored your labors in blessing the descendant of one whose own labors have been so useful to yourself.

"I would also mention that the perusal of another of your works has, within a few days, been blessed to another member of the same family; who now, with her daughter and son, is rejoicing in a full salvation. A happy, pleasing group, bearing testimony to the faithfulness of the covenant-keeping God of their honored, sainted father, who hath said, 'The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon those that fear him, and his righteousness to children's children.'"

MY DEAR SIR,—You told us on Wednesday, you were writing to Mrs. Palmer. I have never given faith's history in my own soul to any human being; but it has occurred to me that she who was mainly instrumental in leading me into its experience, ought to know it. If you think so too, will you, at your convenience, convey it to her? I copy it word for word from a memorandum made at the time. "Paris and Versailles, September, 1851:—On the first of this month, I met with some remarks in a work entitled, 'The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way,' which the Spirit of Holiness grafted deeply on my mind; for I had implored his guidance before I commenced its perusal. They enforced the duty of giving ourselves *wholly* to God *through Jesus*, and believing that, because thus given, the sacrifice was accepted.

The former part of this duty, the self-sacrifice, I had often done before; the latter, the belief of its acceptance, *never*. I had hoped, implored, that I *might* be accepted, but never believed that, because offered on the blood-besprinkled altar, I *must* be.

VOL. XXXII.—218.

Now I was not disobedient to the heavenly teaching. I felt no mighty, heaven-alluring influence, but calmly and reasonably I offered every actual and possible part of my nature. I presented the offering through the blood of Jesus, to make it first holy, and then acceptable.

In that moment, I plunged into the untried, mysterious life of faith,—that faith which, the minute before, had been the firmly grasped substance of the thing I hoped for,—the appropriation of God now became the evidence of it, though still unseen. I had no other evidence that I was accepted than faith in the pledged promises: "I will receive you." "By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I had resolved to believe, independently of all sensation, and my resolution was tested. No voice of mercy whispered, "Thou art mine."

Had I then, instead of resting on the immutable word, waited for sensible emotion, I had believed in vain; for no sensible emotion came; and thus the first effort of precious, triumphant faith had been lost forever, though presently a calm satisfaction reigned in my mind; it was not the joy of the assuring witness of the Spirit; it was simply the peace of a faith resting on the adamant promise of the Faithful and True—not feeling that it *was*, but knowing that, sure as the existence of the Eternal, it *must be*. One promise more I pleaded before I left the mercy-seat in answer to the forebodings of my hitherto incorrigibly doubting spirit; it was this: "The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil."—2 Thessalonians iii. 3. And, thus believing, I went on my way.

Day after day passed away, but no overflowing love filled my heart, no inward assurance buoyed up my spirit. The temper of my mind was, indeed, altered, but so silently as to be almost insensible. I think I did habitually the will of God; but so easily as scarcely to distinguish that it

was not my own. I kept near the cross of Christ, for I felt all the difficulty of a life of faith in a world of sense. O, I found out what it was to live by every word proceeding from the mouth of God. Each promise, as it was presented to my faith, I tried to grasp and live upon; and I did live upon them.

The first time I experienced, to any extent, suitable emotion was on Saturday, the sixth. Then while, according to my wont, ransacking my little Testament, this passage arrested, with great force, my mind: "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." O then I felt how it was that I—though languishing in spiritual apathy, by uniting myself by faith to the life of Jesus—lived; and with it came the glorious assurance that, long as I continued to abide believingly in him, my resurrection and my life, I should not die the death of sin. The full tide of scripture evidence on which my soul had reposed for the last few days, now rushed on my mind. O, utterly vile, and sinful, and helpless in myself, I yet saw how fully, how gloriously in the Lord had I righteousness and strength. I abandoned myself and with it abandoned all that was guilty and weak. I rested on Jesus, and with him possessed all that was holy and strong.

The utter despairing emptiness of the creature is never felt till that creature is cast on the fulness of Christ. Now for me to live was Christ, necessarily risen with him as having by faith been buried with him; because he lived, I lived also; through his communicated life, I reckoned myself dead indeed unto sin; even as Christ, being raised from the dead, died no more, so I was alive unto God through Jesus, my Lord. His words I did indeed prove to be spirit and life. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. He that eateth me even he shall live by me." These, and other similar passages, were presented to the grasp of

faith; and thus sweetly I knew that the water which Jesus had given me was indeed in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life; and was assured that long as I continued in self-despairing union with Jesus, so long should the life of Jesus be made manifest in my mortal body.

Thus strengthened, I arose with patience to the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, my life; and it was well I did so; for soon again feeling passed away, and I was left dependent on faith; but that sustained me, or rather the life which it communicated did so; it has kept my soul in calm during the hurry of removal here, (Versailles,) and has enabled me to bear some disagreeables I have since met with, not with resignation, but with rejoicing.

On the evening of Sunday, the 14th, a yet more sensible communication of the life of Jesus was granted. I felt the influence of the Spirit drawing me to a renewed, full, free dedication. I did so. I gave up all my capabilities of body, and soul, and mind, enumerating them one by one as I could recollect; and then felt something of what is too spiritual for words,—*the oneness with Christ*. Since then, temptations have been higher and fiercer, but not overwhelming. Sometimes, when the attack has been most violent, apparently almost forcing me to fall, I have cast myself anew on the life of Jesus, and dared it to its victory over the death of sin; and thus, by naked faith, combated and conquered coldness of heart, and weariness of mind, and fierce assault of the powers of darkness.

At other times, when my spirit has been prostrated in bitter self-condemnation, and Satan urging upon me that, in some way, I had offended, I have cast myself upon him who trod the wine-press alone, imploring him, by that awful term of the wrath of God, to deliver me from this fiercest temptation, if, indeed, it were one; and then the fury of the adversary has been restrained; but not suddenly, not gloriously, only sufficiently to tell me that the life-giving stream flowed in.

O, the life of faith is, at times, a very hard one, but I have learned, by these temptations, to rejoice even in its difficulty. I glory in the hour of my greatest infirmity; for then the power of Christ most fully rests upon me; and the greatest triumph of the life of faith is when all is cold within and warring without,—when no animal spirits or kindling enthusiasm buoys up the soul, but when weary and heart-sick, I cast myself upon the life of Jesus, and thus become the mere vile medium through which that life rushes on to grapple with the death around.

Thus I walk on by faith, aided by but little sensible assurance, keeping near the cross, that the life-giving blood may every moment flow over me, doing the will of God with ease enough to convince me that it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me—with difficulty enough to prostrate my soul in the dust, and there swallow it up in ardent panting after the perfect obedience of the heavenly host. And, even in reference to that moment when I forsook myself and fled to Jesus, I will borrow the words of St. Augustine, for none appear to me so applicable: "O, Jesus Christ, my Helper and my Redeemer, how sweet became it to me to submit my neck to thy easy yoke, and my shoulders to thy light burden! And now my infant tongue began to converse with thee, my ambition, and my riches, and my salvation, my Lord God!"

These are my "notes by the way;" yet at the time, and for years after, I dare call this by no other name than "the life of faith;" and so great was my horror of applying the terms "holiness, or entire sanctification," to this simple, lowly walk, that, until the Holy Spirit, in your meetings, urged on my mind, the sin of refusing specific testimony to specific grace, I never bore, before the church and the world, the badge of my royal priesthood, "Holiness to the Lord." I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully.

E. R.

Righteousness without Christ.

THIS may, at first, seem an absurdity; but let us consider. Is it not a matter of conscious experience with many of us, that, though we may exhibit to ourselves and others, a zealous and symmetrical character for good works, we yet find in ourselves a very painful absence of the kingdom, of "righteousness, peace, and joy" in the Spirit?

Why is this? Why, after all, have we so little ease and aptness in our doings? Why are we so often in a state the very opposite of that sweet, quiet, apt, and divinely natural inward character, which is described in the word, and exhibited in the life of Jesus, as the believer's privilege? Is it not that the root and fountain of the matter is not *in us*? Doubtless, where the above is the experience, this is the reason.

We may have a righteousness, and one that looks well too, apart from God,—a character that, so far as the form and appearance is concerned, is hard to detect from the true,—"the righteousness of God."

And this may all be derived originally from the proper source,—God and the Scriptures. The great fault is, that it has been taken out of God, who is its life, and now is kept and practised apart from him, and his working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. Hence all is dead, cumbersome; and, to the heart and conscience, of bad odor, unsavory, and dissatisfactory. It is the "form without the power," the life from God.

To illustrate: A lady desires to ornament her piazza with an orange tree. Now suppose that, instead of taking the true course, which is to grow one from the seed, she goes to the orchard, the soil of which is producing them, and begins to select her material for her contemplated tree. She takes a trunk from here, and some branches there, and leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruit, from yonder. These

she collects, and, proceeding according to the most approved rules of the art, she combines them into the form of a tree. She succeeds beyond a fault. Every branch, leaf, bud and blossom, is in its place. The whole is placed in a box of soil, and, to all appearance, is completely natural—a true tree of the best species. Now why would you smile at her simplicity? The whole visible tree is there, with all its parts, and all came from, and are like in form and material with those in the living, fruitful orchard. Alas, with all its completeness, otherwise, it is apart from the root. It has no income of life; it is dead. So it is possible for us to go to the word of God and to his sanctuary, the very orchard of righteousness, and collect materials for our Christian character. These may all be so combined and harmonized in practice, by keeping our eye on certain outward rules, that all may seem complete to us, and to others, and all be apart from God,—all dead, because there is no established and continued life union with his Spirit. The branch is not *in* the vine; hence, though all its parts are there, it is shrivelled and lifeless.

Spiritual Correspondence.

The following letter, written to a Presbyterian lady, is furnished in the hope that it may afford help to others who may be exercised on the points therein alluded to.

RAHWAY, November 27th, 1856.

My Dear Sister,—Yours of the 23d came to hand last evening, and I embrace the first opportunity to answer it.

With your epistle I was much pleased, and I will answer as my Guide may lead. That your nature is timid, may be freely admitted. But did you ever consider that even this, with all its apparent disadvantages, may be made to work for your good? Many a bolder nature finds itself in difficulties to which you will never be subjected more than they to yours. No matter what may be our natural peculiarities,

if, out of God, we are, according to our amount of capacity, in unrest. But, in God, all are equally at rest, be their peculiarities of nature what they may. The great point is to reckon one's self the Lord's, moment by moment. To do this, all things considered, it is as difficult for one as another. Not to *appear* outwardly righteous, for there are some quiet, staid, and heavy minds that are so negative and impressible constitutionally as that they very easily, and without much effort, conform to the outward conventionalities around them; if in moral and Christian society, they echo this character, and so with pretty much all circumstances in which they may be placed. But an *interior* faithfulness to God implies an equally difficult and entire surrender of all there is of us, be it of whatsoever unlikeness to others it may. So, my dear sister, your way to completeness in God is no more difficult to you from where you stand in constitutional timidity, than for a bolder nature. For both peculiarities are to be equally cured, one of its self-confidence and strong self-will, and the other of its timidity and self-despair by a whole-hearted trust in him who is "all to all, and in us all."

With outward appearances, you have but little to do as a distinct object of attention and self-judgment; all is in the will!

As to friends, they are yours when and as your wise Father wills. All our friendships are *from* and *in* him; hence are all safe. Let us, therefore, rest all with him, as we do the availability of our horses with the driver who manages them for us.

You speak of "being in fear all the time, that you have not the love of God in your heart because you do not experience constantly the emotions of joy and peace, and enjoy that communion with God which you sometimes do."

Ah, my sister, what sad misapprehension is expressed in the above lines! Not that it is uncommon; nay, it is a very

usual error with almost all Christians before this point is passed. Still it is founded in a want of clearer understanding in the truth. Let us look at it.

First, as to the absence of "*emotional* joy and peace" being the ground of "fear that the love of God is not in us." This ought not to be; for these emotions, however good and pleasant in themselves, are not the only, nay, not even the strongest evidences of the love of God in us. The love of God is a *principle*, and, like other great and good principles, (if any exist apart from it,) it operates in different ways and forms of manifestation at different times, and under different circumstances. At one time, it is "joyful through hope," at another, if need be, it is in heaviness through "manifold temptations." At one time, it "feels afflicted," and may "pray," at another, it is "merry," and may "sing psalms." It may, in its emotions, "be sorrowful," yet, in its depth, be "always rejoicing," may "have nothing" in itself, and yet "possess all things" by faith. In fact, none of our emotions or feelings should be permitted to claim our attention as a test of religious character. True religion lies below the emotional, and commands it.

Let us, therefore, never lose sight of the fact that the love of God is not this or that specific feeling, but a steady adherence to God's will concerning us, through all feelings and circumstances, else we may think it strange concerning some of the "fiery trials which are to try us, as though some *strange* thing had happened unto us."

Let your thoughts rest a moment upon your departed and precious husband. You loved him. Yes, you loved him dearly, if possible more than your own life, and that too without intermission. His love, or the love of him, was always in your inmost heart day and night, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity. And yet, let me ask, did you always feel the same? Yea, were even your thoughts and attention always directly upon him? Nay, I hear you answer; but I had an instinct-

ive regard for his good pleasure in all, through all, and with regard to all. Ah, this was true love, involving your whole life in him and his will throughout all varying emotions and circumstances. How mistaken would one be, then, who should judge that you did not love him because you were not always seen in joyous, fond emotions concerning him. But thus, my dear sister, have you judged of yourself in relation to the love of God in your heart. Your fears come from a lying and unreasonable tempter. Give him ear no more.

The next point is, what you speak of in the same period, "that you do not always enjoy that communion with God which you sometimes do," and "that this also is the cause of doubt," etc. Doubt and fear, as founded upon this, all clears away as we come into a fuller apprehension of God. What is communion with God? We first confine it to a joyous, pleasurable, easy and refreshing perception of his goodness and tenderness toward us while engaged in prayerful meditation or contemplation. This is communion with him, and the first kind which we learn, but it is not the all and the entire of the ways and times in which we are to be in union or communion with him. Had you no union with your loved one, save in loving and endearing conversational intercourse? Were you not in equal union or co-union with him through all the plans and doings of the day, though to sense he was absent from you? Did he not always feel, and that for good reason, though absent, that his wife, and all his doings and feelings, were in unison with his will and pleasure? O, my sister,

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;"

For you are just as much in communion with God when in his will one way and time as in another. His will attaches to all you do, enjoy or suffer. If you perceive and conform to this, in and through all, your communion is without interruption. But, if you confine it to the one form and

kind of which we have spoken, you confine God to time and place, and must necessarily confine yourself to times, seasons and places for co-union with him. The child is as much in union and concert with the parent when suffering and enduring its daily work, as when it unites in the refreshments and pleasures of the table. "Let us be wise, understanding what the will of the Lord is."

You speak of the "Lord's faithfulness to his promise toward you as a widow," etc. God will always be faithful to us, whether we trust him or not; "though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." It is a mistaken impression that the Lord's faithfulness depends upon our faith. Our faith gives us realization and comfort in him and his goodness, but does not change him. So with regard to his love toward us; it does not depend upon ours, or any thing in us; for he loved us while we were yet sinners, and all our goodness is but an influx of his. Therefore, the principle that trusts God according to what we see in ourselves is delusive.

You speak of "an increase of faith, notwithstanding, and of finding yourself less frequently in the 'Slough of Despond.' This is the sequence of growth in the understanding of the truth as made plain by your spiritual teacher, who is leading you as fast as you permit, into a settled residence in the "New Jerusalem,"—the kingdom of peace, which has come down from God. Follow on, my sister! The day will come, when, in knowledge of, and conformity to, this spiritual life, you will "go no more out forever," however powerful the tempting inducement. Only do not be discouraged because you do not come to the "stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus" as fast as you, in your judgment, may have expected. And, by all means, my sister, do not longer harbor the thought that the constant and sympathizing love and presence of your Lord depends upon you. It is yours to be nothing but de-

ficiency, unworthiness, and weakness. It is his to be "all in all," and you "complete in him."

We have learned so much imperfectly, and also so much that is altogether wrong, that we find it a trying and apparently tedious process to unlearn, and come into "the truth as it is in Jesus." How hard for us wise ones to "become fools," and to "know nothing" that we may come into the true "wisdom which cometh down from above," with all its purity, peaceableness, and tenderness of compassion. But all will be accomplished if we only stay in the school and patiently listen to him who has promised to "take of these things and show them unto us," though it may be little by little as we are able to bear them.

As to my "freedom in giving you reproof," I have written with all liberty what has been given me without effort or premeditation, and in the full belief that you will gladly receive it as God shall apply. The Lord has truly put into my heart a warm desire for your advancement in spiritual things. Why he should employ a nothing like me to communicate to you, he only knows. But, as I "have freely received," his order is that I "freely give."

As to "my pitying your weaknesses," I can only say, it is certainly to be expected that one involved in as many will be touched with a feeling for you. But the truth is, we shall never see any thing else in ourselves, and hence are led to accept and reckon the strength and goodness of Jesus *as ours*. All is sweetness and unity. In the Spirit of Christ,

C. LAREW.

Ministerial Success.

RICHARD Baxter, somewhere in his published works, has a remark to the effect, that he never knew any considerable success from the brightest and noblest talents, nor the most excellent kind of preaching, and that even where the preachers themselves have been truly religious, if they

have not had a solicitous concern for the success of their ministrations. Uniform experience sustains the truth of this statement. It will not do for ministers to imitate the ostrich, which is said to lay her eggs in the sand, and then leave them regardless whether they come to life or not. It is not enough for a man to labor under a sense of duty, or of zeal for the honor of God, or even of love to the blessed Savior; there must be also a yearning for the salvation of men, "a passion for souls," as it has been called, if success is to be expected. Certainly this intense longing for saving results has marked all who have been eminent in winning souls. To the Master his own disciples applied the words, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up;" Paul speaks often of his heart's desire, his conflict, his wrestlings in prayer; the Scottish Reformer's burst of anguish was, "Give me Scotland or I die." And so in our own day. He whose great concern is to see men rescued from perdition, will preach with blood-earnestness, will steep every sermon in prayer, will come before his people as one standing in full view of the judgment seat.—[Christian Intelligencer.

Faith.

BLESSED be the hour in which I was first led to inquire into my own spiritual nature and destination! All my doubts are removed; I know what I can know, and have no fears for what I cannot know. I am satisfied; perfect clearness and harmony reign in my soul, and a new and more glorious existence begins for me.

My entire destiny I cannot comprehend. What I am to become, exceeds my present power of conception. A part, which is concealed from me, is visible to the Father of Spirits. I know only that it is secure, everlasting, and glorious. That part of it which is confided to me I know, for it is the root of all my other knowledge.

I know at every moment of my life what I have to do, and this is the aim of my

existence as far as it depends on myself. Since my knowledge does not reach beyond this, I am not required to go further. On this central point I take my stand. To this shall all my thoughts and endeavors tend, and my whole power be directed—my whole existence be woven around it.

It is my duty to cultivate my understanding, and to acquire knowledge, as much as I can, but purely with the intention of enlarging my sphere of duty. I shall desire to gain much, that much may be required of me. It is my duty to exercise my powers and talents in every direction, but merely in order to render myself a more convenient and better qualified instrument for the work I am called to do; for until the law of God in my heart shall have been fulfilled in practice, I am answerable for it to my conscience. It is my duty to represent, in my person, as far as I am able, the most complete and perfect humanity; not for its own sake, but in order that in the form of humanity may be represented the highest perfection of virtue. I shall regard myself, and all that in me is, merely as the means to the fulfilment of duty; and shall have no other anxiety than that I may be able, as far as possible, to fulfil it. When, however, I shall have once resolutely obeyed the law of conscience, conscious of the purest intentions in doing so; when this law shall have been made manifest in practice, I have no further anxiety; for, having once become a fact in the world, it has been placed in the hands of an eternal Providence. Further care or anxiety concerning the issue, were but idle self-torment; would exhibit a want of faith and trust in that Infinite Power. I shall not dream of governing the world in this place; of listening to the voice of my own limited understanding, instead of this voice in my conscience, and substituting for his vast and comprehensive plans, those of a narrow and short-sighted individual. I know that to seek to do so, would be to seek to disturb the order of the spiritual world.

No possible event has power to agitate me with joy or sorrow, for I look down calm and unmoved upon all, since I am aware that I am not able to understand events in all their bearings. All that happens belongs to the everlasting plan of Providence, and is good in its place; how much in this plan is pure gain, how much is merely good as means to some further end, for the destruction of some present evil, I know not. I am satisfied with, and stand fast as a rock, on the belief, that all that happens in God's world, happens for the best; but what in that world is merely germ, what blossom, what fruit, I know not.

The only cause in which I can be deeply concerned, is that of the progress of reason and morality in the minds of rational creatures, and this purely for the sake of this progress. Whether I am the instrument chosen for this purpose, or another, whether my endeavors succeed or fail, is of no importance. I regard myself as a destined laborer in this field, and respect myself only inasmuch as I execute my task. I look on all the occurrences of the world, only in their relation to this object, and it matters not whether I, or another have the chief share in them. My breast is steeled against personal insults and vexations, a vain-glorious exultation in personal merit, for my personality has vanished in the contemplation of the great object before me.

Should it seem to me that truth has been put to silence, and virtue trampled under foot, and that folly and vice will certainly triumph; should it happen, when all hearts were filled with hope for the human race, that the horizon should darken around them as it had never done before; should the work, well and happily begun, on which all eyes were fixed with joyous expectation, suddenly and unexpectedly be turned into a deed of shame, yet will I not be dismayed; nor, if the good cause should appear to grow and flourish, the lights of

freedom and civilization be diffused, and peace and good-will amongst men be extended, shall yet my efforts be relaxed.

Those apparently melancholy events may, for aught I know, be the means of bringing about a good result; that struggle of folly and vice may be the last that they shall ever maintain, and they may be permitted to put forth all their strength, to lose it in one final defeat. Those events of apparently joyful promise may rest on an uncertain foundation; what I regarded as love of freedom, may be but impatience of restraint; what I attributed to gentleness and peacefulness, may originate in feebleness and effeminacy. I do not indeed know this, but it might be that I had as little cause to mourn over the one, as to rejoice over the other. All that I know is, that the world is in the hands of omnipotent Wisdom and Goodness, who looks through his whole plan, knows all its bearings, and will infallibly be able to execute whatever he intends. On this conviction I repose with a calm and blessed assurance. —[Fichte's Destination of Man.

Life by Death.

AN oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts. It is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows—seemingly alone. What is the use of all this sturdiness, this strength, to itself? Why am I to stand here, of no use? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks. No herds can lie down under my shadow. I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves. I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak—good for nothing. While he yet spake, the axe was hewing its base. It died in sadness, saying, as it fell—"Many ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By-and-by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world; other parts form keel and rib of merchantmen; and having defied mountain storms, it now equally resists the thunder of the waves, and the murky threat of, scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of age. Thus the tree in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning, of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to posts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft feet of children, and tottering, frail patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle, and swayed the crippled limbs of age by the chimney-corner, and heard secure within, the roar of those old unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally useful, and did by its death what it could never do by its life. For so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless. But when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began!

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—John xii. 24.

How solemn is that sentence of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Not otherwise. Not while he lived, not while in full use of his faculties, and by direct power, but only when pierced, broken, slain, buried. Then his power grew in weakness, as in a soil, and death restored to him divine power.

This is a truth hidden from the wise and prudent. It is not a truth of nature, but of grace; and many wise men there be who would turn from it. But God has instructed the poor and heart-broken, so that at length they have learned that, when they are weak, they are strong; that they

only live when they die to self, and inherit all things when they cease to crave anything.—[Independent.

Forsaking God.

WE take from the Independent some beautiful thoughts by its "Star" correspondent, under the head of "Forsaking God."

We have known men upon whose grounds waved magnificent trees of centuries' growth, lifted up into the air with vast breadth, and full of twilight at mid-day, who cut down all these mighty monarchs, and cleared the ground bare; and then, when the desolation was complete, and the fierce summer gazed full into their face with its fire, they bethought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowless sticks, pining and waiting till they should stretch out their boughs with protection, and darken the ground with grateful shadow. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life, the shadow of the Almighty, and sit, instead, under the feeble trees of their own planting, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never voice to them the music of the air.

Man is not made to be independent in his powers. With all his endowments, he is made to lean on every side for support; and, should his connections on either side be cut, he would droop and wither like a tree whose roots had been sundered.

The eye carries no light with it, but receives its sight from the numerous element without. The ear hath no sound within it, but only receives it from without. The tongue and the throat beat upon the air for vibrations, as a musician strikes for musical sounds; and if hindered in their connections, or broken from their dependencies, eye, ear, and tongue would fall back into voiceless darkness. And every bodily function is directly or mediately joined in the physical world in such a way that, while man is lord of cre-

ation, he is also its subject and dependent, and must ask leave to exist from the earth, the air, the sun, and the clouds.

These dependent relations symbolize the yet more important relations which the soul sustains to God. Man is not made to exist in rounded, perfect, and independent spiritual life, in his own right and nature. He only is a perfect man who has himself in the embrace of God. The soul divinely brooded receives its power. Our faculties, like the eye that must be filled with light from without, wait for their power from above. It is the divine energy, acting through the human faculty, that gives to man his real existence. Nor does any man know his power, his nature, his richness of emotion, the height and depth of his being, until he unfolds under the stimulus of God's imbreathed influence.

It is a fact full of blessedness to know that the soul has a relationship to God, personal, direct, vital, and that it grows and blossoms by it, while it languishes and dwarfs without it.

The body grows by its true connections with material nature; the social affections grow by their true relations to men and society, and the spiritual powers grow by their true relations to God. In the material world, the roots of trees are in the ground, while the top moves free above. But the soul roots upward, and so has its liberty down toward the earth. God is the soil in which men grow. We are the branches of Christ. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

But is not this a bondage and restriction? It is to selfishness, but not to love. Selfishness grows by shrinking; for concentration is the nature of selfishness. But love grows by pressing outward and evolving.

That we are bound to God is as great a restriction of our liberty as it is to a plant's freedom to be held by the sun; to the child's liberty that the double-orbed love

of father and mother bear it up from cradled nothingness to manly power; or to the human heart's liberty, when, finding another life, two souls move through the sphere of love, flying now with two wings, but one spirit. No man has come to himself who has not known what it is to be utterly forgetful of self in loving. And no man has yet learned to love who has not felt his heart beat upon the bosom of God. As a bird born in a cage, and singing there, amid short, impatient hops, from perch to wire, from wire to ring, and from ring to perch again, so is man unrenewed. As this bird, when darting through the opened door, it feels with wondrous thrill the wide sweep of the open air, and dare not sing for joy, but goes from ground to limb, from lower limb to higher, until the topmost bough be reached, and then, stooping for a moment, springs upward, and flies with wild delight, and fills the air, as it goes, with all the sounds of ransomed joy—so is the soul that learns first its liberty is in God, and goes singing heavenward in all "the light and liberty of the sons of God."

He who forsakes God for the sake of liberty is like a babe lost from its mother. They who refrain from God for the sake of pleasure are like men running from the free air to seek sunlight amid shadows and in dungeons. They who withdraw from God that they may have wider circuits of personal power, are like birds that should forsake the forests, and fly within the fowler's cage, to find a larger bound and wider liberty.—[Independent.]

If I wanted all people to admire our church, I would say nothing of its government, or its ritual, but I would make them feel and see that its ministers were so absorbed in their functions, that it is the most true church, because they are doing the work of ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—[Dr. Cumming.]

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

Christian Holiness.

A PASTORAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. F. BOTTOM, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, NORWALK,
CONN.

NO. II.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

From a careful consideration of the passages bearing on the subject of holiness, we learn:

1. That it is the will of God, even our sanctification, and that this will is not simply complacent, but authoritative and obligatory, and that, while every needful aid is vouchsafed in the promises to enable us to "work out our salvation," and attain to the blessed experience of the pure in heart, so that we may be able to testify that he "saves to the uttermost," on the other hand, the kingdom of heaven is carefully excluded from the hope of all those who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who are seeking to enter into the kingdom by some other way.

2. That, from the prayers and examples added to the commands and promises of the Bible on this important question, whatever be the nature of this state of grace, it is our privilege and duty to seek its attainment *now*, with all our heart, with the assurance that, if we seek, we shall find; inasmuch as it plainly appears that it must be obtained before death, and that the promises are conditional upon a present faith, precisely as the commands enjoin instant obedience.

3. That, from the terms which are used in the Scripture to express it, and the general explication of the doctrine throughout the sacred word, it clearly implies a being "cleansed from all unrighteousness;" being holy in heart and life; "a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light;" being "made perfect in love."

To use the very graphic and comprehensive definition of Dr. Adam Clarke, "Christian perfection is the restoration of man to

the state of holiness from which he fell, by creating him anew in Christ Jesus, and restoring him to that image and likeness of God which he has lost. A higher meaning than this it cannot have; a lower meaning it must not have. Sin defaced this divine image; Jesus came to restore it."

And, in perfect harmony with this is the definition of Mr. Wesley. "What, then, (asks Mr. W.,) is the perfection of which a man is capable while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind! This is the sum of Christian perfection; it is all comprised in that one word *love*. The first branch of it is the love of God, and as he that loves God loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the second, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Thou shalt love every man as thy own soul, even as Christ loved us. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. These contain the whole of Christian perfection."

Such, in brief, is the scriptural definition of this great doctrine. A state of grace clearly held forth as the privilege of every believer *now*, and the absolute pre-requisite for an entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

Without presuming to offer an amendment or substitute for the very scriptural definitions just quoted, we would venture to say what we understand to be implied in them. What we understand to be implied, then, is, that "Christian perfection, or perfect love," as it is correctly termed, consists in the implantation of the principle of holiness in the heart, (in a fuller and more perfect sense than is enjoyed in a state of justification,) "through the operation of the faith of the Son of God," by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, by which the voluntary faculty is purified; and by this gracious cooperation, enabled to control the appetites and desires, (the sensibilities) of nature; or, as St. Paul expresses it, "to keep the body under," and cheer-

fully to exert itself in the practice of the divine will, directing and aiding the affections in centering in God as the object of their supreme regard. So that, while the will remains thus in lively union with the divine, and the heart is thus constantly purified by faith, there remains in the heart no more the propensions to sin, since all those propensions or affections are placed "on things above, and not on things on the earth."

Do I make it plain? Shall I put it in another form, which may be simpler? I understand, then, the principle of holiness in the sanctified soul to have a firmer and deeper hold than before upon the affections, that is, upon the natural dispositions, by reason of the complete renovation of the will, which is brought into a state of voluntary obedience to the will of God through the gracious ability given it by the indwelling Spirit of God, who now fills his earthly temple with his presence.

This blessed state of grace is the privilege of all; and yet, on careful examination, some of you may be convinced that, although you have good reason to believe that you are children of God, you have not yet "come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto perfect men, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Ephesians iv. 13. But do not suffer the enemy to gain advantage here, and tempt you to draw back, or be discouraged in the way. "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and "faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it;" "being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Common experience teaches us that the blessed privilege which we are trying to set before you is not enjoyed, as a general thing, by the believer, simultaneously with

his adoption into the family of God; but that some time elapses between the experience of one and that of the other. Often years intervene; and, not unfrequently, a believer does not receive it until just before death. Is God partial, then, in his gifts? Nay, but "God giveth to all men liberally." The fulness of a Savior's love, and the efficacy of the atonement, are as free after as at the moment of our adoption. The gift of the Holy Ghost is certainly more preciously ours now than when we first believed. If he "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things?" "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

Do you ask, Why, then, do not believers receive this state of grace at an earlier period of their religious experience, seeing it is the common privilege of God's family?—We answer, first, with too many, alas, there is a drawing back from the path of obedience and love. Of too many, it may be said, they did run well for a season; they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ with all their hearts, and had peace and joy through believing. Their element was prayer, and their breath was praise. They cheerfully followed Jesus in the way. But, alas! they have left their first love. Prayer with them is a strange thing; or, at the best, a mere form. These cannot receive this gift, seeing they misuse the grace already given. These must needs repent, and do their first works over again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love God.

BY MAHALA GOWRAN.

LOVE is the most sublime affection that can pervade the human mind; and it is the *first* duty of every intellectual being, to love God supremely. For reason, as well as inspiration, commands us to love him. Love dwells in the bosom of seraphs, and

qualifies them to execute the commands of the "King of kings." This sublime affection must live in all hearts, or those hearts cannot be right in the sight of God.

We presume there is not an intellectual creature, who has arrived to the years of understanding, but indulges the hope that they will have a happy existence beyond the tomb. Well, if we would dwell among the blest in heaven, we must cultivate those heavenly dispositions, and pursue that course of action through life, that will qualify us for the enjoyments of heaven. For it must be impossible to be happy, even in heaven, unless we understand the nature of its enjoyments. For can we be happy in any place, if our minds are *not* imbued with a relish for the contemplations and the enjoyments appropriate to that place? We think not.

What happiness would persons whose minds had been *wholly absorbed* in the acquisition of wealth, and other worldly pursuits, experience in the society of angels, and the "spirits of just men made perfect"? Why, none at all; they would of course be unhappy. *All* the exercises of heaven would be uncongenial to their minds; they would almost loathe the sight and sounds of the celestial "harps," used by the redeemed.

The basis of future happiness, is laid in "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." We must let the *Divine Spirit* direct, and aid us, in counteracting the wrong propensities of our nature, that we may yield "the peaceable-fruits of righteousness," to the end of life. For the Bible informs us that we must "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which, no man shall see the Lord."

May you and I, dear reader, love God supremely; then, when we have passed through death's portal, together, we can range the green meadow-lands of heaven, and participate in the joys of that *shining place*, prepared by Jesus, for those who love God with all their hearts.

Griswold's Mills, New York.

The Great West.

Revival at Mount Vernon Seminary, Iowa—
Testimony of a Student—Other Revivals—
"Dark lanterns"—Temptations of the West
—Best Capital—Religious Prospects in Davenport—Dress, and Outward Adorning.

THE following letter, addressed to her father, from one of the students of Mount Vernon Seminary of this State, (Iowa,) is such a pure, undressed story of the grace that saves to the uttermost, that I cannot forbear sending it to the Guide. It sent a thrill of pleasure to my heart, and I think it will to others. On hearing it read, I solicited a copy, and unexpectedly it may come under the eye of the writer. I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken. It was only designed for a "precious father's" eye; but ah, this is what the world wants, the heartfelt, unvarnished story of the power of the cross. The Lord has been pouring out his spirit largely in Mount Vernon during the past winter. We understand that nearly two hundred have united with the church there since Conference, and a number of the students in the seminary have been the happy subjects of God's changing grace. Many others also are seeking and enjoying "like precious faith" with this happy daughter. She says, "This is, indeed, the place where God reigns." The secret is, they have a holy faculty. Happy students! Happy teachers! But to the letter.

MY PRECIOUS FATHER,—I feel it my duty as well as privilege, to tell you what great things the Lord has done and is doing among us here. Twelve last night experienced the blessing of *holiness of heart*. Among the number was your unworthy daughter. But still I am at times fearful I have not the *full* blessing; but this I *do* know, that I *love* Jesus with my whole heart. O, what a precious season we had in my room last night! I know that I shall ever look on it as the time when I first began to know what true happiness is. O, my dear father, I thank you that you ever sent me to Mount Vernon; for I feel that it is a place where God indeed reigns.

I am *so* easily led astray. My greatest trouble is, that I shall lose the presence of my dear Savior, and I should be perfectly miserable if I should so do.

Pa, I know you pray for me every day; but I would ask you to pray especially for me now, that I may ever be happy in a Savior's love, and never turn back to my wicked ways.

Such class-meetings as we do have! The room is generally crowded, from fifty to sixty being present. Most all have something to tell of the goodness of God to them.

School closes in two weeks. I feel glad that, at the end of that time, I shall see you all; but still I do not want to leave this dear place, where I have passed so many happy hours. I have many dear friends here, and it will be hard to part with them, expecting never to see them again; but I have dearer friends at home that I shall see: and this thought causes a thrill of pleasure to pervade my breast. * * * I hope, some day, partially (I never can fully) to repay you for your goodness and kindness. I remain, as ever, your unworthy but loving daughter.

KATE.

Mt. Vernon Seminary, }
Feb. 23, 1857. }

Nor has the work been confined to Mount Pleasant. In other portions of the work, the cause of God has been greatly blessed and prospered. Our own district, (Davenport,) has shared largely in the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit. A powerful work has been going on in Tipton, a few miles distant; and also in Le Claire, where lives our presiding elder, who is abundant in labors, and strong in faith. God giveth the increase.

"We'll lay our trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all."

We have many choice spirits in the "West," who are shining lights. We like shining lights. There are too many among us who are rightfully called "dark lanterns." "If the light in us be darkness, how great is that darkness!" It was so in the East; alas! it is so in the West,—this far-famed West, which has heretofore been noted for deep, simple, genuine

piety generally. We would not now bring an evil report of the land. O, no; the land is good, beautiful, so much so that a great many cannot, or rather do not, withstand the temptation, "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Doubtless a great many who felt themselves nearly as secure as the Son of God, have *fallen down* and worshipped—the land—we fear never to rise again. Some of our ministers too (are there not many?) are often ready to exclaim, with St. Paul, "Am I not free?"—omitting the first question in the verse, "Am I not an apostle?" O if Paul, with his overcoming faith, found it necessary to "keep his body under, and bring it into subjection, lest that, by any means, when he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway," what will become of those without half his grace! Surely the best *capital* for preachers or people to start with, in coming to this western country, is a *heart fully consecrated to God*. It is dangerous to come without it; without this, none can succeed in doing good, which indeed is the Christian's only business on earth.

Religion is prospering well here in Davenport. We have two Methodist churches in the city. The one of which my husband is pastor numbers nearly three hundred. The Lord has blessed us with a revival of his work during a few months past; between thirty and forty have experienced religion, and united with the church. Many of our members have been greatly quickened to duty, and several entered into the rest of perfect love. Among them are a number of young men, who bid fair for great usefulness in the world. O, what looks more beautiful and noble than to see our young men and women having on the whole armor, zealous for God! How few of them we have! O, that the mantle of those of our fathers and mothers, who were pure in heart, might rest upon the youth of the church! Here is our hope. How careful, then, should we be to set a good, a right example before them,—an example that

will be safe for them to follow! If we want our children and our young members to be model Christians, we must be so ourselves. If we want them to love our discipline and our doctrines, we must prove, by our strict adherence to them, they are worth loving. When we tell them that God's word, and the rules of our church forbid their attending those places of amusement, reading those books, singing those songs, which are not for the glory of God, let us also tell them too that they forbid the "putting on of gold and costly apparel." Parents may afford it, but God's word does not justify it. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, etc., but let it be even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; for after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves." "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but—which becometh women professing godliness—with good works."—1 Peter iii. 3. Who would dream, on looking at professing Christians in these days, that there were such passages in the word of God? Nor does our discipline allow it. A large number of our members appear to be ignorant of this. Some Christians, even in this favored and enlightened land, *cannot read*. Who will tell them? Alas! who will tell them? O, may we all be led in the path of righteousness and peace.

F. E. K.

Davenport, Iowa, March, 1857.

God's goodness makes his majesty amiable, and his majesty makes his goodness wonderful. His love is not abated by his goodness, nor his greatness by his love. His boldness hinders him not from dwelling with the poor in spirit.

The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.—[St. Peter.

The Stranger's Burial Ground.

It was an evening of unsurpassed beauty as we left the little church at City Point Virginia. "Will you walk to the Stranger's Burial Ground?" said my friend, as he drew my arm in his, "it is about a mile distant." I consented, and we turned our steps in that direction. On each side of our walk, for about three-fourths of a mile, a row of tall, red cedars, spread their beautifully berried foliage, casting a delightful shade. The sun was near the horizon, and the long, dark shadows of the trees, and the bright rays of the sun as they fell beside them, made us feel as if on fairy ground. We were going to visit the last home of the poor lone seaman. A melancholy beauty seemed to cover the face of nature, as we were lost for a time in meditation; for who could tell, in that land of fevered air, who would next be placed beneath the sod, or if a prayerless burial-service was in reserve for us?

The "Queen's County Road," over which we sped our way, is very level, and the soil sandy. On one side, are the farms or corn plantations, on the other, the banks of the river Appomattux, covered with lofty cedars, pines, and under-growth of small wood and hawthorn, whose slender branches bend to the tenaciously clinging ivy, or the climbing rose tree. As we frequently paused to ascertain if we had reached the entrance to the "burial ground," the scenery was lovely beyond any power of description. I recollect one opening in particular. We stood upon a high mound, the rays of the setting sun tinged the glassy surface of the river so deeply, and the reflection was so unlike any thing of the kind which had ever met my gaze, that for a moment I could hardly determine where the horizon and river met. An autumnal sunset in Virginia, must be seen to be appreciated. The horizon is of a deep, yet delicate golden hue, gradually becoming paler, until it nearly reaches mid-heaven, and blends with the softest, clearest blue imaginable. Such a sky, mirrored in

the sand-colored waters, filled our hearts with adoration of the Deity, and a deep sense of the utter inability of man in attempting to pencil in years, what *He could form by saying*, "Let there be light." On closer examination, a gentle bending of the tall, rank grass, showed that footsteps had been there, and guided us to the desired spot. "Here is the 'burial ground,'" said my friend, as we looked towards a small patch of cleared ground. It was a semi-circle, the forest and river forming its boundaries. I eagerly advanced, and looked for an enclosure, however rude, for a monumental marble, for some trace of the hand of friendship, quite forgetting it was the "*Stranger's* burial ground," forgetting that no wife or child, father or mother, sister or brother, had been there to shed a tear over the remains of loved ones, or see them deposited in their last, long home. The rain and dews alone, could moisten their graves. 'Tis a sad, sad thing to die alone uncared for! At length I discovered three monuments, two to the memory of quite young shipmasters, from Portsmouth, N. H., whose names I cannot recall, they died in eighteen hundred and twenty; and a lad of seventeen years, from Newburyport, Mass. I can but sympathize with the afflicted friends of that boy, because my own son, of only eighteen summers had just been buried in the sea. The fences which once surrounded them, were lying in fragments around. A shipmate had placed a slab of pine at the head of a grave, with "T. C." rudely carved upon it. The other graves were placed irregularly, as if the sexton said to himself, "I will bury the dead out of my sight," and then he dug his narrow house, coolly turned and left him there, thinking more of the remuneration for his services, than of the woes and sufferings of others.

Sick at heart, I sought to find if nature had not done something to beautify this man-neglected spot, where the tempest-tost mariner calmly sleeps. The river swept gently by, its rippling waves leaving

the shore at our feet, teaching the lesson, we are ever changing. Its opposite banks were covered with swamps and a dense forest, in which no habitation could be seen. Thus were the occupants of this "*Stranger's* burial," literally left alone. The cedars and pines caught the breeze which passed over the water, and seemed sighing a sweet requiem over the dead, so low, so hushed, so scarcely perceptible, that we felt it would be intrusion upon their song to utter language.

Slowly and silently we commenced retracing our steps. I plucked a sprig from the bough of a cedar, which overhung our path, thinking perchance, I might meet a friend of those whose graves I have described, and give it to them as a memento of once living, now faded, beauty.

Little did I then imagine, that the loved one by my side, would find a stranger burial-place in three short weeks. Not in the earth, though it were fitting for him who toils for the landsman to rest upon the soil. The broad Atlantic rolls over his corse, while its surges are speaking in varying tones to all on the voyage of life, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

C. W. J.

Saco, April, 1857.

A Missionary's Experience.

"In perils oft."

The following off-hand sketches are from the pen of one who, for fifteen years, has labored as a missionary among the Indians, preaching the whole gospel, i. e., pardon to sinners, and holiness to believers. They contain some stirring incidents, illustrating the power of God in keeping his servants, and the efficiency which accompanies the preaching of full salvation, even among savages.

IN the year 1835, I professed the blessing of perfect love at Overalls camp ground, Wilson county, Tennessee. I commenced preaching it, though young in years, and in the ministry. My presiding elder told me

he thought it a very intricate subject, and he did not feel himself competent to explain it. I simply told him I should enforce the duty, and I thought that was plain. I did that, and God owned it in the congregation. Though a boy amidst my seniors, I preached and urged it, and many were melted to tears, and would raise their hearts and hands to seek it. I felt impressed to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, as a missionary, but the church did not send me. In 1836, I was transferred to Arkansas conference at its first session. Though a new country, I preached and urged the necessity of holiness.

I preached on Black River on the subject, from the text, "Let us go on to perfection." One lady, powerfully convicted of the necessity of it, asked me home with her to dinner. She ate nothing, and, after dinner, left the room. She was gone an hour or more, when she returned and said she was afraid she had done wrong. She had vowed never to put another mouthful in her mouth until God gave her a clean heart. I told her I never met with any thing of the kind before, but God was as much concerned for her soul as body.

I asked her if she was willing to profess it if God would give it to her. She said she was willing to do any thing. At that instant, God sent the blessing to her soul, and she praised God all the evening. Afterwards, in class meeting, she arose, and testified, in a clear, strong voice, that she had the blessing of perfect love, and expected the witness. All were convinced of her sincerity, and were led to seek it for themselves. Thus the church was greatly revived and built up. Many around the circuit were praying for it. Our love feasts were powerful. In one, a young man seeking holiness arose to tell his feelings on the subject. Speaking to him, I said,

"Brother, it is here—It is love—Jesus now gives it you."

With a suppressed breath, and eyes uplifted, he cried,

"Yes, bless God, I have it."

He was like a firebrand, a burning and shining light.

I do not recollect how many professed this grace, but the church was all alive, in seeking it; and, as is always the case, it brought them out to their duties and interests. I consider but two states in religion safe. One is *where we are going* on to perfection; another is *where we have it*.

I travelled in Hempstead county, Arkansas. Here I met with opposition. I was anxious to get on unbroken ground, where Christ was not named. Strange to say, my presiding elder sent me to travel a circuit on Sulphur Fork, Texas. A preacher had gone there the year before, but was driven off by the wickedness of the people, there being no law or gospel in the land. I found a dreadful state of things; but I visited the new-formed settlements, preached and formed societies—little bands, in the midst of general persecution. The strong ruled over the weak; the sheriff could do nothing; they defied him with pistols and bowie-knives. The horse-thief and murderer ranged at large. I was anxious to test my spirit, and I had a fair chance to do it from extreme suffering with hunger, cold, and the loss of most of earth's comforts. I thought I never knew what suffering was before. Often, I was left with a scant supply of food, being dependent mostly upon the game. I lay out in the wilderness in cold and rain. One night, I lay out by a dense forest, edging on the prairie and bottom land. I had no fire, and was very cold. I arranged my saddle-bags, and saddle for my pillow, and offered up my soul to God. The wild beasts were numerous,—panthers, wild-cats, wolves and catamounts. I felt this a hard trial, and the devil tempted me sorely; but in prayer my resting-place was made like Jacob's sanctuary. I walked most of the night across a prairie, to keep myself from freezing. In the morning, my horse was gone. I got to a house, and, after warming myself and taking something to eat, returned for my saddle-bags and saddle. Packing

all on my back, I started on. Overcome by fatigue, I was compelled soon to stop and rest. I sat on a log, with my pack on, and went to sleep, and about eleven o'clock waked up with my burthen still on my back. Another night I slept out, where, a short time before, they had killed some two hundred rattlesnakes. On another night, I lost myself on the Grand Prairie. It rained on me all night, and I had nothing to eat from Sunday night until Wednesday morning, ten o'clock, but a small piece of corn bread.

I had trials of other kinds. Through the divine blessing, we raised some good societies that walked in the truth; but we had many adversaries. One, named Ward, travelled a circuit for the avowed purpose of having frolics where we had meetings. He would frequently meet me, and ask me how I came on. I told him very well. He said he would have a frolic on Saturday night, where I had raised a new society, and would have them dancing. I told him he would not; nor was he permitted to.

I will continue these letters should they prove acceptable to your readers, through my labors with the Indians of near fifteen years. Yours in love. E. B. DUNCAN.

Pine Grove, Gadsden Co., Florida.

The Doctrine of the Sealing of the Spirit.

BY MRS PALMER.

"After that ye believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise."

THOUGH we do not believe in the attainment of a state of final and *unconditional* perseverance, where we may not be in danger of yielding to the tempter, and falling from our steadfastness, yet we do believe, that it is the privilege of the believer to attain to a state of such conscious abiding in Christ, that there may be a divine conviction wrought in the heart, of our ultimate steadfastness and final salvation. Yes, our *goings* in the highway of holiness, may be established. We may be divinely persuaded, that "neither death nor life,

nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." And this special state of grace, I do not doubt, is the result of a special act of eternal and absolute devotement on the part of the creature. This state implies the absorption of all the redeemed powers in the service of the Redeemer. It contemplates a *whole burnt* sacrifice, calling forth ever-consuming zeal, whose manifestations may often call the devoted disciple to feel, that he that is perfect shall be in reproaches and sufferings, even as his Master. The cost being counted, and the sacrifice made, he who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, sets the seal, and the ever-consuming flame of all-absorbing love, energizes and impels the soul in holy endeavors for the salvation of man. And this is the endowment from on high, which the Sanctifier imparts to those who thus set themselves wholly apart, to be specifically answerable to all the self-sacrificing duties of their high calling. And who, that has thus received this sealing of the Spirit, but feels that it is an ever-abiding secret of power? Said a dear ambassador for Christ, who was in our hearing, speaking of the desirableness of this grace, "Often when I would fain strike a bold stroke for God, the tempter says, hold! be not too fast, you may yet fall away from your steadfastness; then, how the precious cause you so much love, will be dishonored!" It is due to the glory of grace to say that this beloved minister was enabled, on the same day, soon after we heard these longing utterances, to feel that he was empowered, by the Spirit, to lay hold upon the promise, "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving-kindness and in mercies." The doctrine of the Sealing of the Spirit, is a Bible doctrine, and not at variance with the doctrines taught by Wesley, and other fathers of Methodism.

The Leaven Working.

WE clip the following from the Golden Rule, a faithful reprove of all forms of sin, edited by a Presbyterian Clergyman. Hallelujah to God in the Highest, that among all evangelical denominations, this central truth of our Christianity is becoming more and more the subject of discussion, and prayerful consideration.

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

BROTHER NEWTON.—Notwithstanding my partiality for your little monthly, because of its faithfulness and earnestness in rebuking popular vices and evils, I must enter my dissent against the doctrine taught under the above heading. I refer to your position that "perfect holiness is attainable in this life."

You cannot find better men on earth than those who held contrary doctrines. Augustine, Luther, Baxter, Edwards, and hosts of such eminent men, held and taught the contrary. Who are worthy of higher praise? Who has approached nearer to perfect sanctification? Besides, as good men as tread this earth still differ with you.—N. R. J.

Thank you, Brother Johnson, your honesty and sincerity, we doubt not. We are pleased, too, when you have honest objections, for you to state them. But suppose these great and good men did not entertain the views of entire sanctification in this life, what now? Moreover, suppose no one has entertained them up to the present, shall we deny the doctrine for this reason? "To the law and to the testimony." "Let God be true, though all men be liars." Let us not pin our faith to any man's sleeve. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes, the greatest and best of men, even *angels*. No marvel at all that these beloved servants of God disbelieved, and rejected the doctrine of holiness. It would be a far greater marvel had they believed and advocated it, considering their early habits, education, their creeds, confessions, their old school, stereotyped

theology, with no books, no teachers, to impart light on this blessed glorious doctrine of the Bible. Instead of enjoying these favored privileges, they were taught, from early life on the lap, in the nursery, in the house of God, in their theological training, to look upon the doctrine of perfect love, of being dead to sin, and alive to God through Jesus Christ in this life, as heresy, fanaticism, a great error, as unscriptural, dangerous! These inculcations were stereotyped, rooted and grounded; they grew with their growth, strengthened with their strength. God have mercy on their teachers, their blind guides! And still, with all these counter influences, deeply rooted, their hearts were better than their heads. These glorious gospel views did burst out, notwithstanding. These good men *did*, at times, preach them, pray them, live them, enjoy them, when they lost sight of their *shibboleths*; when not encased in their creeds and early prejudices. The wife of President Edwards, came into this fulness of the gospel, drank deeply at the *Living Fountain*, and lived a holy, sanctified life. So also, did James B. Taylor. The Bible, alone, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, led them, step by step, to glory unspeakable! Had they come out publicly, testified to the sanctification of their souls, would they not have been looked upon as fanatics, creed reprobated, cast out? Mark the glaring inconsistencies of some of our ablest commentators. At one time, when not sustaining a peculiar theory, they speak all we ask, all God could have them speak. The very next breath, almost, they kick over the bucket—contradict themselves, egregiously, ridiculously! So it will be till they open their eyes, and declare, "*all the words of this life*,"—so long as they wear this straight jacket, stretch themselves on a bed of iron. How long ere we cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils? "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to the earth, in that very day his thoughts perish." Who esteems these great and good men more highly, Brother Johnson,

than your unworthy servant? Luther, Calvin, Scott, Baxter, Edwards, and their contemporaries! Still, shall we embrace their errors, continue in this treadmill business? bow to this oppressive galling yoke of inbred sin? Carry about the body of this death, which our fathers were not able to bear? Neither are *we* able. Why not take God at his word, receive the promised gift, purchased; rise, shake ourselves, leap joyfully into the limpid streams of free, full, flowing salvation! proclaim the glad tidings! Beloved, you know, I know, every one *ought* to know, that the world cannot be saved at "this poor dying rate," with the present low standard of piety in the church—*never*. But our space is occupied. If there be any other point in your communication, not referred to in our previous numbers, please notice it—we are at your service.

Sweet Water—River Mona.

BY ELLIS INGLO.

SWEET water! Sweet water!
The crystal-browed daughter,
Of evening's cloud golden,
With thy white wing unfolden,
On on thou art winging
To thy mission with singing.

Thus making the wildwood,
The sear-cheek and childhood,
All turn into smiling,
When comes the beguiling,
Of thy white bells all ringing,
Like morning light singing.

The bearer of nectar,
The pure heart's reflector,
To all thou art moving,
With steps light and loving,
Unpausing yet living,
In striving and giving.

Oh give us, bright spirit,
Such bloom to inherit!
That wastes not, that faints not,
Though on the rocks treading.—
Pressing on all unweary,
Through glades glad or dreary,
To the sunshine still clinging,
With singing—with singing.

Why it is.

BY REV. SAMUEL V. LEECH.

AMONG the many beautiful contributions which adorn the July number of the "Guide," the article entitled, "Why is it?" impressed my mind by the importance of the question propounded. The experience of the writer, as narrated in connection with the investigation of the inquiry, was full of interest, and doubtless embodied the general experience of nearly every Christian enjoying the blessing of "perfect love." The inquiry, so earnestly enforced, suggested to my mind the following answer to that question:

As a people, we are becoming ashamed of this doctrine, on account of the self-denial and sacrifice of worldly pleasure which its practice requires, and the separation from the world which its possession demands.

That the general character of the Methodist Episcopal Church has undergone a great change, respecting her peculiarity as a Christian denomination, cannot be denied. Forty years ago, we maintained a position as a people which separated us from the plaudits and approbation, both of other denominations, and the world around us. To be a "Methodist" involved the scorn of fashionable Christians, as well as the contempt of those who made life's highest aim the gratification of earthly desire and ambition. Like the apostles, we breasted the withering storm of persecution, and stood like an ocean rock, firm and unshaken, while the waves of unpopularity were rolling over us. When a man proclaimed to the world his love for Methodism, a whirlwind of contempt raged around him; the ban of fashion's votaries was immediately placed upon him, and he was immediately exiled from the circles of the "Upper Ten." Methodism had bidden the pleasures of the world farewell,—had severed the tie which was binding the church of God to the kingdom of Satan, and shone forth in her unspotted purity, like a lone star from the cloud-covered firmament. At that time,

the class-room was filled with those whose hearts were on fire with love to God and the church,—those who could say,—

“ We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
While often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”

In “spirit and in truth,” they could encourage each other in the Christian warfare, saying:

“ Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And, when the conquest you have won,
Then crowns of victory you shall wear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
Forevermore.”

The love-feast brought every member to his post, where, for an hour, they feasted upon Jesus. No moments passed unoccupied; but scores were ever ready to confess Christ before men, that he might confess them when he came to make up his jewels. They felt the need of Christian union and sympathy, for they found no fellowship with the world—no sympathy from professed Christians.

Then the prayer circle found scores mingling their petitions, while, with united hearts and voices, they wrestled like Jacob, for the blessing of God. The atmosphere of heaven encircled them, while they held “converse with Deity.” They mingled in

“ — A scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat,”—

while the Holy Ghost was descending in pentecostal showers upon them. Hallowed prayer was breathed, which went up accompanied by many a responsive “amen” as sweet incense before the throne.”

That was a day of revival, when the car of salvation rolled through the church, and strong men melted into tears as they bowed like bulrushes before God, crying for mercy. It was a day when men were thrust out into the vineyard who spoke as if the curtain of eternity was raised, and

the scenes of a future world were passing in living reality before them. “Entire consecration to God” was their theme whenever they preached “Christ crucified.” “Holiness unto the Lord” was graven, in letters of fire, upon their banners, and was the battlecry of the church,—the watchword of every pulpit. It was a theme upon which they loved to dwell, while their souls feasted upon the bliss of holiness, and the glories of heaven loomed up before them. It was their highest glory that, in sacrificing the world, they became identified with the “sacramental host of God’s elect.”

But how different is the position occupied by the church to-day! How marked the contrast! No longer is a “Methodist” an object of persecution. No longer is “Methodism” branded with unpopularity. In winning the friendship of other denominations, she has descended from that high position she had occupied; from which she caught the first beams of the Sun of Righteousness,—the first showers of divine grace, and lived nearest the fountain of everlasting life. She has lain her head upon the lap of that modern Delilah,—popular favor,—where, like Samson, she will be shorn of the great source of her spiritual strength and power. She is fast ranking herself with the various denominations of the land, and lowering the standard of holiness, which has been the grand secret of her success.

How many of our ministers now ascend the pulpit to proclaim the great doctrine of “entire holiness”? How many of them enjoy the blessed spiritual privileges, and rich Christian experience, which its possession affords? Are not ministers and members becoming ashamed to proclaim such a doctrine? Have we not, as a church, as a people, almost erased this grand tenet from our practical theology, and yielded the “central idea” of our holy religion?

And, “Why is it?” Certainly not because we believe it to be unscriptural; for it is thundered upon us from almost every page of the sacred record. “Be ye, there-

fore, perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am hol." It is certainly not because they doubt its attainability in this life, for its hallowed influences are exhibited to them by the "daily walk and conversation" of those whose affections, desires, and passions have been moulded beneath its purifying power; while their dying experience gives additional evidence of its value and importance. The murmuring of the cold waters of Jordan fall like the sweet echoes of heavenly music upon their ears. The fading scenes of this world give place to the glories of the heavenly world, as they loom up in undying beauty before their rapt vision, and the blessed promise of their Savior gilds their dying moments with "joy unspeakable and full of glory;"—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Few if any of those who are silent upon this great subject, or who deny its truth, do so from a full and complete conviction of its fallacy, after seeking wisdom and light from above; but so desirous are they to cling to the world and to Christ, that they cherish the fond hope that the favor of God attending a state of justification will insure their spiritual interests here, and introduce them, in the morning of eternity, into an inheritance, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." They desire to be as much conformed to the world as the interests of their deathless spirits will possibly allow. Instead of making life's great object a desire to live to the highest usefulness to man, and the most complete acceptability to God, they endeavor to live with only enough religion to keep the spark of divine love from going out in an eternal night, falsely trusting that, when the chilling shadows of the "valley of the shadow of death" are gathering around them, God will rekindle it, that its blessed light may be sufficient to illumine the dark passage into the world of spirits.

Let us again grasp our falling standard, and, lifting it high as the eternal arches of the skies, plant it upon every mountain-top, wave it over every ocean island, until "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be engraven upon the "bells of the horses," and "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Holiness of God's House.

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever."

—Psalms xciii. 5.

THIS passage was the scripture quotation upon the "Wesleyan Methodist Quarterly Ticket for march, 1857." In homily upon the text, the Christian Miscellany quotes as follows from St. Augustine's Commentary:

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord—thine house—all thine house. Not here, not there, not yonder, but all thine house throughout all the world. Why throughout all the whole world? Because he hath chastened the whole world, that his house may not be troubled.

"The house of the Lord is strong, and it shall be extended throughout all the world. Many shall fall, but that house must stand. Many shall be in trouble, but that house shall not be moved. Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord. But is this for a short time? God forbid. Forever!"

"Augustine," says the Miscellany, "ascends toward the height of this grand argument with a firm and well measured step; but, as if his powers had exhausted themselves in the effort, he fails to dwell on the glorious conclusion,—the holiness which becomes the house of God. But his defect was not a want of intellectual power, but of spiritual light. He and his contemporaries did not clearly apprehend the gospel truth as to personal sanctification which is propounded so distinctly and forcibly by the inspired writers of the New Testament. Their notions of Christian truth were too far away out of themselves. The whole

church was overshadowed in the like obscurity; and, as the finest conceptions of God and of his kingdom in the world are insufficient to feed the soul which hungers and thirsts after God, those famous preachers could not keep the church in purity, and God's work almost expired in their hands. Let us aim higher. Let us remember that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that each member of the whole church, not here, or there, or yonder, but that each member of all the Lord's house, throughout all the world, may be cleansed by faith in the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and be presented faultless to God the Father of every soul, as it is ransomed by the blood of the atoning Lamb, may be cleansed from every stain by the grace and power of the Holy Spirit.—[Ladies' Repository.]

God works by Means.

BY YOUNG JONAH.

DURING a period of three weeks' vacation, being liberated from the pressure of study, and the confinement incident to a college life, we had the privilege of assisting in a revival, in the thriving village of C—. Although we were deprived of the enjoyment realized by many of our fellow-students, in mingling with the circles of home, yet the inward feeling of disappointment seemed to be lost in the flood of joy, that filled our breast, as we saw the kingdom of Christ advancing, and the cause of religion progressing,—and those who previously had been slaves to sin, drawn into liberty, and rejoicing in the freedom of salvation.

As soon as we were liberated from our studies, we directed our course to the village referred to above; which is neat, and, though small, bids fair for a comfortable and delightful location for the great, as well as the peasant. It would take up too much of your valuable space, even if it were possible to find words to express, the

state of mind, in which we engaged in that enterprise, or to state the pleasing incidents which characterized that revival in its progress.

The cloud, though dense, as it hung over us, as we first tremblingly unfurled the banner of the cross, began to move slowly before the influences of the Spirit. After we had, for a few nights, engaged in that revival, an evident triumph seemed to result from the trust which we had imposed upon a higher power than man. Night after night, sinners were flocking to Christ, and were enabled to rejoice in the pardoning love of God.

But we must return to the subject upon which the heading of our article directs us to treat. A few nights previous to the close of that revival, might be seen, in the congregation, a man whom we shall style as Brother R. His wife had been a member of the church, but, through carelessness, had lost, in some measure, the favor which she once enjoyed. Her husband seemed to feel continually a sense of duty; but had, up to that period, (at any rate, for some years,) choked the good influences which were brought to bear upon him. We remember the time when he first came to the altar of prayer, at the meeting referred to. There seemed to be no feelings of contrition manifested or pictured upon the countenance,—but, from the sentiments which he at times uttered, we might infer that the Spirit was working inwardly. However, he afterwards stated, that although he had felt little or no peculiar exercise of mind, he came to the important and wise conclusion, with no other idea than this, "If I died in my present state, I shall be lost; therefore I will have religion." And with such a powerful sense of duty, he made the start and sought mercy. Never shall we forget the feelings of soul, realized by us, as we watched that brother approach the penitent bench, night after night, seemingly no happier than when he first started. He had thus come forward for a few nights, seeking and finding not.

His soul seemed ready to sink beneath the deep sorrow which he manifested at the delay of his Comforter. One night he arose and said: "Dear friends, I came to this place to seek mercy. I really believe, although I have been forward for a few nights, I am more unhappy than I have ever been! I believe that I am worse than I was! I am afraid that I have sinned away the day of grace"!! A thrill went through the hearts of the congregation, as he uttered the latter sentence! We talked with, and visited him, and never did we see a man more determined to overcome every obstacle to obtain religion, than was Brother R. When an opportunity was given for those who wished to join the church, to do so, he arose and said, "Dear friends, I believe I am not worthy to enter the church, but, if it will do me any good, I will do so. *I am determined if there is mercy for me, to be a Christian.*"

And thus he seemed to labor to obtain peace for his troubled mind, and peace for his disturbed conscience. What the hindrance was, we could not tell! but, judging from the anxiety manifested, we think that, whatever it might be, it was unknown to Brother R. He seemed willing to do anything, to obtain the pardon of God, and the witness of his adoption.

Night after night rolled round, and brought the last night of the protracted exercise in which we could possibly remain. We thought of that brother, and seemed anxious that, even at the close of those delightful exercises, he should be set at liberty. *We made it a special subject of prayer*, and we think that the earnestness manifested on our part, was more than equalled on his part.

We entered upon the engagements of that night, with feelings of a mixed character. We felt gratitude for the past,—we felt a deep sorrow in parting with those whom we had seen rejoicing in the Lord, and, at whose homes of charity, we had spent so interesting a vacation. Our minds were characterized with a more than ordi-

nary degree of solemnity, as we saw that night, in, that small place of worship, thirteen seeking the blessing of holiness; but that degree of solemnity was by no means reduced, as our eyes rested upon the brother referred to, struggling for the removal of that burden, which so long had borne his spirit down in sorrow. *He struggled! He was in earnest! But ah! the cloud still rested upon him!*

We engaged in a fellowship meeting, which we shall never forget till death. The joy realized by some was such as to impede utterance, and to create feelings which choked every sentiment which they might try to express, except the word *glory! glory!* Many were the souls that were blessed on that occasion. But Brother R. still rested beneath the bitterness of guilt, and unpardoned sin! It was now past eleven o'clock, as he, tremblingly and sorrowful, arose from his seat, and said, "Although I am not happy, I am determined to struggle till I find mercy. I have been awfully exercised, and it has been hard to bear! But,"—here his bitter feelings choked his words, and he sat down. There was a breathless silence! We shall never forget the deep solemnity of that moment. The silence was finally broken, by an old lady, a member of the "church of England," who arose slowly, and, with an earnest tone, spoke of the delight she took in seeing the work of God so rapidly progressing, and, turning to the congregation, she exclaimed, "God works by means, and we ought to work with him." She then gave it as her impression, that, in reference to the case of Brother R. we ought all to fall down before God, and every soul to be poured out in earnest and definite prayer, for the removal of that load, under which his spirit groaned. Is it possible to describe the scene that followed? No! language is not sufficient to picture that throng as they sank down upon their knees, and each earnestly, (but not loudly,) plead for that afflicted brother. A few moments elapsed, during which, amid tears, many

petitions were offered up in faith for that brother.

The tumult seemed to cease! The prayers became less audible! The sobs were more distinct! It seemed that, after laying the case before God, all seemed to be resting by faith, waiting the result, when Brother R. arose, and, with a joy which beamed upon his countenance, declared, "that God had blessed him, and removed the burden from his mind"! He thanked God! He thanked that lady for her suggestion, and promised to meet us in heaven. I believe he still is on his journey, enjoying the favor of God. *May he be faithful!* and may we, as God's servants, work by means.

Cobourg, C. W.

The Faithfulness of God.

AN INCIDENT IN MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY A. C. B. L.

"Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

IN the year 18—, a lady who was teaching in the southern part of Ohio, became acquainted with a young man, who was studying medicine. Boarding in his father's family, she soon learned that he was not pious. Her mind dwelt much on his condition and prospects, and deeming it all-important, that a physician should be a true and earnest Christian, it was her prayer, that he might become one; and knowing that prayer and effort must accompany each other, every suitable opportunity was improved, to impress on his mind, the importance of loving and trusting a heavenly *Friend*.

He was kind and amiable, and listened to entreaty, only because it came from one, who, he believed, was his friend, but he seemed perfectly insensible to the claims of Jesus. After some months he left town, designing to be absent a year or more. As he gave the parting word to his friend, she placed in his hand a slip of paper, upon which the following lines were written:

"This slip is blank, reserved for me,

From every record it is free;

Here, no memorial yet has been,

Here, no impression yet is seen;

O! could I thus, within your mind,

One little vacant corner find,

Then, it should be my greatest care,

To fix my Savior's image there."

Contrary to his own, and others' expectations, a few weeks only passed, before he returned, and just at the time, when some special means of grace were in use, and some were already inquiring the way to Zion.

The hope was expressed to him, that Providence had directed his steps back at this time, that he might be partaker in the blessings of grace. He attended inquiry meetings, and at last, the meetings for converts—and, for some weeks, appeared well; but soon relapsed into a state of indifference. A long time passed, before an opportunity again occurred for conversation. He seemed to be, if possible, more stupid than ever before. His danger and guilt were pressed upon his attention, and mention was again made, of the anxiety which had been felt, by his friend and her room-mate, for him, and that, for a long time, they had spent Wednesday evening in prayer, for him; and, though her room-mate had now left, *she* should continue to pray; and he was asked if, at that time, he would pray for himself. He seemed much affected, and promised that he would.

A few weeks after, he expressed some hope; light shone upon his mind, and the darkness fled away. On Sabbath evenings, they sometimes walked in the garden, and talked of the Savior and his love. A note was put into the hand of his friend, which read thus:

"You know not how much I was pleased and benefited, by the conversation in the garden last Sabbath eve. How much you have done for me! Allow me to say, you have found that place in my mind, which you wished, and expressed in those lines you gave me, just as I left town last sum-

mer; and I do feel, that it is a blessed privilege to serve God, and call Christ *my* Savior. You spoke of professing the name of Christ publicly. I feel, as I said to you, that it is a *duty*, and yet, I am fearful of making a false profession. I want your counsels and prayers. O! for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. If I am a Christian, it is to your faithfulness and prayers, under God, that I owe it."

Not long afterwards, he united with the church, and walked worthy of his high and holy calling. In due time, he left town, and selected a place where his professional labors were called for,—married an estimable Christian, and is now surrounded by a happy family, "loving and being beloved;" and in the church has "purchased to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

To the praise of the riches of his grace, be it evermore recorded, "He is *faithful*, who hath promised."

A Form of Consecration.

I found, in an old family Bible, the following very solemn form of consecration. I have never seen it in my reading. If it is original, its publication may interest and profit many of the readers of the Guide.

W. A. SIMMONS.

O THOU most high and ever blessed Lord God! I desire to present myself before thee, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul, sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is to appear before the holy majesty of Heaven, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Who am I, O Lord God, or what is my house, what is my nature or descent, my character and deserts, that I should speak of this, and desire that I may be one party in a covenant where thou art the other? I blush and am confounded even to mention it before thee; but, O Lord, great as is thy majesty, so also is thy mercy. If thou wilt hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy superlatively exalted nature must

stoop infinitely low, and I know that, in and through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful mortals, and to allow their approach to thee, and their covenant intercourse with thee; nay, I know that the scheme and plan is all thine own, and that thou hast graciously sent to propose it to us, as none untaught by thee would have been able to form it, or inclined to embrace it. I come, therefore, acknowledging myself to have been a great offender, humbling myself, and saying, with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I come, invited by the name of thy Son, wholly trusting in his perfect righteousness, entreating that for his sake thou wilt be merciful to my unrighteousness, and wilt no more remember my sins. Receive, I beseech thee, thy revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right to him, and desires nothing so much as that he may be thine.

This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me, and I consecrate to thee all that I am, and all that I have; the faculties of my mind; the members of my body; my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others; to be all used entirely to thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire and humble resolution to continue thine through the ages of eternity, ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimations of thy will, and ready to spring forward, with zeal and joy, to the immediate execution of it. To thy direction, also, I resign all I am and have, to be disposed of by thee in such manner as thou shalt, in thine infinite wisdom, judge most subservient to the purposes of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events, and say, without reserve, "Not my will, but thine be done;" rejoicing, with a loyal heart, in thy unlimited government, as that which ought to be the delight of the whole rational creation.

Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument of thy service. Number me among thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear Son; let me be clothed with his righteousness; let me be sanctified by his Spirit; transform me more and more into his image. Impart to me, through him, all needful influences of thy purifying, cheering, and comforting Spirit, and let my life be spent under those influences, and in the light of thy gracious countenance.

And, when the solemn hour of death comes, may this, thy covenant, well ordered in all things and sure, as all my salvation, and all my desire, though every other help and enjoyment perish!

Do thou, O Lord, remember it too! Look down with pity, O my heavenly Father, on thy languishing, dying child. Embrace me in thy everlasting arms. Put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and receive it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, peacefully and joyfully to wait the accomplishment of thy great promise to all thy people, even that of a glorious resurrection, and of eternal happiness, in thy heavenly presence.

And, if any surviving friends should, when I am in the dust, meet with this memorial of my solemn transaction with thee; may they make it their own, and do thou graciously admit them to partake of all the blessings of thy covenant, through Jesus, the great Mediator of it; to whom, with thee, O Father, and thy Holy Spirit, be everlasting praises ascribed, by all the millions who are thus saved by thee, and by all those other celestial spirits, in whose works and blessedness thou shalt call them to share. Amen and amen.

Solemnly and humbly subscribed, this fifteenth day of May, eighteen hundred and eleven—by me,

T. M. C.
C. C.

Those that fear the Lord shall be his in that day when he shall make up his jewels.—[Malachi.

Adam Clarke and Sanctification.

THE following original letter was written by the late Rev. Dr. A. Clarke, when about twenty-two years of age, to the Rev. John Wesley, and, as it shows his experience at that period of the blessing of entire sanctification, I herewith forward it for your excellent Journal, believing it will be deeply interesting to many of your readers.

D. NASH

Cornwall, Conn.

NORWICH, [Eng.,] March 29th, 1784.

Rev. and very Dear Sir:—Since I was justified, I have, in general, expected and prayed for that inestimable blessing, a heart in all things devoted to God, which, soon after I received pardon, I found to be indispensably necessary; but meeting with little encouragement in my pursuit after it, I obtained it not, and so spent that time in offering a maimed sacrifice, which, if I had been encouraged and rightly directed, might have been spent in serving God with a perfect heart and a willing mind. I continued mostly in this state, or at most advancing very slowly, till I came to this kingdom, when you ordered me into the Bradford Circuit. Here the good Lord was pleased to give me a sight of the unspeakable depravity of my heart, and one time in particular, in such a measure that the distress I felt, was as painful in sustaining, as it would be difficult in describing. I suppose at that time, had there not been a sea between me and my native country, and want of money to have carried me there, it is probable I should have made a speedy departure from the work in which I was engaged. I regarded nothing, not even life itself, in comparison of having my heart cleansed from all sin; and began to seek it with full purpose of soul. Thus I continued looking for it, and frequently in much distress, till December, 1782, when I opened my mind to a local preacher, who, I had heard, was a partaker of this precious privilege; from him I received some encouragement and direction, and so set out afresh in quest of it, endeavoring, with all

my strength, to believe in the ability and willingness of my God to accomplish the great work.

Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring self-desperately to believe, I found a change wrought in my soul, which I endeavored, through grace, to maintain amid grievous temptations and accusations of the subtle foe, who seemed now determined either to spoil me of my confidence, or to render me as miserable, by reiterated temptation, as I was before when mourning the inbeing of his infernal offspring; but my indulgent Savior continued to support and encourage me, and enabled me with all my power to preach the glad tidings to others, so that I soon saw more of the effects of the travail of my Redeemer's soul than I had ever seen before. Glory be to God through Christ! Amen. But to this day I am in a strait between two, and fear almost constantly rests on my mind of denying it, lest thereby I should forfeit what I have received, or grieve the blessed Spirit; and again, I am afraid to affirm that it is done, lest I should deceive myself in a matter of such great importance.

When this is considered, dear sir, you can easily perceive how much I stand in need of your advice and direction. I know, indeed, that, from God, knowledge and wisdom are to be received, and that he gives to all liberally, who ask such blessings from him. But, again, I remember a sentiment in one of your sermons in which you inform me that God usually helps "man by man." This I believe to be exactly right, and therefore entertain a hope that if you will be so very kind as to spend a few minutes in directing one concerning these things, the good Lord will make your advice abundantly profitable, and I am sure will reward the labor of love.

Our congregations in this circuit are in general enlarged, and several, through the mercy of God, are much quickened. O may God abundantly increase the flame, till it becomes universal, for Jesus' sake. Several of our people in this city have no

great affection for the doctrine of entire sanctification. However, whether they will hear or will forbear, we declare it unto them, well knowing that, unless we do this, we preach not the whole gospel of God. Some, who had before denied it, are now not only convinced of the attainableness of it, but are earnestly contending for it, and some have received a token of good. *Gloria Deo.* Earnestly praying that the Lord God may be your sun and your shield, and that he may make your latter days still more useful than the former, and spare you many more years for the profit of his people, and give you every degree of grace to prepare you for eternal glory, I remain, very dear sir, your unworthy, though truly desirous of being, in all respects, your obedient son in the gospel of our common Lord. ADAM CLARKE. —[Christian Advocate and Journal.

An Act of Faith for Perfect Love.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEWARK CONFERENCE.

I HAD enjoyed religion about twenty years. I had believed that perfect love, entire sanctification, or Christian perfection, was attainable in this life, subsequent to conversion. But I had concluded, that, in my case, it had been reached gradually, and without any sudden witness of the Spirit. From years of steady growth in religion, from a consciousness of entire and long-continued consecration, and from many special seasons of sweet communion with God, I had concluded myself perfected in love. In my preaching upon the blessing, I did not hesitate to imply that I had received it. Though I taught others to expect to be conscious of the very point of obtainment, I considered my own case an exception to the general rule.

In this frame, during the last session of the New Jersey Conference, I commenced listening to a sermon from Rev. James Caughey. I was soon drawn to an ardent desire for a more sensible witness of per-

fect love, than I could fix on in my experience; and I could not but think it very possible, that, in concluding I enjoyed the blessing, I had rested too much in intellectual deductions. It furthermore seemed to me, as the preacher was pressing the theme, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have," that in my caution against being led too far by this much treated topic, I had not been led far enough. In my public teaching and private seeking, I had carefully kept in view, entire consecration, and waiting faith, but it was with much caution and limited stress, that I associated with them, any taking-for-granted act of the mind. I had been aware of the fact that imagining a thing could not make it real, but I now suspected that I had not equally realized that too much confidence could not be placed in God; that, when the soul is clearly conscious of entire consecration, there may be, through the great atonement, an unreserved venturing, an entire self-abandonment to the divine mercy and power. Brother Caughey seemed to be led by the Spirit to reach my case; and, just as he had strengthened his application of Scripture, in regard to the believing process, by a pointed quotation from a witness not to be despised, (Mr. Fletcher,) I resolved to venture out; not merely to struggle in prayer, with a *wailing* faith, as previously, but to *venture out*, by the blood of Jesus, in unrestrained boldness, and throw myself right off from the furthest projecting foothold of creaturely effort, into the dark, "not knowing whither," (Heb. xi. 8,) save unto the great space or sea of Almighty Love. I was graciously enabled so to do. I was as conscious of the act as I could have been of a plunge of my body from some jutting point into an ocean. In the bold venture I exercised no *outgoing* caution, but an *introverting* one, lest I should believe I had the blessing before I had it, lest I should *imagine* some effect. And I know that when I had thus ventured, there rushed through my whole being, from a source extraneous to myself, what no

words can represent to a cold, intellectual critic, but what some can understand by a *sudden stream of sweet, soft, permeating fire*. My soul was fully assured that this was the needful baptism. I could not refrain from praising God aloud.

During much of the remainder of that night, and of the next day, and of the week since, I have been reviewing my case, and I think I can truly say, that I was that evening brought into the large place of full liberty from sin, a state of singular freedom from the minute incipencies of influences and emotions, concerning which, I had frequently been in doubt whether to account them very subtle temptations, or the very first fibres of the roots of evil.

So it seems, that though I had for years enjoyed a state of grace so cheering, that I honestly confounded it with perfect love; yet I did not actually obtain the fulness, until that night, when I humbled my intellect, as well as heart, by what may be denominated, correctly enough, to a candid reader, the all-venturing, self-abandoning faith.

Of course I was not prepared, nor can any one be prepared, to exercise this faith previously to a distinct consciousness, in the searching presence of God, of entire consecration. During the few weeks since that memorable night, I have enjoyed a quiet flow of the same stream of fire which then fell upon me, except when I have slightly neglected to walk by the same faith by which I was fully set upon my feet.

Let no one suppose that obtaining this blessing is entering a state of rest. It is, indeed, a state of love. But, in the church militant, love does not wish to rest. It is willing to battle for the Lord, and it has the privilege of so doing. In perfect love, increased exquisiteness of joys are no more surely found, than increased subtlety of temptations, and the consequent need of intense watchfulness and strong faith, yea, in continuance, the all-venturing faith in God.—[Christian Advocate and Journal.]

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AGAIN we appear before you, Beloved, with our Spiritual Miscellany. The present number does not, perhaps, present as great a *variety* as some of its predecessors, though we think, in point of excellence, many of its articles will bear a favorable comparison. The article entitled, "Badge of my Royal Priesthood," besides its intrinsic merit, possesses peculiar interest, not only as the *first fruits* of our English connexion, but as coming from the pen of a lineal descendant of one who has rendered himself deservedly popular by his luminous exposition of Holy Writ. Our agent in England gives us a very encouraging account of the progress of our cause in that country. We hope to be able to enrich our columns with many contributions from this quarter.

With the present number, we send out our bills. These may not, in every instance, show a correct state of account, as, from their number, we are compelled to commence making them out long before we send them, and remittances have been frequently made in the interval. Then, again, payment may have been made to agents who have not had an opportunity of remitting. Our subscribers may rest assured that we do not intend to exact more than is our due, and, when notified of such errors, we will see them rectified. We hope, however, that, where the debt is acknowledged, our bills will meet a prompt response. We know the times are hard, especially in some sections of the country, and would make every allowance for this in our power; but we think that, with a little effort, these sums, small in themselves, but large in the aggregate, might be remitted us; and we feel the need of them in carrying forward our enterprise. On this point, however, we have little ground of complaint. Most of our subscribers, true to their principles, are prompt in their payments, and we thank them for it. We are constantly encouraged in our work by the most cheering testimonials. By divine assistance, we hope to make our periodical worthy of their continued patronage, and eminently useful in bringing believers to realize the fulness there is in Him at whose feet we would ever lie.

MRS. PALMER'S WORKS IN ENGLAND.—Our beloved countrywoman is being eminently honored of God in the gracious influence which is accompanying her writings in our fatherland. The following extract from a private letter cannot fail to interest our readers.

"I have received four letters from England within a few days, all of which bear the glorious intelligence that the Lord is condescending to own these humble agents (Way of Holiness, and Faith and its Effects,) largely in the entire sanctification of believers. The publisher in England informs us, that, through the munificence of individuals, all the class-leaders in London have been supplied with a copy to lend in their classes. One person, who is a servant-maid, gave us a "thank offering" of £10 sterling, (about \$48;) this supplied three churches. Other individuals have supplied other churches, among whom is a lady who is the daughter and also the sister of a baronet. Five persons, I have been informed, in one class, received the blessing of entire sanctification through the reading of a copy, while the book was being handed from one to another in passing through the class. I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Collins, and from three others, filled with pleasing recitals of individual cases, etc. I would feel like apologizing for such recitals as the above, but I know you will give thanks to God; for He *alone* the work hath wrought. Truth belongs to God, and not to us. The Guide also is spreading rapidly. Praise the Lord."

WHO WILL GO AND DO LIKEWISE.—The Rev. S. V. Leech writes us from Shepherdstown, Va.:

"Wishing to bring every influence to bear in the prosecution of my work on this circuit, I have introduced the GUIDE into a number of the best families in this community. The July number, which was shown as a specimen in obtaining subscribers, won general approbation. Enclosed I send you twelve new subscribers, with the amount of their subscription in full. I rode forty-five miles in obtaining these names. Will not others 'go and do likewise'?"

"TELL IT NOT IN GATH."—In strange contrast with the above is the following from a correspondent writing on business:

"I am very sorry that I could not send you the pay for my Guide before. I waited in hopes of getting more subscribers, and no doubt would have succeeded; but our PASTOR forbade my recommending it to our church,

and it is a M. E. Church too. This rather discouraged them. Those who have examined the Guide for themselves, like it much. As far as I am individually concerned, I can say it is food to my hungry soul, and I would not part with it on any account."

We should really like to know the ground on which such an interdict should be put on the Guide. It is edited by two ministers, who, for aught we know, are in good standing in the Conferences to which they belong, and, if it is so detrimental to the spiritual interests of the church as to require a pastoral prohibition, complaint should be lodged with the proper authorities to bring the abettors of such mischief to trial. We have reason to believe that this is not the ground of offence. Had it been, we would not be enjoying the countenance and encouragement of so many of the best and truest friends of the church, including its bishops. We fear the opposition arises from another cause. We do not know the name of this pastor, nor, indeed, do we desire to know; but we beg him to consider his interdict in connection with his solemn ordination vows, and the response he gave before his brethren in conference to the following questions:—Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?

BRIEF TESTIMONIES OF THE LIVING AND DYING.

—We occasionally receive fragments of experience in letters not intended for the press, that are too valuable to be lost. From many in our possession, we glean the following:

"In writing, I must be brief; for I have but little time to spare. Jesus is near, and there is a power divine sustaining me. In this I am confident. This morning I consecrated myself to my Savior, and I feel a peace—may I not say, *perfect* peace; for I feel nothing contrary to love. This is the way I live from day to day, depending constantly on Christ. He is all and in all with me. I feel that I can and do rejoice daily in the God of my salvation."

M. M. B.

"The cause of holiness was never more dear to my heart than at present, and I have never enjoyed more of the power of this great salvation in my own soul than for the two weeks past. My faith grasps the 'fulness of God,' while I rest upon the faithful promise, 'Believe ye receive, and ye shall have it.' I lose ground as soon as I cease to live by such a

faith, but find an unspeakable flood of love, light and power let into my soul when I continue to ply this faith.

'O that the world the art might know
Of living thus to Thee.'

Yours in Jesus."

J. D.

"I will inform you that our sister, Miss L. A. W., your subscriber, died first of July. She lived the life of a consistent Christian, and her last words were, 'Heaven opens to me.'"

J. T. H.

"Discontinue sending the Guide to C. G., as he has gone to his home in heaven. His last end was bright with the hope of seeing Christ and his heavenly Father. Yours, etc."

D. C. G.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A NEW MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—No point, in the late news from England, is more interesting to Christians who wish to see the work of God revived, than the statements with regard to the Church of England services in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Bishop of London. Dr. Tyng, of New York, who is now in England, writes of the project to the Protestant Churchman:

"There is much, in the present state of things, to interest one who feels concerned in the welfare of the Church of England. Every thing seems combining to promote its advance in Christian usefulness, and adaptation to the nation. I have told you what a strong practical view Lord Shaftesbury took of clerical duty in the church, at the Pastoral Aid Meeting. The idea was that the church must go out, and find and meet the people. The Bishop of London has just taken a most important step in this direction, in giving an Episcopal license to Exeter Hall, as a place for public worship.

"You are aware that no place can be used as a place of church worship but by such a license. This step is a wonderful advance, and perhaps the boldest and most decided thing which this new bishop has yet done. All his acts display a very independent and determined mind. And we may well rejoice that such a man has been raised up to a place of such power at a time so propitious and important.

"You will see, by the following programme, just published, that there is no mincing of matters, either in regard to persons or place. Exeter Hall, opened under the sanction of the

Bishop of London, is one marvel, and such a line of preachers appointed for a course of sermons is another. It will be a great move in a right direction, and is equally valuable under whichever of its manifold aspects it may be regarded. Read the following :

"EXETER HALL

SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

Under the sanction of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London, and of the Incumbent of the district.

May 24—The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle : "What saith the Scripture ?"—Rom. iv. 3.

May 31—The Rev. Dr. McNeile, Canon of Chester : "Can the Ethiopian change his skin."—Jeremiah xiii. 20.

June 7—The Rev. C. Molyneux, Minister of the Lock Chapel : "What think ye of Christ ?"—Matthew xii. 42.

June 14—The Rev. W. Miller, Canon of Worcester : "How can these things be ?"—John iii. 9.

June 21—The Rev. J. C. Ryle : "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"—Mark vii. 37; Matthew xvi. 26.

June 28—The Very Reverend the Dean of Canterbury : "Why will ye die ?"—Ezekiel xviii. 31; xxxiii. 11; Jeremiah xxvii. 13.

"The service will begin punctually at half past six. The body of the hall and the platform will be thrown open for the working classes. It is confidently hoped that the regular attendants at churches and chapels will not occupy the room intended for others."

The whole effect of this remarkable step is more than you can imagine. Never has a Bishop of London, since Ridley's martyrdom, taken ground like this one. Such movements as these will serve immensely to bring back the feelings and habits of the common people to the church. And, while similar efforts are springing up all over the island, I cannot but consider them one of the most remarkable events of the day. It is well known that the whole course of the Bishop of London has the highest sanction in the land, and must lead to very great and grave results. Tractarianism must either die or depart under such a system. And the results will come very rapidly to view. There seems no probability of any back track ; and, if things go on in their present course for a little longer period, I think we may speak of

the Church of England as rescued and renewed in its character and its prospects. How great will be the blessing of this whole work to mankind, it is easy to see, but quite impossible to estimate.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON filled the Surrey Music Hall not only full to the brim, last Sunday morning, but more than a thousand people had to turn away disappointed from the doors. He preached an admirable sermon from the 1st Corinthians, chapter i. verse 24,—“Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.” Among his hearers were the Duchess of St. Alban's, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Athol, the Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Stafford, Lady Courtney Boyle, Lord and Lady Coote, Lord John Hay, Lady Franklin, and many other members of the aristocracy. Perhaps it will be thought, by our readers, much more worthy of note that his crowded congregation included a tradesman from Norwich, once well known as an active secularist, who was converted by Mr. Spurgeon's preaching and publicly burnt all his infidel publications ; and another individual, who, till this occasion, had not entered a place of worship for thirty years. In a letter to his publishers in New York, Mr. Spurgeon states that it is not his intention to visit this country at present, as the state of his health will not permit him to undertake the journey.

THE PRICE OF A BIBLE.—Once upon a time, it took thirteen years' work for a laboring man to purchase a Bible. In the year 1272, the wages of laboring men were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible, at the same period, was \$180. A common laborer in those days had to toil on industriously for thirteen long years, if he would possess a copy of the word of God ! Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles. Last year, a single Bible Society—the British and foreign—issued about one and a half million of copies, and, during the several years of its existence, it has sent forth 30,863,901 copies.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, in an eccentric letter recently published, says, that a society in London has worked nearly fifty years, and spent nearly \$500,000, and yet has converted “only two Jews and a half.”

Are we Holier than we were an Hour Ago?

BY E. R.

EVERY access of grace is, in itself, probation for larger grace; holiness is trial for greater holiness. In every addition of heavenly wealth, we have, beside and beyond the good gained, an advantageous discipline for further good to be gained. If believers, therefore, would know the measure of conformity to the likeness of Christ, for which he holds them responsible, they must rate it, (in addition to every other consideration,) by the measure of advance which they have latest made towards this conformity. That the privilege of being holy is responsibility for becoming so, no one doubts; but, perhaps, few sufficiently reflect that the actual scaling of successive heights of holiness is the most solemn form of responsibility for mounting still higher. The ratio of what God requires is ever increasing by what he gives, and, in the same ratio, should increase our diligence and watchfulness, lest we fail of answering his demands upon us. If ever a slow growth in grace could stand excused in the sight of Christ, it would be in the case of those disciples whose faith is elementary, and love incomplete; but who can adequately estimate the unwavering progress, the untiring diligence, the ceaseless forgetting of those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, that he asks, at the hands of those whom he has caused to triumph in the assurance of faith, and the perfection of love; and [O, that the thought would nerve us to a more restless spiritual energy!] none are, by the same rule, in such peril of failing to apprehend all for which they are apprehended of Christ Jesus.

For example, the faith which has once empowered us to cleanse ourselves "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," is to be made available for a perpetual perfecting of holiness, and a perfecting that shall

advance in degree, as the faith enlarges by exercise; or, turning from the inward life of holiness to its outward aspect of usefulness, the faith which has made us mighty to wrestle against Satan and with God for the salvation of one soul, is to be, with power ever strengthening by action,—called into exercise again and again for the salvation of many. And so of all the gifts and graces of the Spirit. Let us dwell more particularly on one very favorable [if heedfully possessed,] to spiritual progress, yet fraught with peculiar danger of unwatchfulness and retrogression. This is joy in the Holy Ghost. We often speak of that well-spring of gladness which is the heritage of the Lord's chosen; do we as frequently talk of the duty which that joy involves? Is happiness chastened, though not clouded; solemnized, though not saddened, by the graver sense of responsibility? Are we not rather too prone to stop upon joy as upon a great point gained?—to regard it as in itself a worthy proof of spiritual advance—a terminus to which previous progress has brought us, and at which we may take breath? It is nothing of the kind; it is not always a spiritual improvement on sore conflict and depression; it is never a religious full stop. The true aspect of holy joy is that of an added mean to the one sole important end of growth in holiness—another phase of trial for the working out of this one purpose and ultimatum of all earthly discipline—a phase of trial too, needing more anxious solicitude than any other, because, as none other can, it is intended to bring the soul into that direct, distinct converse with God which is the agent of celestial purity.

Fellow Christians! if you mean to lay aside your weapons of warfare and conquest for one moment during your earthly probation, choose that in which the power of darkness is pressing you heavily to the dust, and throwing its shadow thickly over you. Better *then*, than when the felt presence of the Holy One gives you rest, and the power of his fellowship enwraps your nature, and

the light in which he dwells streams upon your spirit, and the love which he *is* floods your life. O, it is a solemn, almost a fearful thing, to walk and talk with God; to come so near him as we may; to dwell so fully in Christ as we may; to listen so closely to his changing tones of tenderness, warning, or guiding or consoling, but speaking ever the one unchanging lesson,—“Be ye holy, for I am holy.” To do all this, and more than this,—passing thus, hour after hour, of successive days and weeks in the holy and loving companionship of our Lord, and not grow more holy, more loving, more Christ-like each following hour,—is to fail where failure can plead the least excuse, and is obnoxious to the deepest reprehension. Are we holier than we were an hour ago? Are we? It matters little—nothing at all to the fact of progress,—what our employment may have been, provided it has been right and rightly done. Hands may have been occupied, thoughts busied, both servants to the things that are seen; but the spirit is a freeman ever, and has, with its ever unfettered action and affection, been striking through the framework of sense into the things unseen. With what result? To receive injury or strength in the passage? Influence of some kind from secular occupation, it is the ordination of God the soul should gain; it may be distraction and disquiet, but he has further ordained that it shall be rest and power, if all such employment be faithfully submitted to the sanctifying agency of the word of God and prayer. Thus “sanctified,” the pressure of outward life becomes sanctifying, and the energies that dwell temporarily on earth are subjected, by the Spirit that dwells eternally in God, into perpetual means of grace. What if the first five minutes of every such hour, when practicable, were taken away from earth, and occupied in pleading faith; that each minute of the succeeding fifty-five, busy, toiling, perplexed as they might be, should bear to the soul, from the direct presence of the Savior, some addition or

modification of holy influence, how much more like Jesus should we be, as each setting sun rolled away a day of distance from him! Then, day by day, his sacred lineaments might dawn and deepen fairer, brighter, holier, upon the character, till that day in which he shall call away to a sublimer moral process, his cherished workmanship, leaving on the earthly casket the promise of a transformation more sudden, but not more finished, not more glorious!

“Does Father Know Who Jesus Christ is?”

At Long Kloof, one of the stations of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, a wicked man, who cared nothing about his soul, was persuaded to send two of his children to the mission school.

One was a boy of eight, the other a girl of six years old. As the station was some distance from the home of the children, they lived with the missionary. After a few weeks, the father wanted the boy to take care of some cattle, and went to take him from school. The little fellow, however, loved his teachers and liked his lessons. He therefore did not wish to go home again, and told his father so; and when asked his reason, he said, “It is because I can learn nothing good at the place where father lives.” “But” said the father, “what can such a thing as you learn here?” “Father,” said the boy, “I *have* learned something.” “Repeat it then,” said the man, and the boy repeated this: ‘It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;’ and then said, “Does father know who Jesus Christ is? He is the Son of God. Does father know who are sinners? All are sinners.” This conversation so affected the father that he returned home without the boy, and in a few weeks came back an altered man, having, as he said, met with the precious word of God.

Blood has a voice to reach the skies.

Varieties in Experience.

BY A STUDENT.

"The same Spirit, but diversities of operation."

THE same Spirit not only has a diversity of operation in different individuals, but in the same individual at different times under different circumstances; and at different times under the same circumstances, judging so far as mortal eyes can take cognizance of the circumstances which have any thing to do with the soul. We do not mean to say that we think of God as of a Being capricious—doing one thing at one time, and a different thing at a similar time, without any just cause for the difference in treatment. Certainly, he may have designs beyond our power of investigating, which might move him to give any one of us a different operation of our spirit in union with his own Spirit, at one time, from that which he would give at another time, under the same circumstances. Or if the difference of operation result from the varying of that inward set of circumstances which the human eye cannot scan, consisting of a combination of the mental and physical, which may change indefinitely without our knowledge, it is the province of God, and his only, to adjust the operations of his mind upon our minds, according to the highest wisdom. While we hold ourselves subject entirely to the divine control, using our spiritual, mental and physical parts, according to the best knowledge we can derive from the sources we have, in the word of Nature and of Revelation, we are not responsible for the difference of manifestation resulting from the operation of God upon us at different times.

This view gave me comfort at one time when the hand of God was heavily upon me. I had left my home for an absence of a few weeks, leaving him who was the sharer of my life to rejoin me in a little time, after he had attended to some necessary business, and had stopped a little with his parents. I was uncommonly drawn out

in prayer, all along the journey of three or four hundred miles. I could hardly spare time to make the explanations to my little girls that they had reason to expect of me as we saw new sights. It was not that I was distressed from any known cause, and sought relief in prayer; but it was simply that I felt need of nutriment to my Spirit from the Divine Spirit, more than I could receive from the general pervading of his spiritual atmosphere. I received as I asked; and, as I asked that my other self should share with me the divine inspiring, I received by faith the same for him. This same especial exercise occupied my mind during a few days after I had got to my journey's end. Then came an awful hour, which I cannot denominate. The blow that then fell upon me, though it did not paralyze the physical sensorium, did seem to paralyze the spiritual sensorium. For a short time I got a semblance of relief to my overburdened soul by simply looking up and saying, O, my Father! O my Father! I felt, when I said this to my heavenly Father, that no more was necessary for me to say or think. His look assured me that he knew all, that he compassionated all; he knew the weight of the blow, and my weakness. I was not conscious of any spiritual support beyond this feeling, that God showed me his recognition of my state, and his pity. I felt like one upon the earth as a stone is, without any organic relation to any thing higher than itself. And, all the long journey home, I could not, with spiritual eye, see my Father's face, but could only think of it as if it were behind a cloud. And when I would try to gather strength to impart to my children that they might be sustained as they should see the lifeless body of their dear father, I felt as if God were too far off for my comfort, and that neither angel nor spirit were near me, EXCEPT at a few times, the attention of my heart was suddenly arrested by an unseen agency, which I was very willing to consider the presence of the lately disrobed spirit of my husband hovering over

his stricken ones. Had this scene occurred to me in the days of my first religious experience, I should have been alarmed, thinking I was deserted by Heaven in the greatest time of need. But, as it was, I believed the arms of God were supporting me, though I could not feel those arms. When asked how I was sustained, I could only say I am kept from sinking. I can now see that it required support beyond the utmost rally of my own powers of self-sustaining to keep me where I was kept. And I now see clearly, what I then believed without seeing, that God was no less with me under this sense of desolation than when, a few days before, I was fed as with angel's food; only, for some reason unknown to me, there was a diversity of operation of his Spirit.

I know not why God himself should not produce, in the mind of any being whom he loves, a sense of what created mind would be, in its greatest need, without a conscious communication with divine mind. Great ends might be accomplished by making this impression; and it could be most deeply made, in the greatest time of sensible extremity. When all was over, and the solitary abode of that form, the sight of which was as the sight of ourselves, was deeply buried in the earth—for days and days added after this, I could only kneel before God—I could say nothing—I could hear nothing from heaven whispered to my spirit—I could only think a few thoughts before him, and then remain in silence in his presence. But I did not distress myself for this. I said, "this is a part of the divine dispensation toward me, in this sorrowful period. If this effect upon my feelings is not produced by direct dispensation, it is produced by combination which my heavenly Father understands perfectly well, and is able to change, by the change of a second cause, somewhere." It was not long before very much of a change was produced. Providence carried me into the great congregation in Mr. Beecher's church. The voice of singing there being as the voice of

many waters, my soul drank in the melody, so that animation returned to my spiritual sensorium, and I joined my voice, which sorrow had hushed, with the "multitude which no man can number;"—we in that assembly joining the great assembly above. I give this case of my own, extreme as it would seem, thinking it may meet the eye of some who are crying to God out of the depths. I believe we need not be alarmed so long as we cling, with all the strength given us, to the arms of Omnipotence and Love, whatever variations we may have in experience, only that they are not contrary to the mind of Christ. There may be a temporary paralysis about our sense of spiritual contact, produced by some sudden shock, which is painful enough to be borne, but which does not hinder the resting of our whole being upon firm support. And he who embraces us will remove this peculiarity when, and by a means which he sees best. At another time, a sudden shock of sorrow may quicken the sense of spiritual contact; every thing of a spiritual nature would then excite the soul more than usual, and this effect be produced by a cause beyond our own control. Are we any the more righteous for that than we should be if it had an opposite effect? God may discipline us in showing us what we should be alone, without himself, either by direct withdrawal for a time, or by producing in us a sense of desolation by a combination of circumstances within our minds and around. The particulars of our discipline do not make us the more righteous, or the less so. Our adherence to God, and our faith in him, give us our character in these scenes, as in all others. In my various experience in my sorrow, I have not felt condemnation. Perhaps I have not availed myself of all the strength which I might have had from Heaven; but, if not, it was because I did not discover all my sources of relief from sorrow at the time. I believe my heavenly Guide has discovered these to me as he has seen best. And when I cried out O that I could have

been with him who was taken from me, as he was departing! O that I could have given him comfort in his last hours—and whispered some words into his ear as he was hearing the last of earth!—though God appointed it otherwise,—I did not feel condemned for the emotion; for I as sincerely said, with the same breath, O, my Father, thy will be done. The first was the crying of nature; not nature wrong, but nature right. But grace requiring more than nature to accomplish the highest good, asks that the divine appointment may be fulfilled, though it come not in nature's time. Yet, if it could have come in nature's time, and been just as well—it would have saved some pangs of which nature would be glad to have been saved. And the heart says, would that the paths of innocent nature's wish, and that of divine appointment, could have lain along side by side; but adds, let God do what he will, though nature lie bleeding. In a better life than this, nature will never lie bleeding; but here, some arrangements are the wisest which bring a collision unavoidably. We bow at the Highest Wisdom, and adore.

August, 1857.

Silver Plate Usefully Employed.

The following extract from a private letter contains a lesson too valuable to be withheld from the public. The writer, a brother in Texas, has been recently bereaved, as will be seen, of an estimable companion; and, under the influence of his chastened feelings, he has given himself up to the teachings and drawings of the Divine Spirit. Behold, beloved, what estimate the soul is led to place on what the world calls valuable, when it has its eye on "the things which are unseen and eternal!" How much good might be accomplished by the devotement of a part of our property to an enterprise similar to that in which our brother has enlisted!—Eds.

BROTHER DEGEN,—Will you indulge me in a few remarks rather of a personal character? Without waiting for a reply, I take liberty to begin. I have been in the

M. E. C. and M. C. S. for more than thirty years, but have always been delinquent. Of late, I feel great anxiety to be more useful while I live, and, above all, to be the honored instrument of putting something in motion that shall move on while time lasts, bringing glory to God, and saving souls.

While I have been feasting upon the Guide, Riches of Grace, or some of Mrs. Palmer's works, I have thought I had rather be the author of some such work, than the sovereign of the world. I should be perfectly willing never to be known as the author; any body might have that honor; just make me the instrument of the good; I ask nothing more. This, it is probable, will never be permitted; but of late, I have consoled myself somewhat with the reflection that, if I cannot write such a book, I can aid in circulating those that are already written; and if he who receives a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward, it may be that he who aids in circulating a good book may receive a reward similar to that of the author. In casting about in my mind for the means of carrying my plans into operation, I have thought of some silver plate, valuable to me now only as the gift of a grandmother and mother long since in heaven. I could not purchase such articles now with a good conscience if I were worth a million. Then why should I keep them? There is but one argument that I know of, in favor of keeping them, and that is, respect for the honored dead; but would it not be showing more respect to their memory to consecrate them to the service of God than to keep them, set a bad example by their use, shut my mouth on the subject of useless expenditures, and deprive myself of the privilege of doing that much more good? I have prayed earnestly over the subject, and, as the result, have bundled them all up, and started them to New York, by my son, with instructions to sell them, and, if he does not visit Boston, to send a draft to you

for the money, or as much of it as will answer the present purpose. And now for the appropriation.

First, pay for my copy of the Guide and the Magazine for our boys. Then 3 copies of the Guide sent to my address, and, as the premium on these, 1 copy Central Idea of Christianity. 1 other copy Central Idea; 2 do. Gift of Power; 2 do. Tongue of Fire; 2 do. Showers of Blessings from Clouds of Mercy; 2 do. of each one of Mrs. Palmer's works; 2 do. Witnesses of Perfect Love; 2 do. Life Gregory Lopez; 2 do. Spiritual Progress; 2 do. Life of Hester Ann Rogers.

I do not know the price of these works, nor so much as *the names* of works of kindred spirit on sale with you; hence feel at a loss in making out a bill. My object is to spread these blessed books that God has rendered such a blessing to myself, for the benefit of the church. Will you be kind enough to help me to make selections.

Send \$25 to \$30 worth. If I am successful, and I believe I shall be, I intend scrupulously reappropriating every cent realized in the sale to the purchase of other bills of you. I wish the communication was more direct and speedy. One more idea, and I bring my letter, which, I fear, has already tired you, to a close. You observe I request the Guide to be sent now to my own instead of my wife's address. It pleased God, in his inscrutable providence, to take her from me on the 5th last May. I have only time to say, she was a lover of the Guide, profited much in perusing it, and, when the fearful trial came, was found "in peace, without spot, and blameless,"—her last words, "Blessed Jesus—precious Savior—glory!"

While I felt that the dearest object of earth, one that possessed more of my heart's affections than every thing of earth besides, was being separated from me, so far as this world is concerned, forever, yet such a season of gracious influence I have never enjoyed. It seemed to me I was surrounded by the spiritual world, but a step

between myself and eternity, time dwindled to a point, the separation of friends by death a moment—O who but God could have broken such ties, making the heart to bleed at every pore, and yet not one feeling in it contrary to thy will be done.

"Whatsoever is not of Faith is Sin."---Rom. xiv. 23.

BY B. S.

WE suppose very few, even among professed Christians, realize how pervading, how degenerating, and how damning is the sin of unbelief. It is the basis of all the misery and wretchedness in our fallen world. Those who cherish or yield themselves to this evil influence are, in the sacred Scriptures, classed and punished with the most abandoned sinners. See Revelation xxi. 8, where it reads as follows, viz:—"The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

Again, the power of unbelief is such that God himself cannot exercise acts of mercy and forgiveness where this wicked principle wilfully exists. Christ did not and could not do mighty works in a certain place among the people, "because of their unbelief."—See Matthew xiii. 58; also Mark vi. 5, 6.

That unbelief is a leading and heinous sin, we learn from John xvi. 8, 9. The Savior told his disciples the Holy Spirit would "reprove the world of sin"—"of sin, because they believe not on me." Also his instructions to his disciples when sent to preach the gospel, the substance of which was, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

A theoretical faith in Christ, as the world's Redeemer, is not enough. With a faith no better than this, we shall never dwell with holy beings in heaven. A faith

similar to this the devils possess. They believe Christ is God—the Redeemer of the world, and they tremble before him; but their faith does not save them.

There is another kind of faith, a nominal, inoperative, or defective faith, existing without the requisite works to purify the heart and life. Again, there is another kind of faith, one that saves—one that will not rest without the living proof of its vitality. It will be seen; it will be felt. Hence we can judge of our faith, whether it is spurious or genuine—whether it is a dead or a living faith.

It is written, “The just shall live by faith.” This does not imply that works are consequently unnecessary, but the very opposite. It is absurd to suppose that those who are just before God are inconsistent and ungodly in their practice. The life—the moral and spiritual life of the just, embraces the gospel faith, feeds on the promises through faith, is saved, conquers, triumphs through faith. Such a faith is a living, operative principle—producing works in sweet harmony with the word of God; it is the spring of every motion, and the key to solve all the problems of salvation. This faith recognizes the atonement and intercessions of our Lord Jesus Christ as its basis. Hence the redeemed, however holy in heart and life they may be, see nothing in themselves whereof to glory—nothing on which to depend—and nothing out of the will of God that is desirable; they see nothing sufficiently formidable in itself to obstruct or hinder their advancement in the divine life,—nothing to prevent their coming off conquerors, yea, more than conquerors, through faith in the blood of the Lamb.

Thus we have endeavored to present, briefly as possible, the contrast between the effects of unbelief and the effects of a true Christian faith. The one is misery and wretchedness, and the other is peace, quietness and assurance forever.

We have felt prompted to offer these humble thoughts to our readers as sug-

gestive, and as a warning to guard against unbelief.

As Christians, on entering the church, we solemnly, in substance if not in words, promised, before high Heaven, to “renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so as not to follow or be led by them.” Ah, solemn vow! It is still fresh upon our memory—still binding us to a faithful fulfilment of the righteous pledge; but O, it will be awfully sad, if not faithful, to find, in the final day, we are left to say, “Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, in thy name cast out devils, in thy name done many wonderful works;” and then to hear him say, “Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.” The thought is almost overwhelming, and we have often wept in contemplating it. Such startling revelations from the word of God should stir us up to seek for and to retain a perfect faith, and entire conformity to the will of our Redeemer.

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done.”

May the Lord give us such a faith, with its legitimate fruit!

Dorchester, August, 1857.

“Individualism and Primitive Piety Revived.”

“TWENTY years ago, in the city of Hamburg, a band of seven brethren assembled in a shoemaker’s shop, laid their hearts upon the altar of God’s service, (mark the language!) and formed themselves into a church, of which Mr. Oncken was chosen pastor. Now behold the results! The little church of seven members has multiplied itself into fifty churches! Ten thousand souls have been hopefully converted; fifty millions of persons have heard the true gospel;

and eight millions of pages of tracts, and four hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures have been put into circulation.

"How has this work, under God, been accomplished? Let us learn from the pastor's own lips: 'All our members are initiated and instructed into a regular system of operations. *Every man and woman* is required to do something for the Lord, and thus the word of the Lord has been scattered.

'We have now about seventy brethren in Hamburg, who go out *every alternate Sabbath*, two by two, preaching the gospel; and by this means, the whole of the city has heard the precious name of Christ. We think that all the talents in the church should be brought out. A list of the brethren who can speak, is kept, and they are sent from village to village to preach on the Sabbath, and they go out as the church directs.' It is stated that there is scarcely a female member of the church in Hamburg, who has not two or three Bibles and a parcel of tracts to distribute; and that, in a single year, through the six hundred members of the church and its pastor, every family in that city, of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, was visited for the purpose of religious conversation, and the distribution of books. And there is this remarkable circumstance besides, — that, though these devoted men and their brethren in other parts of Germany, form less than fifty churches, they keep up preaching at nearly four hundred stations."

Union with Christ.

READER, you may be so assimilated to Christ that whatever affects his cause or name shall affect you. You may so give yourself up into his hands, as to become emphatically his property. O what a sweet feeling of security it imparts to the spirit to know that there is an ever present Being, all-powerful, all-loving, and that he is OUR God our Savior! Our Father in heaven knows better how to provide for and take

care of us than we ourselves do. "He knows our feeble frame." He is well acquainted with our necessities. He whose vision pierces eternity, who sees the end from the beginning, will never fail to guide us aright, if we only submit to be directed by his infinite wisdom. Life presents many paths before us, and the mind will often be undecided in regard to what way to pursue. But perplexities and uncertainties never enter the mind of the Infinite One. What a relief to seek his counsel! That we might not fail to ask, he has given us the promise, "Acknowledge him in all thy ways, and he will direct thy paths." The condition is plain; who could refuse to meet it?

Messengers of God, you to whom it has been said, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," do the responsibilities of your calling cause a feeling of dread to oppress your souls at times? Remember that he who freely gave us Christ will also, with him, freely give us all things. The treasury of grace has been opened; you may freely partake of its precious stores. You go not alone into the sacred desk. Your burden is heavy, but Jesus stands just by you, and says, "Cast it upon me." Only surrender your whole being to him constantly, earnestly, and God will work in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. When you look at the immortal beings before you, to whom you are to break the bread of life, and then cast your eye towards eternity, does a sense of your insufficiency to say any thing that shall impress them with a desire for salvation weigh down your soul? Think of the precious words that fell from the Savior's lips just before he ascended to heaven, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Christian, toiling along the straight and narrow path, does the tempter assail you, and are dangers around? Know that the angel of his presence shall save you too. Even if you were called upon to test your faith by a martyr's death, yet your lot could

not be hard as long as you were united to Jesus. What a companion you would have! And need you fear in the lesser trials that await you? No; fear is not for the Christian. Not even though the great Deceiver himself attacks you, because Jesus has put the last enemy under his feet. He has conquered, and it is impossible for you to be overcome as long as you are his. Take the most timid and fearful one that ever entered the narrow way, and let him throw himself wholly upon Christ, and nothing is sufficient to move him. The weak and the strong are all one in Christ. The language of their hearts is:—

“My God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all,
I’ve none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.”

Men may tell us that, by our own energy and unbending wills, we may be the architects of our own fortunes; that we are whatever we will to be. This is partly true. But there is no true heroism apart from a knowledge and cognizance of dependence on God. The man who stands up in the presence of his Maker, and says, I am strong; my own right arm shall help me; my own strength shall compete with opposition; I will make myself thus and thus; has failed to learn the first principles of true manhood. Frail man! he is only a little child, and only as he learns to go forth in the strength of God has he learned to be heroic. With God for his help, he is strong; without him he is a broken reed. If his dependence was in man, he would have cause to fear. If he went forth to the battles of life under the protection and guidance, even of earth’s greatest ones, yet he might fall. But if he goes unattended save by the Redeemer, the shafts of the mighty fall harmlessly around him. He is safe. O how blessed it is to trust in God! While Jesus honors us with his presence, how gratefully we should receive him!

“What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds my soul to shake,
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back.
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus’ name.”

M.

Married Forever.

“And I will betroth thee unto me forever.”—Hosea,
ii. 19.

How wondrous and varied are the figures which Jesus employs to express the tenderness of his covenant love! My soul; thy Savior God hath married thee! Wouldst thou know the hour of thy betrothment? Go back into the depths of repentance and the work of faith; then and there thine espousals were contracted: “I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” Soon shall the bridal hour arrive, when thine absent Lord shall come to welcome his bride into his royal palace. “The Bridegroom tarrieth;” but see that thou dost not slumber and sleep. Surely there is much all around demanding the girded loins and the burning lamps. “At midnight, the hour when he is least expected—the cry may be, shall be heard, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!” My soul, has this mystic union been formed between thee and thy Lord? Canst thou say, in humble assurance of thine affiance to him, “My beloved is mine, and I am his!” So great, unspeakably great, are the glories which await thee! Thy dowry, as the bride of Christ, is all that Omnipotence can bestow, and all that a feeble creature can receive. In the prospect of those glorious nuptials, thou needest dread no pang of widowhood. What God had joined together, no created power can put asunder! he betroths thee, and it is—“forever.”

Wherever Christ’s cause has a claim, wherever Christ’s people have a want, wherever good is possible, there obligation begins. We are responsible to God for all the good we can do.—[Cumming.]

Sketches and Incidents.

The following incidents, connected with the labors of Dr. Palmer and his estimable lady, have been kindly furnished us by a friend from a private communication. While thousands will rejoice with us at the success of these God-honored instruments, it will be interesting to trace, in these sketches, the secret of their power.

You ask about camp meeting reminiscences. I could fill a dozen sheets with desirable recollections, but time will not admit of this. The Father of Mercies, in answer to the intercessions of his Son, and your prayers, and the pleadings of other of his devoted people, was most graciously present with us. In our goings out and our coming in, he was powerfully present with us, and caused that whereunto we turned our hands to prosper. Hundreds received the blessing of pardon, and hundreds were sanctified wholly. When the invitation was given for those seeking the blessing of purity or pardon, scores would present themselves. On one occasion, about forty were blest at one meeting. I mean on one occasion within the space of about two hours. On another occasion, in about the same space of time, about fifty, I should think, were saved. To God be all the glory. I will gather up some incidents, which may give you pleasure, and relate them in as concise a manner as possible.

THE LOCAL PREACHER.

He had once enjoyed the blessing of holiness, but had now let go his hold, and was plunged in great perplexities. Again he would commence, and yet again, to go through with a recital of his perplexities, but our time was limited, and would not possibly admit of the recital. But he seemed so settled in the conviction that he could not again believe in his heart, and attain the grace till all these perplexities were one by one removed, that it seemed difficult and almost cruel to prevent him from

the detail. I therefore permitted him to go on for a few moments, till he came to a point in his narrative about thus. Not long since, as I was giving out the hymn, commencing with

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,”

when I came to the words,

“And here may I, though vile as he,”

The Holy Spirit seemed to urge me to say,

“And here do I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

But I did not say it; yet, if I had said it, I do not doubt but I would have had the blessing. We insisted on his pausing at this point, saying, “If the Holy Spirit urged you to say it then, then he requires that you should say it now. He would have proceeded with yet further detailings of his difficulties and errors, but we resolutely persisted in his not proceeding one word further till the teachings of the Holy Spirit, as far as they had been given, had been obeyed. Presently, we succeeded in getting him to repeat the words

“And here do I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

As he repeated the words, his faith newly laid hold, and, overleaping all difficulties, he was enabled to overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony. As he continued to keep hold, resolved never to doubt, though he might die in the struggle to believe, one victory of faith succeeded another, till joy unspeakable and full of glory filled his soul. It was a conscious death to sin, and a resurrection to a life of holiness. O how he exulted in the victories of faith! This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Great was his yearning now over those who were in like difficulties with himself, and we might mention the case of a brother laborer he brought to us the next day who was in like difficulty with himself, and ex-

perienced like glorious deliverance, by the exercise of that faith which subdues kingdoms, and turns to flight the armies of the aliens.

THE LOST SAVED.

We had been talking of the *narrow* way; the necessity of *striving* to enter in at the strait gate; of the many who will seek to enter in and not be able, and setting forth the danger of deception. The Holy Spirit applied truth, and several partially deceived professors were penetrated by the force of truth, and knelt at the seeker's bench, humbly confessing their sins, and pleading for mercy. Among these was a man who seemed to have been arrested by the enlightenings of the Spirit to see his deceptions, with a suddenness as marked and well-nigh as overwhelming as that which arrested Saul when journeying to Damascus. Overwhelmed with indescribable terror, he suffered himself to be led forward to the penitent rail. But, while here, he seemed lost to every thing around him, and unmindful, apparently, that he was still on the shores of time, and within the precincts of mercy, he cried out, I am lost! I am lost!—lost!—lost! What *shall* I do? O, WHAT shall I do? Yes, I am lost!—lost! I tried to get his attention by telling him that, if he felt himself to be a lost sinner, he was just such as the Savior came to seek and to save. But my efforts were utterly vain. The curtain of eternity seemed to have been uplifted, and his naked soul, standing, as it were, in the awful presence of an angry God, while Christ, the light of the world, and the Savior of sinners, was wholly obscured from his vision. In vain did I entreat him to look to Jesus, and, with a louder and yet louder voice, labored to make an impression on his outward ear by way of assuring him that he had not yet passed the boundaries of probation, but was yet a prisoner of hope. I am lost!—lost!—lost!—damn'd! damn'd! was the fearful and only response. My heart was agonized, and my physical abil-

ity unequal to the task of exerting my voice any more, and was about to give up in despair of meeting his case, when I imploringly said, as nearly as I can remember, about thus. "I wish you would only stop one moment, and listen to what I have to say,"—All within hearing were looking on with amazement, and others interposing, we at last succeeded in getting his attention sufficiently to listen to a few interrogatories. "Are you a sinner?" I asked. "Yes!" was his earnest reply. "Is *Christ* the Savior of SINNERS?—then he is YOUR Savior. But I am *such* a sinner. I have *deceived* myself. I have been a hypocrite. O Lord, have mercy!—have mercy! But you are not a greater sinner than Christ is a Savior, are you?"

He doubtfully shook his head, without apparently any abatement of his agony. When I said, "Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?" "Yes." "Well, the Bible says that Christ is able to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto God by him, and, if Christ is able to save to the uttermost, surely he is able to save YOU. Is he not?" Never, while life endures, can I forget the change in that countenance. Quickly as the lightning's flash amid the blackness of deepest night, was the sudden illumination of that rayless mind. The glorious Sun of Righteousness suddenly burst forth, changing night of the deepest gloom, spreading high noon splendors over a countenance which, but a moment before, was defying description by the blackness of its despair. And *such* words—such *burning* words as proceeded from his mouth, I will not attempt to describe. I will not attempt, because they were past description. Christ had revealed himself, and who can portray on paper the glowing, burning words called forth by the sudden disclosure of the Altogether Lovely to a mind so utterly rayless as the one we have described!

SAVED ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.

I had been kneeling by one who was intensely hungering and thirsting after

righteousness. With many others who were longing to prove the power of Jesus to purify the heart, and save from all sin, she had openly presented herself as a seeker of holiness.

While I was conversing with her, she was enabled to venture believingly on the Redeemer as her present Savior from all sin. Yet, though she thus believed, still I saw solicitude depicted on her face. I marked her countenance, and inquired if she was not happy in the consciousness that Christ was her *present* Savior from all sin. She assured me that she was indeed happy in the thought that Christ was now indeed her present Savior from all sin, but the only occasion for heart solicitude with her now was the question whether she might be thus kept and saved in the future. How do I *know* that he will save me next week, or next year? O, this is the only cause of present care.

"If you was in heaven, I suppose you would have no particular solicitude whether Christ could keep you; you think he could keep you in heaven, do you not?"

"O yes, he could keep me in heaven!"

"Do you believe that all power is given to Christ in heaven and in earth?"

"I do."

"Do you really believe he has *just* as much power in earth as he has in heaven?"

"Yes."

"Can he not then keep you just as well on earth as he can keep you in heaven, if you only keep yourself wholly in his hands? Surely he will keep that which you have committed into his hands unto the perfect day. Perfect confidence and unutterable joy took the place of distrust and solicitude, and her now quiet spirit in blissful reliance reposed on him who is able to keep her from falling, and to present her faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." "To the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen."

THE TEN MONTHS SEEKER.

I had not yet risen from the table after refreshing myself with a little food in one of the tents, when an intelligent-looking young lady, who was an entire stranger to me, took me convulsively by the hand, and drew me out of the tent door.

"O," she exclaimed, "I have been seeking religion for the last ten months."

"Can you not conceive of any reason why it is that God does not reveal himself to you? Do you not know of any thing that intervenes between God and your soul?"

"I know not of any thing but I would willingly sacrifice for Jesus."

"Are you sure you come to Christ, renouncing yourself and your sins?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, then, if you come to him, he says, 'He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out; and now you say you are sure you come to him, let me ask, Does he not receive you?'"

"That's the *question*," she responded quickly. "Yes, *that* is the question."

I replied, "Suppose you were standing in the rear of that tent which we have just left. You are surrounded with a number of your friends, and my husband is the theme of your conversation. I am inside of the tent, within hearing, but of this, you are not aware. Imagine I should hear you say something palpably equivalent to the declaration that you would not believe Dr. P. any farther than you could see him, or have some sensible demonstration, do you not think that I would have reason to feel myself insulted?"

"I think you would."

"You would not expect any special manifestations of my love and approval after you had thus dishonored my best friend?"

"I do not think I would have a right to expect any such thing."

"And this is just the way in which you are insulting and dishonoring my Savior. He says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I

will in no wise cast out.' I ask you if you are sure you come to him. You say, Yes, I am *sure*. And when, I ask, does he not receive you according to his word. You say that is the *question*, leaving it plainly to be inferred that you have no confidence in the word of Christ. Just as much as though you should say, "I will not trust him any farther than I can see him," and if you were speaking thus of my best earthly friend, what could you say more disreputable? O, how you insult the Savior by your questionings! Surely you will not dare insult him thus any more."

She seemed to be covered with shame and confusion, and exclaimed quickly, "I *will* believe! I *do* believe!" And quickly she gave God the glory due to his name.

Immediately my attention was arrested from this ten-months' seeker to one who came beside me, seeking the blessing of entire sanctification. While this seeker of the great salvation was believing and entering into rest, the ten-months' seeker left my side, and, mingling with a group of Jesus' witnesses, who had gathered a few steps beyond, she was joyfully testifying of her saving faith in the Savior of sinners.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Seekers of pardon and seekers of purity were in lowly attitude bowed together. Not less than fifty in number I think were there as humble suppliants pleading for promised blessings. I fixed my eye on one who, by her manifestations of fervent and absorbing nearness to the throne of grace, I imagined was just about to lay claim to grace for which she sought. Just at this point, the exercises were varied, and a song of praise was sung, preparatory, I believe, to preaching from the stand. Not more, perhaps, than three minutes had intervened when I noticed that a change of some sort had come over that suppliant. She was joining with the multitude in song. Has the desire of her heart been fulfilled? Or has she voluntarily given up the strug-

gle?—were questions which gave me some solicitude. I went to her, and asked whether God had fulfilled the desire of her heart. She frankly acknowledged that he had not, and informed me that it was entire sanctification she felt she needed, but she felt that she had not yet received the blessing. "Are you willing to have it on God's own terms, by coming out from the world, resolved not to touch, taste, or handle, the unclean thing?" She hesitated a short time, and then responded, "Yes." She wore artificial flowers, and other worldly appendages, and I concluded, in the power of the Spirit, I would press the question more closely, and said, "You say you are willing to come out from the world, and be separate. The Bible says, Be not conformed to the world. Now I ask you, in the name of the Lord, will you now give up your worldly conformities, artificials, etc.?" At this point, the struggle returned with singular intensity, so that she was unable to articulate distinctly. I could not but think of the renderings of the unclean spirits as spoken of in the gospel of our Lord. For in her struggles to give up the world, it seemed as if the Spirit was rending her, and, with choked utterance, she expressed her inability to answer my inquiries. It was a crucifixion to the world—a death to sin, and the moment she gave up her will, and said YES, to the inquiry I had proposed in regard to giving up the world fully, that moment the struggle ended, and she sunk back in my arms, overwhelmed with the power of the Holy Spirit. She afterward informed me that the moment she made the entire surrender, the Spirit suddenly fell upon her, and she felt its hallowing, consuming influences throughout soul and body, prostrating her for some time, so that she was utterly unable to rise. After this, she went about the encampment filled with the burning love of the Spirit, inviting her friends to the Savior. She was the sister of the owner of the ground, and had many friends, for whom she labored, and, we trust, is still laboring, as the Spirit gives power and

utterance. O, do not our Marys need the baptism of fire just as truly as our Peters and Johns?

A Mohammedan's Estimate of the Bible.

REV. N. C. Righter, in the Bible Society Record, gives the following account of an interview he had with a Mohammedan Sheik.

WE afterwards enjoyed a very interesting visit with a sheik, or chief, of a sect of Dervishes (Mohammedan monks) who have a convent near Marsoven, to which many pilgrims resort. He received us very politely in his library room, and first presented his little boy to us, in token of mutual friendship. He says he has the Bible and Testament, and has carefully read and studied both. He himself copied the Gospel of Matthew in manuscript several years since. (He borrowed it by night from a friendly Turk in the seraglio, wrote it as he could, and returned it in the daytime for fear of discovery.) I asked him, "What is your opinion of the Bible?" Said he, "It would take me two days to tell you. The Word of God is everlasting. You cannot cut it, cannot burn it, cannot destroy it. It is in the world forever. It teaches Christ, and the gospel of love—love to God and love to man. In Jesus, we love one another as brothers. There are three kinds of love; first, common friendship; second, to lay down one's life for his friends; third, to love our enemies. All these are taught in the Bible. There is a hidden treasure in the Gospel that will be brought to light more and more in coming time, till it is known and prized by all the world." I told him that many Mussulmans in Constantinople are at present seeking for the Bible and valuing it much, and we hope that soon all will have it. He replied, "I must not speak publicly my sentiments now, or my head will be taken off at once." It was most gratifying to find him so enlightened and imbued with the spirit and love of the gos-

pel. He says, "I love the Gospel of John, the beloved disciple, who fully unfolds the tender love of Jesus. That iron yonder is cold, but when you put it in the fire it becomes warm and heated. So when we come together we may be strangers at first, but our hearts soon grow warm with the love of Christ." And as we came to separate, he embraced and kissed us affectionately, and with tears in his eyes expressed the hope that we might meet in heaven.

Experience of Perfect Love.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The following was written about a year since, and shortly after I experienced the perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart. I have laid it aside for one year, and now, upon a careful review, I find very little cause to alter it. It is true, persons who have been entirely sanctified, and who have not wilfully backslidden, nor lost entirely the witness of perfect love, may feel the tone of pious and devotional feeling to be comparatively low; they may be in heaviness through manifold temptations; they may be depressed or cast down through infirmity of the flesh, or weakness of the soul, or through multiplied discouragements, and hence not feel all that power with God in prayer, nor the power instantly and successfully to resist the devil they do at other times. They may even, through the subtlety of Satan, and the deceitfulness of sin, be in some measure foiled by their adversary, and yet recover. But the soul that is newly washed in the blood of the Lamb, (for the washing must be *continual* and *perpetual*, otherwise our beautiful robe will be soiled by the dust of this world, or the smoke of the pit,) and is filled with light, life, and love, in a word, with all the fulness of God, and has in vigorous exercise the all-conquering, victorious faith in Christ, will find little difficulty, we think, in adopting our views relative to the great superiority of a sanctified state over that of a merely justified state.

IT IS JUST THE THING I WANTED.

Did you ever see a poor little boy who had long besought and prayed his father to get him a new hat? He has suffered much for the want of it. His head has been scorched by the summer's sun, and chilled with the winter's cold, he has felt the blush of shame to be without a hat. At length it is procured, and presented. It is an exact fit. It far exceeds his highest expectations. He looks at it, and turns it over and over. He examines it without and within; he admires its beauty, quality, and adaptation. He remembers his sufferings for the want of it, and promises himself great pleasure and comfort in wearing it. He stands like a statue, lost to all surrounding objects. Is it mine? Can it be? Is it possible? He is in a perfect revery, and presently what was at first a simple emotion of pleasure becomes an ecstasy. He begins to sing, and then gambols about the room or yard, he runs to show it to all the persons he sees, that they may sympathize with him in his pleasure, and now, if he is sent upon an errand, although with the best intentions, he forgets it, for he can think of nothing but the new hat. It absorbs all his thoughts and feelings. And now, if you can appreciate the inexpressible joy of this poor little boy suddenly made rich with his new treasure, you may form some faint idea of the emotion of pleasure and gratitude I felt when first I felt the perfect love of God shed abroad in my soul. It was just what I wanted. There was a perfect adaptation, I had suffered much without it, I had sought long and hard, with many sighs, and groans, and prayers to obtain it; judge you what were my feelings when I knew myself its happy possessor. Before, I used to pray, but sometimes the heavens seemed as brass over my head. I struggled hard and long to find comfortable access to the throne of grace, and even then through exhaustion and discouragement gave over, sometimes without entire satisfaction that my prayers were heard and answered. Now my access

to the throne of grace is immediate and un-failing. Like Elijah who stepped to the altar and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, hear me, O Lord, hear me, etc., and immediately the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the sacrifice. True I do not always feel the same fruitfulness of mind, the same rising of the soul, or strength of desire; but always comfortable and satisfied. And sometimes I feel such power with God in prayer as utterly astonishes me. Prayer used at times to be a task, now it is always a pleasure—more than my necessary food. Again, formerly my spiritual enjoyments were unsteady and fluctuating, sometimes like the mountain flood, and at times like the streams in summer, nearly, if not quite dry. Now, my peace is like a river, deep, wide, full, overflowing, and sometimes under the plentiful rains of Heaven it is swollen so as to overflow its banks. Furthermore, I used to have dreadful inward conflicts. For my heart at times would be strongly inclined to love what God has forbidden—to anger, impatience, envy, unbelief, self-will, etc.; I knew these to be enemies to my peace. I fought against them long and hard with all the strength of watchfulness and prayer. And yet, through my infirmity, and the devices of Satan, victory would be sometimes doubtful, and I in deep distress; I would almost, if not quite suffer a defeat, although determined, as soon as I could recover strength, to renew the contest. But now (I say it with a heart overflowing with gratitude) the old enemies, those internal foes, are crushed, utterly exterminated. There is not a vestige of them left to disturb my peace or mar my comfort; and my soul rests in undisturbed quiet. True, Satan is still my adversary; but armed with the whole armor of God, and under his immediate protection, I feel as a wall of brass, unmoved, not even jarred by his rudest assaults.

Again, formerly my convictions and purposes were in favor of duty, but when I attempted to perform it, at times my heart would refuse to participate in it; my affections, desires, and passions would hang back

with the weight of a millstone, which occasioned great distress and discouragement. But now, in the performance of religious duty, my heart takes fire at once; my affections, passions, and desires, readily, willingly, and cheerfully participate; which renders it a most delightful and harmonious exercise; like the family group, all kneeling together around the altar, and all thinking, speaking, and doing, the same thing. Again, before I received the blessing of perfect love, I found it extremely difficult at all times and in all places to maintain a perfectly pious example; for although I endeavored to be guarded, there would sometimes be something in my spirit, tempers, words, or actions for which upon a careful review I had cause to be sorry and ashamed before God, fearing lest I might have wounded his cause, or done an injury to the souls of saints or sinners, and perhaps to both. But now, although a fallible being, liable to fall, yet, as love to God and man is the ruling, governing principle of my heart, I find no difficulty in maintaining that sobriety of spirit, and temper, and a conversation seasoned with the grace of God, and my actions so regulated by the requirements of my Lord and Savior as to feel no condemnation, whatever views others may entertain. In a word, the perfect love of God shed abroad in my heart has made me a very, an inexpressibly happy man; and hence I feel bound to recommend it to others. It is the very balm of human life. It is our thorough furnishing to every good word and work, and hence I will conclude with my caption, "It is just the thing I wanted."—[Christian Advocate and Journal.]

The Baptism of Fire.

"SUPPOSE we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, 'How?' They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight; if all

the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They said, 'No; but look at the cannon.' Well, but there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more. 'But look at the powder.' Well, there is no power in that, a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball, are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of this day; we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O, for the baptism of fire."—[Arthur.]

Christian Holiness.

A PASTORAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. F. BOTTOM, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.

NO. III.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

But you may ask, why does not the believer, who sweetly retains the evidence of his adoption into the family of God, and rejoices in hope of the glory of God, attain the experience of perfect love at an earlier period?

We answer, There may be several reasons! First, there may be confused notions of the thing itself. Then, there may be a settled opinion, that the blessing of this grace is not attainable until just before death; in other words, that we can only arrive at it by a gradual process—a life-long crucifying. Or there may be unconsciously a prejudice against the doctrine, because of the disgrace brought on the cause of God, by some who have made a gain of godliness, and worn holiness as a cloak for maliciousness; to this we answer at once, the same objection lies against religion in any degree; "and whether one

member suffer, all the members suffer with it," is properly applicable here. Our business is more particularly with the first reason, viz.: *perplexed ideas on the subject.*

A very common error is, that this doctrine implies *absolute* perfection. And, notwithstanding the careful efforts which have been made to clear it of this fatal imputation, very many sincere persons seem constantly to associate with the term perfection, the notion of absolute; and, with the term *holiness*, the holiness of angels or of God. Again we remind these, that we do not hold any such doctrine—we simply understand by it, as we have endeavored to explain, freedom from the carnal mind: *i. e.* freedom of the will from the remaining power of the corrupt sensibilities, and the gracious ability given it by the indwelling Spirit of God cheerfully to do the will of our Heavenly Father; controlling the appetites and desires of nature, so that, (as far as is compatible with the infirmities of our present condition,) they are made the instruments of righteousness unto God, and the believer now reckons himself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God."

The terms used are scriptural terms; and even if they were not, they would be the only proper terms to express the true idea. Besides, as every one knows, they are terms of common use among men. And yet we do not commonly attach the idea of absoluteness in common usage to these terms. We say of a watch, it is a perfect watch, because it is complete in its parts and keeps accurate time, etc.; whereas, upon minute examination, a skilful workman would point out many defects in the finish of the mechanism; but these defects do not affect nor retard its accurate performance. So in the Christian made perfect in love, there may be many defects of judgment, which may even lead to errors in practice: there may be many infirmities of the flesh, which may becloud the understanding, may seriously affect the manner, and not unfrequently be the cause of deep regret; but these do not necessarily affect

the principle of love. There will be no yielding to sin. There will be no voluntary wrong. These will not impair the resolute purpose of the sanctified will to serve the law of God. The language of such a soul is, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed;" and just to the extent of its ability, it carries out its fixed purpose.

Another perplexity lies in the apparent difficulty of marking the distinction between regeneration and sanctification. Thus, when the passage is used, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," to enforce the duty of seeking the grace of perfect love—the inference often drawn from such a use of the passage, is, that it necessarily excludes regeneration from the work of holiness, and places those who are not entirely sanctified, in an unsanctified condition. Now this is entirely wrong, whenever this scripture is so used. Nor have we so learned Christ. The simple truth appears to be this, that the whole work of God in the heart, is the work of holiness from the first moment of a sinner's conviction and conversion to God, until the completion of that work in his full redemption, and admittance into the kingdom of glory. Regeneration, we understand to be the renewal of the soul in righteousness and true holiness. Christian perfection, is the maturity of that work. Justification is the title *to*, and sanctification the meetness *for*, the inheritance of the saints in light. The regenerated soul, who is following on to know the Lord, may rest assured that God will perfect that which concerneth him. Two things are clearly taught us in the Scriptures; first, that a justified soul is in a state of salvation, for "who is he that condemneth? it is God that justifieth;" secondly, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and that a truly justified soul, is earnestly seeking to perfect holiness in the fear of God. It must follow, then, that the earnest believer will very soon be brought into the possession of this state of grace, so as to exemplify it in life; or in a supposable case of a sudden termination of his present

existence, before the work has been perfected in him, provisions of sovereign grace though unrevealed to us, will be freely made to meet his case, by which the Lord will "finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness." This we believe to be the case in all instances of death-bed conversions. The soul, all awake to its own wretchedness, casts itself in almost desperate faith on the atoning Lamb; and that precious Jesus, who is as deeply interested in the salvation of the sinner, who turns to him for help, as the sinner himself can be—comes into the opening heart in that moment of agony, and at once imparts pardon and holiness, and heaven.

Another perplexity seems to be as to the manner of its attainment, or the conditions upon which it is predicated. A perplexity, common, we apprehend, to this, and the state of justification. The anxious question, "what must I do to be saved?" is the natural language alike of the penitent seeking for pardon, and the earnest believer seeking for full redemption; and the complete answer in both cases is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." In both cases, "faith is counted to us for righteousness." In the former case, faith covering the work of repentance and trust. In the latter case, including the work of full consecration of all our redeemed powers to God, as well as firm reliance upon the atonement and word of the Savior. The atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, must ever be the ground work of the believer's faith. "They overcame through the blood of the Lamb." Thus, with a full reliance upon the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer from all iniquity, the soul confidently trusts in the Father for the fulfilment of the promise, "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them." Thus, the blood of Christ is the ground of our sanctification, and faith in that blood, the condition in view of which the sanctifying energies of the Holy Ghost are imparted

to accomplish the work in the believer's heart.

Another perplexity sometimes is, in ascertaining precisely when the work is completed or accomplished in us; or, in other words, in what resides precisely the knowledge of this inward experience? We answer, in general, this is known by direct consciousness, "I know in whom I have believed," etc. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." The Spirit of God, who is the effective agent of the work in the heart, bears testimony within us that it is done, in like manner, as He does in the work of justification, with this difference, (we presume,) that the Spirit's indwelling is a matter of fuller consciousness.

The experience, however, of this testimony, may vary in its mode in different individuals; with some, the consciousness of the fact as just stated is testified in a very clear and direct manner, seemingly without any intercommunicating agency. The soul of the believer holds open and direct intercourse with the Father, and with the Son, by the Holy Ghost which is given. Romans viii. 16.—"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit," etc.

Others again are testified by the Spirit through the written word.—John, chapters xiv. to xvii.—The Spirit opening up and applying the promises to the believer's heart. Sometimes, again, the believer is certified by the Spirit, through the confessions of others, as when the doctrine is truly exemplified in the life and confession made thereunto with the mouth; the soul, all alive to the subject, listens with eager interest to the experience of the pure in heart, and as they gratefully tell "what great things God hath done for them," a responsive chord is struck in the breast of the earnest seeker, and he is inwardly assured that they all speak one language. There may possibly be other modes, for there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which "worked all in all." But whatever difference there may be in

the method of the Spirit's operation, in consideration of our weakness, and the different conditions of our mental and physical constitutions, the *knowledge* of the *thing* will be as certain in each case, whether attended by more or less emotion.

And wherever there is this conscious enjoyment of the work of God in the heart, it will be further evidenced by its fruits. Now "the fruits of the Spirit, are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such, there is no law."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

"God works by Means."

THERE can be no doubt of the truth of the above quotation, which is the caption of an article, and the expression of "an old lady, a member of the Church of England," which appears in the August number of the Guide to Holiness. Nevertheless, I cannot see, in all the narrative, that though the means of prayer were used, the subject thereof was really converted. He certainly appears to have been deeply in earnest in his struggle for mercy, and to have felt keenly the "burden" upon his mind. And yet, when Brother R. arose, and, with a joy which beamed upon his countenance, declared "that God had blessed him and removed the burden from his mind;" and, for all his promise to meet, all those who were engaged in praying for him, in heaven, there seems to be no foundation to build upon, that he has obtained peace—no evidence that God is reconciled to him. It is matter of regret that such a pathetic narrative as that referred to should have been published in the Guide, as it has a tendency to mislead any who are in the same state of mind as "Brother R.," and, in fact, any ungodly person, to suppose that heaven is to be attained by such a struggle as that through which he is represented to have passed. It is very probable, however, that Brother R. is, indeed,

a Christian; but the change in his character was produced by something else than what has been given to the world by "Young Jonah." If "Brother R." is converted, it is because he has been born again of that incorruptible seed of the word which liveth and abideth forever. It is because "the basis of his future happiness" is laid in "repentance towards God, and FAITH in our Lord Jesus Christ." It is because he has received the glorious declaration of the Savior as true when he said, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And therefore, "being justified by faith, he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have been led to make these remarks from the circumstance that, while faith was exercised by "Brother R.'s" friends, no *faith* in the Savior is stated, or even hinted at, by "Young Jonah," as being exercised on the part of "Brother R." himself; for "without *faith*, it is impossible to please God."

DELTA.

Toronto, C. W., August 15, 1857.

What is Faith?

BY REV. S. H. PLATT.

THIS is a question often asked with deep solicitude by the sincere seeker after truth. By some we are told that "it is a natural principle of the mind." By others, we are assured, that it is "belief of the words of another." Others declare it is simply "trust," while others affirm that it is "intellectual credence, accompanied with the trust of the heart." Others assert that it is "the gift of God;" and still another class define it as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

We do not propose to analyze these various statements to show wherein they are correct, but simply to present our own views of this vital subject, and then leave the reader to compare and decide.

All our knowledge is based upon belief. We must believe in the truthfulness of the affirmations of our senses and our consciousness before we can form any judgment, or attain any knowledge. This being the case, the reason at once affirms the reliability of evidence as a *principle of our nature*. Faith, in its *first element*, is a *spontaneous conviction arising in the mind upon the perception of evidence*. A person in whom I have implicit confidence relates a fact of which he was personally cognizant. The first impulse of my mind is to believe it upon the authority of his word.

That impulse is spontaneous, immediate, involuntary, and, in a properly balanced mind, necessary. But, so far, it is a mere *conviction*. The *second element of faith is a voluntary reflective persuasion* or belief; including, first, the voluntary holding of the proposition before the mind for the purpose of comparison, induction, proof, objections, etc., in order to ascertain its precise credibility. And, secondly, the assent of the will to that credibility when affirmed as the result of the process eliminated. Now suppose my neighbor comes to me, and expresses a desire to purchase some article of value which I have in possession, and promises to pay me in ten days. I wish to sell; must have the money within the time specified; have always found him to be an honest man; he offers my price; but, notwithstanding all this, I would not sell if I did not believe that I should receive the money according to the agreement. Now, when the offer is made, my *first thought* is (and here is the *spontaneous conviction*), "he will pay me, he shall have it." This thought rises unbidden, and is, in its origin, entirely beyond my control. But then comes the query,—"Will there be no failure in the case?" I voluntarily hold this inquiry before my mind, and reason thus upon it. "I know that he is very scrupulous about meeting his obligations. I think he has no other bill of importance to pay meantime. I know he expects

some payments very soon; but, even if he should be disappointed in them, he has funds in the bank, which I know he would draw upon sooner than dishonor his obligation. Yes, he will pay me." Here is the reflective persuasion. "You may have the article." Here is the assent of the will. This is true faith in the word of my neighbor. Sometimes the spontaneous conviction may be so strong that it supersedes the necessity for any subsequent act of reasoning, but, in a rational intelligence, the highest kind of faith is that which involves the exercise of the reason and the will in what we have termed the second element of faith.

If this be a true exposition of the subject, it is evident that, in the exercise of faith, much depends upon the clearness and correctness of our perceptions of evidence at the outset; the disposition of our will to investigate truth; the soundness and unbiased nature of our judgments in the reflective process, and the final concurrence of the will in the result.

Clearness of perception depends upon three things not altogether separate, yet distinct.

1st. Its education. The same law of development by culture, which reigns over all our powers, controls our perceptions. As the perception of colors in the artist may be educated till it can readily distinguish the nicest shades, so our intellectual perceptions may be cultivated until able to discern the most minute deviations from the truth in evidence.

2d. The state of the moral nature exercises a controlling influence upon our perceptions. As the artist of the finest and most correct taste may, by a course of debauchery and crime, entirely destroy his perception of the beautiful, so, by a life of rebellion and sin, our intellectual perceptions may become blunted and inactive.

3d. Our habits of thought cannot well be overrated in their influence upon our perceptions. A person may have a good natural taste for the beautiful,—strength-

ened by culture, but his perverted appetites may have so changed the proper use of that power, that, when he exercises it, it is only in opposition to its primary design,—just as the infidel may have exercised his perceptions, but only to discover the force of the objections against Christianity, until his power of right perception and belief is almost extinguished.

The importance of the *right disposition of the will*, in our reflective processes is clearly affirmed in the old adage,—

“A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,”

or rather *convicted* against his will; for such persons will rarely allow the reflections requisite to be *convinced*. That the will has the power of turning the mind away from the spontaneous *conviction* of truth to other and even opposite things, is so much a matter of consciousness, that it will not be disputed. For the same reason, the mind should be unbiased by prejudice, because that acts through the will in forbidding the reflective process, or in smothering, as far as possible, the first spontaneous conviction, and in throwing the whole power of the nature upon the consideration of objections.

But, whatever may have been the process, and the conclusion of the understanding, the self-determining power of the will places in its hands the responsibility of concurrence, (thus crowning and completing faith,) or of non-concurrence and disbelief.

We are now prepared to present several practical inferences:

1st. It shows that the power to exercise faith is *our own*, and that, if we fail to do it, the responsibility rests upon us. Instead of regarding it as a “gift,” an “*inspiration*,” an “*extrinsic reception*,” or any thing else, *in part beyond our control*, as the common sentiment does, we should look upon it as a talent given within our nature, once for all to be increased only by use.

2nd. The mere fact of being naturally

credulous does not make it any easier to live a Christian; for we may be as credulous of the evil as the good.

3d. We see in what sense faith is the “gift of God.” Many suppose that the passage which affirms that grace is the gift of God declares that faith is this gift. We think this a mistake. However, there is a sense in which the assertion is admissible, viz., he may, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, quicken our perceptions of evidence, suggest new evidence, or present the old in a more striking light, convict us of the criminality of prejudices and habits of thought, and states of heart averse to the truth, and in all these ways aid our faith, and, in this sense, it may be his gift.

4th. It shows us how we may *increase our own faith*. By educating our faculty of perception. By changing our habits of thought, and states of heart if needful, including the divesting ourselves of hurtful prejudices, etc., and especially by enlarging our knowledge of the evidences.

5th. It shows why the more holy the soul is, the more readily it can believe.

The power of perception is educated in becoming thus holy, the habits of thought and states of the heart, already purified, assist the perception; the Holy Spirit's influences, by the sympathy which exists between the soul and God, are peculiarly powerful to quicken perception and suggest evidences; and the will being right at the first step of the reflective process, aids it in every successive stage, to its final accomplishment.

6th. We see why impenitent persons cannot usually believe. Their sense of guilt blunts their perceptions of the evidences, and their states of heart, habits of thought, and determinations of will are all averse.

7th. We learn why the truly penitent can and ought to believe. They have the Spirit's assistance in their perceptions, while their penitence supposes a predisposition to learn the truth; and all opposing habits of thought and states of heart are

held in subjection by the will acquiescing in the claims of religion.

8th. We see how far our prayers may prevail for others, consistently with their free agency and God's sovereignty.

In the case of those whose habits of thought etc., are not what they should be, our prayers may always cause the *spontaneous conviction* to be produced in their minds, but the ultimate responsibility of yielding to or rejecting that conviction rests upon themselves. But, with those whose hearts, etc., are right, the case is different, and we may expect the *reflective belief* to result as certainly as the spontaneous conviction in the other case. This, of course, refers to such blessings as involve the exercise of personal faith on the part of those for whom we pray.

Prayer.

FATHER, at thy feet I fall,
Hear, while on thy name I call;
Now, to thee my heart incline,
Make me holy—make me thine.

Savior, now my all receive,
While my all to thee I give;
Jesus, speak in love divine,
Thou art holy—thou art mine.

Holy Spirit, reign within,
Cleanse my soul from every sin;
Round me let thy presence shine,
Keep me holy—keep me thine.

KATE.

Personal Experience.

SINCE my conversion, I have met with many persons who deny the doctrine of Christian perfection, or holiness, as a separate and instantaneous work, and who believe that those who think they have experienced it, are persons who have been carried away by pretenders who go about preaching and teaching this doctrine; but of the reality of this gracious state, my mind became fully satisfied by happy experience.

In the year 1851, I visited South Carolina. After having been there a few months, I was powerfully awakened to a sense of my guilt, and need of the Savior. I sought the Lord earnestly five days. I had been so wholly devoted to the pleasures of the world, that the struggle to renounce them was very great; but, having contrasted the transient pleasures of earth with the lasting happiness of religion, I determined to become a meek and lowly follower of Jesus Christ. My conversion was as clear as the noonday sun, and my soul was filled with joy and peace in believing. Although I was so clear in regard to my acceptance with God, and so happy in his love, still I felt an inward clinging to those things I had given up. I was convinced by the Spirit that there was a greater work to be done in me, and I resolved never to rest until it was accomplished. I had never heard nor read an experience in reference to entire sanctification, and knew nothing of the way of holiness until one week after my conversion, when a brother, conversing upon the blessedness of religion, remarked, that he had enjoyed religion for eighteen months, but still felt that sin was not entirely eradicated, and that he was earnestly seeking the blessing of entire purity of heart. On hearing these words, I became deeply convinced that this was the very thing I wanted, and, with this conviction, I set out in pursuit of the blessing. As soon as I formed this resolution, I was powerfully tempted to think it was useless for me to seek so high a state of grace until I was farther advanced in the divine life; but then these words were forcibly applied to my mind,—“All things are possible with God.” On the application of this promise, together with several others which were presented, I was encouraged to look for its attainment; but, like others, stumbled in seeking it by works instead of by faith. For one whole week I was employed in this fruitless effort, totally ignorant of the way of faith. I would not make known my

feelings, nor apply to any one for advice, lest I should be thought presumptuous. I was therefore shut up to the guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit.

On the morning of the day on which I experienced the blessing, I awoke at an early hour, almost in a state of despair. My cry was, "What must I do to be saved?" My adamant heart seemed as though it could never be broken up. Again the promise was presented, "All things are possible with God." A ray of light now began to appear; the veil of darkness was withdrawing, and I dimly discerned the presence of Jesus. As I recognized his presence, I cried, "O Jesus, remove whatever remains to prevent my entering into rest." I clearly saw that it was unbelief. I was then taught also by the Spirit the duty of presenting myself a living sacrifice, and of believing that, as he required the offering, he would accept of it. In accordance with this conviction, I made a complete surrender of myself and my all to God,

"And promised, in that sacred hour,
For God to live and die."

As I made the offering, Jesus revealed himself "the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." A calm and silent joy took possession of my soul, and my mouth was filled with praises to the all-atoning Lamb. Truly my heart was joyful when the light of God's countenance beamed fully upon it, when the Sun of Righteousness shone full-orbed upon my pathway. O Hallelujah!

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings.
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face and live."

At first I thought I would not let it be known until I saw whether I retained the blessing; for Satan suggested that I would soon lose it; but my mind was

directed to that sweet promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I said, "Yea, Lord, I believe, and will acknowledge it to the world if necessary." I thought that surely none who had found his blood sufficient to cleanse from ALL sin could withhold it, but that they would use every possible means to make known its precious efficacy.

Five years have elapsed since I obtained the glorious prize of perfect love, and I can say, with Lady Maxwell, "My evidence of sanctification is as clear as the noonday sun, and as strong as a cable fixed to an immovable rock." "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy name."

L. A. BOYDEN.

HOW TO DISPEL FEAR.—The best way to dispel fears for our personal safety is to labor for the salvation of others. Professed Christians often get into a morbid state of mind about their religious prospects. They are afraid they shall not be saved. If that is their chief anxiety, they do not deserve to be. It is very selfish always to be thinking about their own future happiness, and in terrible fears they are paying the just penalty of their low ambition. But let them go out of themselves, and try to secure the salvation of others, all their fears are gone. Then they are doing God's work, and they have no doubt of his love.

TROUBLE AND PEACE.—"*In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace.*"
—John xvi. 33.

The window in the ark was a skylight; the door was in the side—the Lord shut *that*. Noah was to have no intercourse with the raging billows, but only with the God who ruled and governed them. Let the believer learn an infinitely valuable lesson. It is his province, his wisdom, and his privilege, to converse with God in the midst of every storm, of every tempest, and to leave the billows to him who rules them.

Will a man rob God?—[Mal. iii. 8.]

The Necessity of Watchfulness.

BY S. L. LEONARD.

THE necessity of watchfulness is clearly taught in the Scriptures. They represent the Christian's life as one continued warfare, and teach us that, if he ceases to fight, he will most inevitably be overcome by his enemies.

We are called upon to watch over our own hearts. "The heart" says the prophet, "is deceitful above all things;" and the history of many professors of religion is but too sad a confirmation of the truth of this language. They profess to love God, but fail to keep his commandments. They make no objection to the requirements of religion, so long as those requirements do not come in contact with their worldly pleasures; but when you require them to deny themselves, and take up their cross, they are ready to exclaim, "It is a hard saying, who can bear it?" How are we to account for this inconsistency? A great part of it flows from ignorance of their own hearts. Would they scrutinize the workings of their own minds, they might discover that the love of God does not dwell there. They have forgotten the injunction of the wise man, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

But there is no way in which the heart is more liable to lead us astray, than by causing us to place our hopes of salvation upon something else than the cross of Christ. How seldom does the sinner, when convicted of his sins, fail to strive to render himself worthy of the favor of God by his own works? Often conscience bids him prepare to meet his God, while death threatens to put it beyond his power to make that preparation. Notwithstanding all this, we find him turning with disgust from the cross. And there are many, in the visible church, who have never exercised faith in Christ. Having felt some slight sorrow on account of their sins, they appear to

take it for granted that they are in the path that leads to heaven. But is there not danger of even sincere Christians going astray here? As means of strengthening the Christian graces, the ordinances of religion are of great value; but, if we attempt to thrust them into the place that should be occupied by the atonement, we thereby make them worse than useless. And is there no danger of our doing this? Who has not felt such a disposition stirring within his bosom?

But our own heart is not the only enemy against which we are called upon to watch. The world never has been, and never will be,

"A friend to grace,
To help us on to God."

In the days of the apostles, the executioner's axe was the principal argument that was brought against Christianity. In our day, religion is often attacked in a different, but not less dangerous, manner. There is still such a thing in the world as persecution for righteousness' sake, but, at the present day, we are more apt to be persuaded than frightened from our duty. The world displays her honors and her pleasures, that they may allure us from the path of rectitude. One of the greatest impediments that can be thrown in the way of our growth in grace is a love of the world's praise. The very nature of the carnal mind has, in all ages, led the world to hate those who have "testified that its deeds are evil;" and the Christian cannot purchase the favor of the ungodly at a lower price than the abandonment of some of the principles of our holy religion. It will be an unhappy day when the offence of the cross shall cease. Nearly connected with the love of praise is the love of the society of the ungodly. This, the word of God most explicitly condemns. "The friendship of the world," says St. James, "is enmity against God." "Come out from among them," says St. Paul, "and be ye separate from sinners." No one has

any right to expect that God will bestow upon him that grace which will enable him to resist temptations when he has voluntarily placed himself in the midst of those temptations. How many, who once bid fair to gain the port of eternal life, have been wrecked upon this rock! They were once "strong in the Lord," but, in an unhappy hour, they listened to the voice of worldly friendship, and were undone. They are completely shorn of their strength.

Such are some of the things against which we should watch. Perhaps the reader is ready to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" If we trust to our own wisdom and strength, there are none of us able to contend with the foes that beset our path. But, although we possess no strength of our own, we need not fear as long as God says to us in his word, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God."

To the Memory of a Friend.

BY M. W. L.

"And bore her where I could not see,
Nor follow, though I walk in haste."

In Memoriam.

THE shadow, lingering at your door,
In-glides with noiseless tread,
And casts a deep, funereal gloom
Around your loved one's bed.

Yet recks not she that presence strange,
Not your deep anguish-tide,
As slow the angel beareth her
Adown the river's side.

Unconscious of its waters cold,
With what a sweet surprise
She finds the dreaded billows crossed,
Herself in Paradise!

O rapturous bliss!—the conflict o'er,—
Her life-work nobly done;
A regal palm-branch in her hand,—
The meed of victory won.

She gazes on that holy brow,
Deep-pierced by wounding thorn;
She clasps in hers those hands Divine
Which cruel nails have torn.

A cherub-infant, parted long,
Is folded on her breast;
Hath not the mother, for her tears,
The richest guerdon blest?

Thou loved and lost! dear angel friend!
I lift my tearful eye
Beyond the lurid clouds of earth
To thine effulgent sky.

But ye, whose wail is on the air,
Who sit in midnight deep,—
O who shall calm the billows fierce,
That o'er your spirits sweep?

The earth has lost its sweetest charm,
The heavens their brilliant hue;
And where bright flowerets thickly bloom'd,
Now waves the mournful yew.

That fond, maternal faithfulness,
That tender, ceaseless care,
That thoughtful and unselfish love,
Alas! how can ye spare?

Her winning voice fell on the ear
With mild, persuasive power,
And underneath her gentle step
Sprang many a fragrant flower.

Her kindly, unobtrusive deeds
Were like distilling dew;
The influence of her daily life
To life's best uses true.

That life displayed the greatness rare,—
Faithful in little things;
The calm confidingness of hope
Which trust in Jesus brings.

The cherished memory of the lost
Shall ne'er from us depart;
Through all life's changes, it will breathe
Rich fragrance o'er our heart.

O may this hallowed memory serve
To win us to the right;
To raise us from this clouded sphere
To sweet, celestial light!

THE MYSTERIOUS UNION.—"*Without me ye can do nothing.*"—John xv. 5.

"This passage" says Melancthon, "teaches that we must be absorbed by Christ, so that we ourselves should no longer act, but that Christ should live in us. As the divine nature has been made one body with man in Christ, so should man be incorporated by faith with Jesus Christ."

Sensible Manifestations of God's Love.

Are they ever withdrawn, as a test of our faith?

I HAVE never written a word for the Guide, (though you once published an extract from my letters,) yet I feel like writing a few lines on the present occasion.

As much as I *love* the Guide, and as much as I esteem my *own* experience and usefulness below many of your correspondents, I am strongly impressed with the belief that *some* of the sentiments expressed by some of your writers, *let down* the standard of Christianity in one of its *essential* features.

As I wrote to you on a former occasion, I have battled almost alone, for the *true* nature of Christian perfection, in this southern country, and have always been very tenacious to preach the *whole* truth. I love to see and hear the standard of Christianity raised to its *highest* point—its Bible height.

The principle I have alluded to in your pamphlet, (which I call the best paper in my knowledge,) is this: that we are not to expect to be *always* in the absolute enjoyment of God's *sensible* love; or, in other words, that the fruit of the Spirit, called *joy*, is not to be expected at *all times*, but that we are sometimes called, and often too, to walk by faith, *without a sensible* manifestation of God's love. To this view I object, as unscriptural and contrary to experience, as well as to common sense.

It seems to me very clear that the Scriptures teach that we should be *always happy*—sensibly so. "Rejoice *evermore*." "As sorrowful yet *always* rejoicing." "Yet *believing*, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Ask, that your joy may be full." How full of such glorious expressions are the Scriptures! On the contrary, are there any Scriptures stating that we must not expect such constant, glorious manifestations of the joys of heaven? I hope not. True, it is said we

walk by *faith*, but it does not say *without* love. Oh, no, faith and love may go together. Also, it is said, sorrowful yet *always* rejoicing. This, it is true, is a sorrow, but a joyful sorrow. Oh this is a glorious feeling. Also it is said, we are in *heaviness* through manifold temptations, but may we not be in heaviness, through temptations, and yet be happy. Oh, certainly. This joy and love, is the true power, by which, through faith, we are enabled to overcome temptation. I could multiply, but fear making my letter too long.

My own experience teaches me that a constant *discharge of duty* ensures *constant* joy.

There is one idea I will give you which I have not seen published anywhere. It is this. In the discharge of constant duty, and exercise of faith, if we will keep up *every moment* that "spiritual respiration, whereby the life of God is kept up in the soul," we would be *always happy*. Without it we will not. Let every inspiration be *prayer*; and every expiration be *praise*. Thus we will "offer unto God the sacrifice of prayer and praise *continually*."

I feel impressed that this communication is according to the will of God.

R. WILLIAMS.

A Fragment from my Diary.

SABBATH, November 3d, 1851.—I have been reading "Faith and its Effects," by Sister Palmer. Through this means, by the blessing of God, I have been enabled to see the way of sanctification more clearly than ever before. How plain, how simple, the way! By faith, and faith alone. In like manner also I must retain it; constant, simple faith in Christ. O, why did I not comprehend it long ago? I verily supposed that sanctification would raise me up; but O, it has brought me down low, very low, at Jesus' feet; and here may I ever lie. I dare not look one step ahead, but momentarily hang upon Jesus, my ever present Guide and Supporter, and in his strength

go forward. What shall I do? Shall I publish the good news? I find it like "fire shut up in my bones." By what name shall I call this great salvation? The scripture terms, sanctification, liberty of the gospel, being filled with the Spirit, or having attained, are all expressive, yet many stumble at them. Lord, teach me! "What wilt thou have me to do?"

November 13th. O, how blest I am, to be enabled to live and move in the world, and not commit sin! O, blessed fountain, open for sin and uncleanness, to thy matchless power I owe it, that every spot and wrinkle has been removed. Twice I have been a little confused in my mind, and the tempter suggested I had done wrong; but self-examination, under the light of the Holy Spirit, has enabled me to discover my bearings, and still I find all upon the altar."

CLARA.

The Law of Crucifixion.

WE have a common saying, "The darkest time is just before break of day." There is nothing arbitrary in this spiritual fact. It must be so. No cross, no crown, men have repeated for ever. And all experience attests it, and shows, when it is over, that, things being as they are, not temptation only must succeed the coming of the filial spirit, not sorrow only when this spirit meets and resists the evils of earth and assaults from beneath, but even death, clouding the light of the transfiguration. The apostle comes proclaiming the Truth; we hear his word gladly, and follow him a while, as he speaks the word and rejoices to see men welcome it to their hearts; but sin and falsehood die not soon. Sin and falsehood have the world, the numbers, and the power. And the world has in all times some form or other of the cross; and not only the apostle, but the humblest disciple, must bear it after his Savior. Some may talk unwisely of persecution for righteousness' sake, and proudly invite sympathy with themselves in their sacrifices; others

may sneer at the delusion, or, in wiser and gentler spirit, urge the true humility which forgets the self and accepts its lot without either reproach or complaint. But say what we will, so soon as the thing is looked at thoroughly, men will find themselves compelled to see and to confess that the cross is no temporary fact; but the burden which every true soul is destined to bear before it is made perfect; that the martyrdom which is really within always, even in ages of deepest darkness, is not an occasional heroism, but a suffering for the truth, borne some time or other by every man who lives the life of Jesus. We cannot escape it. This way, walk we but firmly in it, leads inevitably to the hour in which evil celebrates its triumph, and the power of darkness spreads the shades in which only the cross is seen.

This spiritual law of crucifixion may reveal itself in various ways. The whole process of the divine life, the whole development of the Christ in us, may be secret, confined to the consciousness within which it advances. The birth, the baptismal vision, the wilderness, temptations of the devil, and ministries of angels, the virtues of the healing truth, the vision and rapture of the mountain, the last evening, the morning shaded by the prolonged darkness, may be hidden from the world, may have little openly to do with outward things; but they are realities of experience, realities of an experience which must have such issue. The Pharisees and Scribes, the false priests and the traitors, the world and the devil, conspire within, and crucify the Christ. That one fact is form of the universal law. Then if, out of the retirement of a private experience, the man is called to bear the witness of word or the witness of deed to the immortal Christ, the same issue repeats itself, let him worship only the Father; let him serve men in the spirit of Jesus; let him identify himself with the poor, the despised, the enslaved; let him be true to God when the sects are false, and obedient to God when parties and his country refuse

obedience, and a Christian when either Christianity is despised, or, what is worse, distorted into the monstrous image of an almighty despotism; then he will learn also something of what his Master bore before him, and, living as he lived amidst influences kindred to those which gathered over him, he must go into his sad retirements, and bow beneath heavy griefs, and drink a bitter cup, and stand once more at the cross: the Christ must again be crucified.

A sad destiny, we think. A dark promise to the soul asking its rest and peace in God alone. Precisely this: the end is rest and peace in God alone; so we must be severed from everything but God. The earthly must die, death is in its nature; the sensual must die; the selfish, the evil; the Christ is crucified, but it is not the Christ that dies; the Christ is immortal.—
[Rev. Thomas T. Stone.]

Rev. Mr. Caughey's Departure for Europe.

This useful evangelist took passage in the Arabia for England. We take the liberty of inserting the following note from him, sent on the day of his departure to the Editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal.

MY DEAR BROTHER STEVENS,—This afternoon I sail for England by the Arabia. A deep solemnity rests upon this poor heart of mine. Life is uncertain, and I may see America no more, nor the friends I leave behind me. The will of the Lord be done. It is his hand alone, I trust, that leads me forth, to humble me, perhaps, deeper than I ever have been humbled; a needful discipline, both for usefulness and my eternal salvation.

My path in the British islands will, I apprehend, be one of difficulty. It was so when there last; it may be so on my return. My friends on the other side of the waters have been divided and scattered disastrously. They remain so, with little

or no hope of their ever being united on this side of heaven; such are the sad effects of church controversies. The Wesleyan Church, which I dearly love, retains many of my choice friends; the Reformers, as they are called, enroll not a few of them. It will be impossible, I fear, for me to please both sides. I can see no way to avoid giving offence to one or the other party. Should the Wesleyan authorities invite me to labor among them, (which, indeed, is not very likely,) and I should do so, that would be grievous to my friends in the opposition. But, should the Reformers share in my humble services, it would be just as offensive to the Wesleyans; at least, so I am informed by my judicious friends in England and in Ireland.

But you may be ready to ask, "Why go among them at all? Why leave America, where no such difficulties beset your path?" O, what shall I say? My brother, the Lord seems to be calling me to go over there. I say, seems; for, alas! I may be mistaken; may think that to be my duty which he does not enjoin. But it seems to me that he calls me away; and so earnest and impressive is it, that I cannot be quiet or rest in neglecting it longer. I left England by constraint, under the impression my work was not finished there. The why and wherefore I need not relate; I have never cared to trouble the American public about it. The consciousness of this has remained in my breast for years; but the time to return never seemed to have come till lately. Thousands of precious souls are presented to me most vividly, as my reward. Under this impression, I once more look frowning circumstances fully in the face. Leaving these shores, and many thousands of friends I hold so dear, with tearful eyes and a swelling heart, my soul says, Farewell, let us meet in heaven.

Brother, I cross the seas, not to gratify my curiosity in eastern countries, though I may see them, as formerly, in seasons of rest, or to recruit wasted energies, for that is not my main object. No, nor to aid a

party in wasting church controversies, so much like "robbing Peter to pay Paul;" nor to aid in founding some new sect, or help to open some new school of theology or other, or to protest against this or that form of church government, or to win fame or notoriety. No, my Brother Stevens; but to preach Jesus and him crucified; to labor with all my might to bring lost sinners to God, and to perfect the work of salvation in believers, leaving all debateable subjects to those who think they have time to spare upon them.

Annoyances, persecutions, afflictions, and various temptations may assail me in the work. Be it so. All may be *needful* to me, as good old John Berridge observed, to keep my balance steady, to save from pride and vanity, that Christ's order may have way; for the Master, he added, usually shaves the crown of his servants before he puts a fresh coronet upon their head; and most of those, who, like Paul, are in labors more abundant, are yet in stripes above all. Am I willing for all this? To know how terribly and painfully searching are those baptismal fires? O Lord God, thou knowest! But I must away.

Brother, I go not over to exchange a few mere civilities with good men, but "to fly on the prey and seize the prize;" not to idle away time in my Lord's vineyards, but, if health permit, treading upon high places or low places, and carrying the will and the hand, the purpose and the tongue, the resolution and the truth, everywhere, through evil report and through good report.

"Only thy terrors, Lord restrain;
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee."

The Wesleyan Church has a large place in my affections. And well it may; for it was under its large heart and fostering patronage that Christ gave me such victories in England and Ireland. But I love other branches of Methodism there also. And I may be necessitated, perhaps, to extend and divide my labors among them all, rushing into every open door, crying, "*Be-*

hold the Lamb!" It is only a visit I propose, of two or three years, perhaps less. But all may be cut short with me, by a "transfer" to the invisible and eternal dominions of my Lord Jesus Christ. You see, then, my brother, as I am

"Under sealed orders sailing,
It is best the great Commander's skill
To trust with faith unfailing!"

Soliciting an interest in your prayers, as often as I am brought before you in secret, I remain in Jesus, thy Lord and mine, your brother, most affectionately,

JAMES CAUGHEY.

We take the liberty of recommending our Brother Caughey to Christian men of any name in England. He is one of the few "evangelists" whose labors (permitted, by common consent, to be an exception to our ecclesiastical plans) have been both greatly useful and sustained with much prudence and dignity.

We hope that in England our Wesleyan brethren will avail themselves of his peculiar talents. They will find him no fanatic, however zealous; he is a man of one work, saving souls, and withal a Christian gentleman, as well as a useful Christian minister. We believe that some irregular methods of labor, like his, not only befit peculiar talents like his own, but are reconcilable with our established system, and may, indeed, be of great advantage to it. Confining himself to his one work, we hope Mr. Caughey will pass over England "a flame of fire," finding access to various denominations, intermeddling with none of their controversies, but rousing up all to the one great labor of saving themselves and the people.

REVIVAL.—A revived Christianity is a revived exhibition of the glorious person of Christ.—[Bishop Wilson.]

The friendship of the world is enmity against God.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

WE tender our sincere thanks to those dear friends, who have so promptly responded to our call for money. None but those who have been themselves in similar business, know how to appreciate the difficulties which a want of promptness, on the part of subscribers, sometimes creates. We have seldom made our appeal in vain, however—a pleasing evidence that our cause lies very near the hearts of those we are trying to serve. We trust the good example set by those who have already responded, will be followed by all to whom bills were sent.

EASTHAM CAMP MEETING.—Since our last issue, we have had the pleasure of attending this yearly festival. The meeting was a good one, and resulted in quite a number of conversions. The doctrine of holiness has, ever since our acquaintance with Eastham, been made a prominent theme from the stand, but this year, we are sorry to say, we heard not a single discourse on the subject. There was much hungering and thirsting after it, however, among the membership, and a goodly number were brought out into its enjoyment. These annual gatherings furnish a fund of illustrative anecdote, some of which are of great practical value. The "Sketches and Incidents," found on another page, are of this character. We might add to the number, had we space to devote to it. As it is, we will venture to cite one incident, which interested us deeply at the time, and which, if it serves no other practical end, will illustrate the duty of submitting, in childlike faith, to what, from the very nature of the case, must be involved in more or less of mystery.

In one of the tents which we visited, a Frenchman arose, and, with streaming eyes and gushing heart, gave an account of his conversion to God. He alluded to the friendly relations subsisting between America and his own country, and to the origin of that strong feeling of animity. In her distress, America sought alliance with France, and she in turn responded to the call by sending her military forces to aid the struggling colonies in their efforts for freedom. "America," said he, "is now repaying her debt of gratitude, by sending her missiona-

ries to free my dark countrymen from their yoke of spiritual bondage. One of these good men brought to me the word of life. I had conscientiously observed the rules of the church in which I had been educated, regularly confessing to the priest, and repeating the forms of prayer which had been taught me—but now the Holy Spirit revealed to me the depravity of my heart, and I was led to Jesus Christ, as the only physician that could effect a cure. I came to this country as a sailor. On reaching here, I immediately went to a bookstore, and inquired for a Bible. It was some time before I could make myself understood. I got my Bible, however, and went home and commenced to spell out its words. Many of them I could not understand, but what I could not understand, I jumped over, believing all as the word of God." He concluded by expressing his determination to live wholly for God.

HOLINESS ON BOSTON COMMON.—The Young Men's Christian Association, of this city, have established Sunday evening preaching, under a tent prepared for that purpose, on Boston Common. The Evangelical clergy, not excepting the Episcopalians, enter heartily into the project, rendering their services as needed. Last Sabbath evening, (23d inst.,) the Rev. R. McGonegal officiated, selecting for his text, Ps. xciii. 5: "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever." It was, we understand, a clear exposition and practical enforcement of the great central idea of our Christianity. The rapt attention and glistening eye, furnished cheering evidence that in spite of educational prejudices, the truth was commending itself to individual consciences. At the close of the service, many testified their appreciation of the truth. We learn that the day after, the preacher was met in the street by a stranger, who introduced himself as one of his hearers on the previous evening, and remarked, "I thank God that I have lived to hear that precious truth proclaimed on Boston Common." A better day is before us.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

A FEW WORDS TO A SOUL SEEKING CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

Dear Friend,—You say you desire to be holy. This desire is itself a proof of God's willingness—nay, of his desire to bestow the grace upon you; since it is the direct result of

the drawing of the Father. But I fear your views are not clear touching the precise nature of the thing you want. You talk of "more religion"—"a closer walk with God"—"victory over all sin"—"being filled with all the fulness of God"—"having ALL your sins forgiven"—"obtaining the witness of the Spirit"—"being FULLY adopted into the family of God"—"being made perfect in love"—and "obtaining the blessing of a clean heart" as though these several expressions might properly convey the same idea. Certainly each of them conveys a very good idea, and your use of them signifies that you have that hunger and thirst after righteousness, which, the Savior says, marks a "blessed" state of mind. Still it is of great practical importance that you should have a definite idea of what you want. Some of these phrases are entirely indefinite—they relate to progress in general, and might be used with propriety by a person in any religious state, however high or low; as when you speak of "more religion"—"a closer walk with God," etc. Adoption into the family of God is, in its nature, "FULL" where it exists at all. This you received when you were converted, and you have it now if you have not forfeited it by unfaithfulness. All persons really justified have also "victory over all sin" in the sense in which you seem to use the words—that is, all outward manifestations of sin.

"All your sins were forgiven," and the Lord gave you doubtless "the witness of the Spirit," when you were justified. On the other hand, when you talk of the fulness of God, you speak of attainments in grace, which are, from their nature, subsequent to the experience of Christian perfection.

I have never known a person obtain the blessing of perfect love, who did not seek that blessing as a definite thing; hence I would suggest the great importance of clear views of what it is, and how it is to be contradistinguished from all its accidents. You desire to obtain the blessing called Christian perfection—perfect love, or a clean heart. Suppose, then, you fix your mind upon this view, and say, *I desire that the grace of God should so possess and fill my whole nature as to leave there no temper, no inclination contrary to the will of God.* This is my present want; to be made "pure in heart"—to be "cleansed from all unrighteousness." I shall look for more than this in God's order—ininitely more, even all the fulness of

God; but what I now ask is the completion of the work of salvation proper; deliverance from sin; entire purification in the blood of the Lamb; so much grace as to expel from the heart all the antagonisms of grace. For this deliverance from the pollution of sin—

"My heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for perfect purity."

That is it precisely—"perfect purity"—the grace that cleanses the heart; that is what you want just now, and that is what seems to be everywhere the Bible idea of perfection in grace—the extirpation of sin in principle from the heart. Mark the language of the passages that refer to it. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 25. "And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin."—Isaiah i. 25. "Blessed are the pure in heart."—Matt. v. 8. "He is faithful and just * * * to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2 Corinthians vii. 1. All these passages convey the same idea—the absence of sin through grace from the heart of a believer. This is Christian perfection then—such maturity and power of divine grace in the heart as achieves the extirpation of all sin from the heart. A pure heart—a clean heart—cleansed from all unrighteousness—cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit.

Can the thing be made plainer, my dear brother, than these plain passages of Scripture make it? Take, for instance, a favorite Bible figure. Holiness is to the soul what health is to the body; and what is health? Is it just so many pounds weight? Is it the same as strength? Is it beauty of person? Is it agility? No, verily, it is not any of these, though it is intimately connected with each one of them. What then is health? The answer is, it is the absence of disease, just as holiness is the absence of sin. Thus you see the Bible idea of perfection is a negative idea, just as the idea of health is a negative idea. It is not so much what *is* in the heart as what *is not* in the heart—sin is not in the heart; it is cast out by per-

fect love. True, sin is only cast out by the positive agency of the Holy Ghost, and disease is expelled by the positive vital forces of the constitution, yet the ideas in both cases are properly negative.

In the nature of the case, this eradication of sin in principle from the human heart completes the Christian character. Sin is the ruin of human nature. To save man from its guilt, its pollution, and its final consequences, is the grand purpose of the gospel. Its ultimate achievements in the full adornment and the everlasting exaltation of the saved must necessarily be preceded by the removal of the guilt and the corruption which had rendered the character positively odious. But, when these are removed, so that grace is in the heart, and nothing contrary to grace, then the point is reached to which the Scriptures give the name of perfection. This is the state of grace you now desire to reach,—To be washed, to be thoroughly purified in the blood of the Lamb. Fix then upon this. Let not your mind be distracted. Let not your eye be diverted. "Follow holiness." You will feel your want of other and greater blessings hereafter; even all the fulness of God; but let every thing stand in God's order. The present want is simply and only a clean heart. Press after this. Cry for it. Look for it. Believe for it, and the faithfulness of God is pledged for your entire sanctification. But more at another time.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE BIBLE A REPROVER.—AN APPROPRIATE SCRIPTURE.—The *Advent Herald* gives the following incident in the life of Jones, the murderer, now awaiting trial in Hampden County, which will show the extent to which he carried his base hypocrisy :

"One day, after stealing from Mr. Dean, he called on Mrs. Dean, and complained of spiritual darkness—that he did not enjoy his mind as he wished to; and, handing her his Bible, bought with money stolen from Mr. Dean, he wished her to read, for his spiritual consolation, the first text her eye might rest upon, on opening the book. Mrs. Dean, sympathizing with him, because of his depressed spirits, opened at Acts xiii. 10. It was not so good a text as she wished her eye might have first rested on, and she hesitated. 'Read,' said he.—'Shall I read?' she asked. 'Read the first text you open at.

"She read : 'O, full of all subtilty and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord'? His countenance at once elongated, and his eyes were cast down. It was no consolation to him. After being imprisoned, and confessing his crimes, some good woman, having compassion on him, visited him in his prison. 'O,' said he, 'I thought of you all last evening, when you were at your little prayer meeting, and I kept looking; I did not know, but as, in the case of Peter, my prison doors would be opened.' He forgot that Peter was not imprisoned for stealing."

SOLEMN AND TRAGIC DEATH.—In Philadelphia, during the height of the storm, Sunday evening, a fearful scene occurred. A family was seated around a table, engaged in ordinary conversation, when a dispute among some of the children and young people took place. Words grew high, and the mother attempted to quell the disturbance. In turn, she was made the object of their anger, and while the heated blood was finding vent in words, the parent arose from her seat, and once more interposed. It was of no avail, and the parties nearly came to blows. At that moment, while from her own children, coals of mental fire were being heaped upon the mother, she suddenly sunk down dead, and her last breath was drowned by the angry voices of her offspring. The feelings of those present, no words can adequately describe, but, on their minds, for years to come, we should imagine that an impress would remain, of the angry group, the little room, and the dying mother reviled by her own children.—[Philadelphia Evening Journal.

THE MANTLE OF THE MOTHER FALLEN ON THE DAUGHTER.—Our readers will recollect the Obituary published in the March Guide, of Mrs. Sarah Monnett, a cherished friend of the Guide, and living witness to the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost. We clip the following from one of our exchanges, showing that the mantle of the mother has fallen upon the daughter :

"A donation of twenty thousand dollars has recently been made to the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, located at Delaware, by Miss Monnett, a young lady of wealth, and a pupil at the institution."

Of the Relation of Love, considered as the Essential Life of the Soul, to Knowledge.

1.—KNOWLEDGE is not love; but knowledge is, in some important respects, connected with and even dependent upon love. It may, perhaps, be difficult to give a satisfactory definition of knowledge; but it is enough for our present purpose to say of it, that it is the harmonization of the mind, in its perceptive action, with the actual truth of things. Love, in its essential nature, and considered in distinction from knowledge, may be described as the desire to do good to others. It therefore, is, and must be, in all cases, a part of love's nature, to desire to know the truth; because it intuitively perceives, that its benevolent action, when not in accordance with the truth, is as likely to do harm as good.

And, accordingly, it may be laid down as a fixed and certain principle, that love, by which we mean pure or universal love, values the truth, and is always in search of it. To seek the *truth*, namely, the exact fact and relations of things, is a necessity of its nature. The possession of the truth is its infinite delight; because without the truth the object of its own existence fails. We are speaking now of the truth as it exists in its elements;—in other words, in the particular cases which come under our experience. The desire of the truth, in distinction from error, which is thus secured by means of love, is the essential condition of the acquisition of true knowledge, considered in its widest or greatest possible extent.

2.—In indicating the relations between love and knowledge, we remark, in the second place, that love is a great motive to action in the acquisition of knowledge, as well as in other respects. The man, whose heart is filled with love, cannot afford to be inactive. He not only desires to know the truth in a particular case in order that he may be kept from error; but he desires to

know all the truth which it is possible to know.

The limitation of knowledge, considered not merely in its exactness but its extent, is necessarily the limitation of love. The man, who knows nothing, loves nothing; because he has nothing to love. He, who knows but little, loves but little. It cannot be otherwise. True love, therefore, has the element of universal expansion. It grows by that which it feeds on. The more it loves, the more it wants to love. And hence it follows, because it cannot love beyond the limit of its knowledge, that the more it knows, the more it wants to know. To deprive it of any portion of that which it might possess, is, to that extent, to deprive it of life. Hence it has a motive in itself, and it becomes its nature, to inquire continually into the constitution and the diversities of things. Every new increase of knowledge implies a new object of knowledge. And every new object of knowledge is at once invested with the living presence and companionship of its affections.

3.—But this is not all. Love, while it prompts us to desire the exact truth of things in all cases, and also to extend the boundaries of knowledge as far as possible, has a more direct and positive efficiency. Love, which has no prejudices, opens the eye, and expands and strengthens the vision of truth. It places the perceptive power in a true attitude. And it does this by eradicating selfishness; so that there remains in the soul no perverting influence, by means of which things exhibit a false appearance. Under the influence of love the instincts of truth, which are thus delivered from all perverted tendency, not only recover a right direction; but put forth a natural, easy, and effective action. And from that time the mind perceives clearly, and without fearing to be led astray. So much is this the case, that the truth seems to descend from her sublime heights, and to take him who loves by the hand, and

like a guardian angel clothed in smiles, to conduct him through her flowery gardens.

4.—Again, it is well known, that knowledge as a matter of acquisition and of true adjustment, is often perplexed by impatience. The selfish man, fearful that another may obtain the object which he has marked and desires for himself, is often in a feverish hurry of thought and action; and thus plunges into errors, which would otherwise be avoided. One of the marks of heavenly love, on the contrary, is that holy deliberateness, which is justly regarded as the handmaid of true wisdom. Holy love is so afraid of its good being in some way perverted to evil, that it always takes time to look to God in order to learn from him when, and in what way to love. And this deliberateness of love is not so much the result of calculation and the forecastings of thought, as the delicate instinct of its own angelic nature. Indeed God may truly be said to be in it as its constitutive element; and God, who finds in himself no motive to impatience, is always deliberate. Such a state of mind, which always characterizes the condition of pure or holy love, is certainly favorable, and in an eminent degree, to the pursuit and the acquisition of well adjusted knowledge.

5.—It may be proper to make a remark here on the methods, which love takes in the acquisition of knowledge and in its progress in the truths of wisdom. It is worthy of notice, and it is undoubtedly the true method in most cases, that love seldom contends with error by a direct attack; but contends with it indirectly and successfully by establishing and sustaining the truth. It knows that error has no permanent power; and that in time it will and must die of itself. So that love cares for the truth, not only by seeking it out in the first instance, but by making the truth perceived,—by making it stand erect,—by enabling it to shine out in its beauty and to commend itself to men's understandings and hearts. But, on the other hand, love, under the impulse of tendencies, which nat-

urally avert it from whatever is opposed to itself, may be said to turn away from error, not only with dissatisfaction, but with tears. It cannot bear to look upon its sad deformity. Its grieved and irrepressible repugnance to it is the strongest argument against it. It is not necessary to fasten upon it the look of scorn and to smite it with the fist of violence. It is enough, that it turns away and leaves it to wither and to die.

6.—There remains another view of the subject. The action of the intellect, under the direction of love, assumes unceasingly, and in a very high degree, an intuitive and almost an *instinctive* character. Love itself, existing in its highest and purest states, is necessarily the highest rectitude. Whatever truly exists within us carries in itself the evidence of its own existence and presence. The man, whose heart is freed from selfishness and is inspired in its action by that which is the opposite of selfishness, cannot well be conscious of wrong. Being right in fact, he feels himself to be right. So that in many things his love may be said to take the place of deduction; and his judgment to act through the mediation of the affections. And it is thus, that the intellect partakes, at such times, of the nature of an instinct. The intellect, by the decision of its intuitive or instinctive sentiments and without long deductions of reasoning, recognizes and condemns as wrong whatever the love or affectional nature condemns as wrong, and accepts and approves as right whatever the love nature, in its pure and just action, approves as right. So that holy love, existing within and around the intellect, is a sort of flaming sword, which guides it in the right way, by preventing its going in the wrong way.

7.—In connection with what has been said, it will be found to be practically true, that he, who loves much, knows much; and that love, probably more than any thing else, is the true principle and the measure of the growth of the intellect. If

we include justice in the idea of greatness, as ought to be done, and keep in mind also that love is the highest rectitude, then it can be said truly, that no man has or can have, a great intellect, who has not a great love. An intellect without love may, in some cases perhaps, be characterized as an intellect of power; but without the light of love to guide it, it gropes much and frequently in darkness; and therefore can hardly be characterized as a great intellect. A little love burns dimly; and yet it will be found, that this little love is the true light of the intellect as far as it shines. As its blaze grows brighter and wider, the intellect sees more clearly; and at last, in the fulness of its splendor, the soul is guided into all truth. Such is the doctrine of the Scriptures;—such is the result of Christian experience; and such, on a candid examination, will be found to be the declaration of sound human philosophy.

8.—It might be interesting to apply these views to particular cases. Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte,—are they to be considered, on just principles of thought and reasoning, as truly great men? In many cases the selfisms and partialities of history have answered the question in the affirmative. The advancement of civilization, under the increasing lights and influences of Christianity, have begun to modify and vary the answer, which has too often and too long been given in their favor. Undoubtedly they were men of power; but not of that higher power, so essential to a just appreciation of things, which is made alive and perceptive and expansive, and mighty, by the liberalizations of love. The great man and the only great man, whatever may be his intellectual or volitional powers, is the man who can harmonize thought and purpose with the divine idea, by identifying humanity with himself and himself with humanity. These and other memorable men of history, the meteor lights of Roman and Macedonian fame, did not so far forget themselves and look beyond themselves

and their own country and its interests, as to recognize the great fact, that there is a wider self and a wider country; and that the universality of being, which never ceases to have the rights and properties of being, was antecedent to its diversities, its limitations, and its partisanship.

9.—There is more value in this subject, than may at first appear. Those, who have had a deep affectional experience, will appreciate this remark. They have known, in various ways, the mighty power of this inward instructor. It is true, that love is meek and lowly of spirit; and yet it is not wanting in that confidence, which is necessary for its proper action. It is properly described and represented as a child; and yet like the young Christ of the Scriptures, it can dispute with the Doctors in the Temple. It can interpret man, because, in knowing itself, it knows what man is in his best estate; and can understand the place and the method of his sinful departures. It can interpret Providence, because Providence is its loving playmate; and it accepts not only with submission but with joy whatever Providence brings to it. Collating the men and the events of different ages and places, it can interpret the pages of history; because it understands the perversions of error, the weakness of selfishness, and the power of virtue. It can interpret God himself, because it comes from God, and dwells in God's bosom, and is written over, within and without, with the marks and signatures of God's presence, guidance, and goodness.

10.—If love is the great principle of the universe, as is generally conceded and is implied in the scriptural declaration that "God is love," then love must be the key to the explanation of the facts of the universe. Love, considered as the great Causative Principle, is at the same time the ONE and the ALL; and it is the ALL developed from the ONE. It explains holiness, because it constitutes holiness. It explains depravity or whatever of evil is comprehended under that name, because it under-

stands the opposite of depravity. It is not only the great Life of things; but the great Teacher of things. It is the impulse of all movement; and at the same time, as movement is based upon ideas, it sits in the seat of all sound philosophy. By the sympathies and influences of just feeling, it discriminates and casts out all errors; and it accepts and harmonizes all truths. It is more than Solon or Socrates; because it is Christ. The philosophy of love being as it is the philosophy of the Essential Life,—is at the same time the philosophy of God and of men, of heaven and hell, of the past and the future, of living and dying, of essential truth and essential falsehood.

11.—And here is the divine and everlasting rest of the soul. If love, considered as a living principle and a great causative agency, be the centre of the universe, as both the Scriptures and a deep-searching philosophy indicate clearly that it is, then it lays its hand upon the circumference and upon every part of the circumference, and upon every radiating line, which connects the circumference and the centre together. And he, who has in himself this inward life of central and perfected love, is in affectional unity with God's life, and also with every thing which springs from and harmonizes with that life. God has said to him, "Let there be light." He rests because he has ceased to doubt. And then it may truly be said of him, being in the possession of a constant divine illumination, that he knows all things and "judges all things"; not all at once, it is true, but as they exist and come under his notice in the progressive development and out-goings of the great central life with which he is united,—all knowledges being necessarily contained in the central life, and all knowledges coming out of it to the consciousness of others in their due time and order, up to the line *impassible*,—because to pass it would imply a contradiction in terms, which separates the finite from the infinite. L. M.

It is Christ that died.—[Rom. viii. 34.]

A Revival that "Came Down."

A FEW evenings since, the writer attended an evening service in a Methodist Church, and the minister in charge, during the exercises, remarked that, for his part, he did not believe in *getting up revivals*, but he should like to see one *come down*. That significant remark led me to think of a revival that occurred in my native village more than twenty years ago. It was one of the kind that *came down*—and though there has been so much said of late years on the subject of revivals in our religious papers, yet I will venture to say a few things about this one. It was preceded by a long season of declension—Christians had hung their harps upon the willows—but few additions to the church for many years, yet there was great attendance at the sanctuary and prayer meetings, for the congregation was full of interesting young people, who had been trained to cross the threshold of God's house on the Sabbath day. In this state of things, God, in his rich mercy, led some to feel that they could not live any longer at that "poor dying rate," and upon them poured a "spirit of grace and supplication." The recollection of some of those prayers is still fresh in my mind—they were the outbreathings of hearts in deep sympathy with Christ and his cause. And, when speaking about Zion, their language was, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Their eyes would suffuse with tears when they talked about the state of the church. How often was heard the expression in their prayers, "O Lord, what will become of thy name?" To the Christian Philosopher, these were hopeful signs, and gave evidence that the time, "yea, the set time," to favor Zion was at hand. They fasted and prayed, and met in the sanctuary four consecutive days for worship. And,

as though God would have all the glory, *the pastor was laid aside* by sickness. On the last day, there were hearts that felt as Jacob did, and they could not go away without the blessing.

As the neighboring minister, who had preached for them, rose up to read the last hymn, suddenly the Lord, whom they sought, came to his temple, and turned their captivity "as the streams in the South." The influence was felt by saint and sinner. A number of impenitent persons were instantaneously impressed, convicted, and were inquiring "What must I do to be saved?" Every one felt that God's Spirit was operating. Such weeping, such rejoicing, I had not seen. As might be expected, there was an abundant harvest. The precious seed sown by some, whose voices were hushed in death, had matured, and was reaped by other hands. From the large accessions to the Church, not a single one went back. This revival *came down*—it was *Heaven-sent*. Such are to be desired. We have no fear for the reaction of this kind—it is healthful, and such as are greatly needed. O, how often has this poor heart of mine longed for such a refreshing again from on high! I need it—my church need it—most of our congregation need it. If the church would experience such *Heaven-sent* blessings, greater progress would be noticed in their annual reports. And if enjoyed generally by our churches, what glorious results would follow! There would not be such thin congregations—not such a paucity of candidates for the ministry—not such a want of funds for benevolent purposes—but eternity only could reveal all the happy effects. "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." "Return, O Lord, how long?"—[Pres. of West.

We must needs die, and are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.—[2 Samuel xiv. 14.

Divine Discipline.

GOD has a way or method of dealing with and subjugating his people unto himself; and it would save them much suffering did they but seek to understand this fact. "Shew me" should be their prayer "where thou contendest with me." In afflictive dispensations, there is generally more sensible light—more apparent knowledge of divine dealing, than in the more ordinary manifestations. Not, however, because God is more explicit in his movements but because his people, at such times, are more humble, more teachable, and more obedient. God is obviously willing and desirous, at all times, that we should know and appreciate the laws by which he governs and saves us. In proportion as we understand and obey these laws—embracing his providence, his word, and his Spirit, we behold and realize a sweet harmony, running through and uniting them one with the other.

Could we see as God sees, and know as God knows, we would wish nothing in his government or discipline changed. All things in the natural and moral universe of the great Jehovah would seem just right—just as we would have it. Hence the necessity of our being so taught in the things of God as to be brought into a oneness of existence with him, seeing "light in his light," and being filled with his fulness.

But, until such a state is acquired, divine discipline must be exercised upon us. In the language of another who has written on this subject, we say that "God must have the heart; nay, and he must have it beating truly towards him. He is jealous of our love, and grieves over its feebleness or its falling away. It is love that he wants, and with nothing but true-hearted love will he be satisfied. For this it is that he chastises; these false throbbings of the heart, these goings out after other objects than himself, he cannot suffer, but must correct, or else forego his claim. Hence he smites and spares not till he has

made us sensible of our guilt in this respect. He strips off the leaves whose beauty attracted us; he cuts down the flowers whose fragrance fascinated us; he tears off one string after another from the lyre whose music charmed us. Then, when he has showed us each object of earth in its nakedness or deformity, then he presents himself to us in the brightness of his own surpassing glory. And thus he wins the heart."

Permit us, in conclusion, to say, that the closing extract of the above article is from a work worthy the perusal of every Christian who desires a knowledge of the method of the divine discipline. It is entitled "The Night of Weeping, or Words for the Suffering Family of God, by Rev. Horatius Bonar." We have read it with much satisfaction, and, we trust, with no little profit.

S. B.

Dorchester, 1857.

Death of a South Sea Convert.

A MESSENGER came to say that Kaisara was apparently drawing near to his end. I went directly to see him, and found him exceedingly weak, scarcely able to speak.

"Well, brother," I said, "how is it now on the borders of Jordan?"

"My ship," he replied, "is moored; the anchor is within the vail; all is well, there will be no shipwreck; all is calm."

Calm indeed it was. Not a ruffle appeared on the surface of his soul; not a doubt of safety was expressed. We recounted together the labors of past years, and talked of the amazing love of God to the sons of Rarotonga. It was a soul-cheering visit to one just entering the invisible state.

"What shall I say to the church after your dismissal?"

"Tell them," he replied, "to hold fast their confidence to the end—that faith in Christ is absolutely necessary to salvation," and quoted, as strength would allow and his quivering lips repeat, John iii. 36.

"This may, perhaps, be our last meeting below."

"Well," said he, "ere long we shall meet again in the far brighter world above, to dwell forever with the Lord, there to 'see the King in his beauty,' and that land (pointing to the heavens) which is afar off."

I prayed with him, and left his humble cottage.

Just as I was going to the out-station, a little after this, I was again sent for to see our dying friend.

"You will soon leave us," I said.

"Yes, the chariot is at the door. The body is the clog which keeps back my spirit; but soon the thread will be cut; then shall I fly away beyond restraints."

"Have you any fear in the prospect of separation?"

"None at all."

"What is the reason of this tranquillity of mind as death approaches?"

"Christ is mine. To him I have committed my soul; why should I fear?"

"Is your trust entirely in Christ?"

"In Christ alone I trust for salvation; he is the true foundation—the way—the door."

As I prayed with him and supplicated the divine presence with his soul through the valley, he responded to it with much emotion. I then took my leave. Next day his son came to say that he was near death. I went. His pulse was scarcely perceptible; his breathing short.

"How is it with you?" I asked.

He replied, "With Christ is my soul."

"Entirely?"

"Yes, entirely."

"No fear?"

"None at all."

"This is the hour of our separation."

He was unable to speak, but gave a significant squeeze of the hand. After a while, he revived and opened his eyes.

"You will, I trust, soon be with Christ," I said.

"Yes, I shall."

"To-morrow," I said, "is the Sabbath."

He said, "I shall be in heaven."

"How great the love of God in not leaving you in the ignorance of heathenism!"

Raising his eyes upwards, he said,—
"Great! great!"

With his son-in-law and daughter, I then conversed on the difference between the death of a saint and sinner, all of which he heard and understood, as a reply he made fully evinced. I left him for a little while, but ere I could return, his spirit had fled to be with Him who had redeemed him with his precious blood.

Thus died Kaisara, one of the first members of the Church in Ngatangaia, and one of the first deacons. A good man, a consistent follower of Christ, born a heathen, died a Christian.—[Mr. Pitman.

Dress.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

BY J. D.

But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 6.

WE are aware it is very fashionable to talk about gayety of dress at the present day, and very unfashionable to talk against it.

But, as we seek not the honor of men, and fear only him who hath said, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully," we venture a few remarks, earnestly praying the Holy Spirit to accompany them.

We have long regarded our wide departure from discipline, and Bible rules in respect to dress, as one of the "accursed" things in the church; and with pain we have marked the indifference with which this sin is treated, both by the pulpit and the press.

When we have seen the effects of this indifference in the rapid increase of worldly-mindedness, and worldly conformity among the members, and so many of the "watchmen," who ought to see the sword coming and warn the people, not only by their silence, but by the example of their wives and daughters encouraging the sin, and helping to spread the disease, which, like a fearful contagion, is threatening to sweep all vital godliness from the church, we have in secret "sighed and cried" for these "abominations," and, with Wesley, prayed, "O God arise, and maintain thine own cause. Let not men or devils any longer put out our eyes, and lead us blindfold into the pit of destruction."

But it is not enough that the friends of Zion weep and pray in secret over her desolations. God says, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." O that we had a voice that would reach to the end of the Christian world! We would cry, in the ear of every watchman, that awfully solemn commission from Heaven, "So thou, O Son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."—"Therefore, thou Son of man, say unto the children of thy people, The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."—Ezekiel xxxiii. 6, 7, 12.

Dear brethren in the ministry, permit me to ask, in the name of the Lord, Do you not see that the church and the world are wedded, and also the effects of this unscriptural union? Do you not see that those persons whose outward adorning shows that they "love the world, and the things of the world," are destitute of the

garment of salvation? And, seeing the evil, and knowing the consequences, do you say, with some, I do not feel it to be my duty to preach against conformity to the world in respect to dress? O, what will you answer when God makes inquisition for the blood of these souls? For, if we believe God's word, which declares the "friend of the world the enemy of God," we must believe these poor deluded professors in the broad road to ruin; and do not their barren souls declare the same thing?

Who, we ask, ever saw a person outwardly adorned with "gold, and pearls, and costly array," and other needless, foolish ornaments, after the fashion of the world, having the soul adorned, at the same time, with "a meek and quiet spirit"—"full of faith and the Holy Ghost"? We might as well expect to see Christ joined to Belial, and God to mammon.

But, it may be asked, "Do not souls often get converted without first laying aside these things?" We answer, we believe they do. But did our ministers preach against this sin, and insist on its renunciation as well as that of other sins, a soul could no more get converted without first laying aside these worldly vanities, than a believer, who has light on these points, could get sanctified without such a consecration.

We believe this omission, on the part of ministers, the grand cause of this rapid flow of the world into the church. The sinner seeks religion without counting the cost of becoming a follower of him who hath said, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Nay, they kneel at the altar for baptism, and solemnly vow to renounce the "vain pomp and glory of the world, with all the covetous desires of the same," when their Babylonish garments plainly show that they have never renounced it, neither do they know the meaning of the word. The good seed was sown in their hearts among these thorns, and, alas, too soon they spring up and choke the

word, and they become unfruitful. Thus the church is becoming flooded with worldly minded professors, who have the form, but deny the power, of godliness.

Whom will the Great Head of the Church hold responsible for all this?

O, that every minister could say, with Wesley, upon this subject, "I call heaven and earth to witness, this day, that it is not my fault. The trumpet has not given an uncertain sound." "For near fifty years last past, O God, thou knowest I have borne a clear and faithful testimony. In print, in preaching, in meeting the societies, I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. I am, therefore, clear of the blood of those that will not hear. It lies upon their own heads."

But we doubt not that many ministers would be more faithful in rebuking this sin, were it not for the example of their wives and daughters. O, remember, brother, God will not excuse you on this ground, for this covetous love of the world is idolatry; and you are not to spare an idolater, though it be "thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom," or "thy friend which is as thine own soul"—thy hand is to be "first upon him." Let then the sword of the Spirit be first laid on them of your own house. Then can you, with boldness and success, preach the whole truth to others.

Binghamton, Aug. 30, 1857.

Engraved on the Palms of the Hands.

"Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."—Isaiah xlix. 16.

THIS is an allusion to the eastern custom of tracing out, on their hands, not the name, but the sketches, of certain cities or places, and then rubbing them with the hennah or cypress, and thereby making the marks perpetual. This custom Maundrell thus describes: "The next morning, nothing extraordinary passed, which gave

many of the pilgrims leisure to have their arms marked with the usual ensigns of Jerusalem. The artists who undertake the operation, do it in this manner:—They have the stamps in wood of any figure that you desire, which they first print off upon your arm with powder or charcoal; and then, taking two very fine needles tied close together, and dipping them often, like a pen, in certain ink, compounded, as I was informed, of gunpowder and ox gall, they make them small punctures all along the lines of the figure which they have printed, and then, washing the part in wine, conclude the work. These punctures they make with great quickness and dexterity, and with scarce any smart, seldom piercing so deep as to draw blood.—[Ladies' Repository.

Christian Firmness.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

"UNSTABLE as water, thou shalt not excel," said Jacob to his first-born, and Reuben has left behind him a numerous progeny. How many are there, whose want of Christian firmness prevents them from doing the good that they might otherwise accomplish! The possession of this trait of character is requisite to enable us to carry out the requirements of the gospel.

But what is Christian firmness? It is not obstinacy, although many persons appear to think that decision and perverseness are the same thing. And yet these persons are not always characterized by Christian firmness. Many of them are ardent in the support of their present opinions, but, like some of old, they are given to change. To-day, they are strong advocates of some doctrine which, in six months, they will be found strongly reprobating.

How often have they changed their position in reference to the most important subjects that can engage the attention of an immortal being! Different from this was the conduct of Saint Paul. Wherever

he came, bonds and imprisonment abode him; and his whole life, from his conversion to his death, was a warfare with difficulties. Although his attachment to Christianity cost him almost every earthly good, he persevered in the path to heaven. Yet, in the midst of all this firmness, he was gentle, and "easy to be entreated." While he would lay down his life rather than swerve from the path of duty, in things indifferent, he "became all things to all men, if by any means he might save some." This is Christian firmness.

And great is the value of this quality of mind. How great have been the difficulties that it has vanquished! Without it, would Christian David, and his "companions in tribulation," ever have become missionaries to Greenland? Would they ever have

"Planted successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy fields and everlasting snows"?

Would Swartz and Carey ever have toiled as they did in their Master's vineyard, if they had not been blessed with this firmness? And what would an irresolute man have done, in the circumstances that surrounded Luther? Would he not have given up the contest, when he beheld the foes that were combined against him? Pope and emperor united to crush him. But he stood firm. And his firmness was the means that Heaven used to free thousands from the bondage of superstition. How would timid men have accomplished the work that Wesley and his fellow laborers performed? Almost everywhere they were exposed to the fury of mobs; while the press held them up to public view as proper objects of scorn. But they faltered not; and the world is now reaping the benefit of their steadfastness. Dear reader, do not dream of growing in grace without the exercise of this firmness. Perhaps there never was a time when there was more to lead the Christian astray than there is at present. But stand thou firm amid the allurements of vice, and it shall not be

long before thy warfare shall end, and thou shalt be crowned with eternal life.

But how are we to gain this firmness? Human philosophy cannot bestow it upon us. Many of the brightest ornaments of philosophy have been found "weak as other men," when they have attempted to resist temptation. If we ever have this firmness, it must be the fruit of a living faith. The man of Christian firmness gains his power by earnest wrestling at the throne of grace.

Christus Consolator.

BY M. W. L.

In this hour of tribulation,
Lord, I lift mine eyes to thee!
Struggling with this sore temptation,
Savior, my deliverer be!
Trusting in thy dearest name,
Let me now thy promise claim.

With the tempter thou hast wrestled,
In the desert, drear and wild,
Lone, in conflict sore, he met thee,
Thee, the pure and undefiled.
On thee mighty weapons tried,
'Gainst thee all allurements plied.

Thus, dear Savior, thou canst sorrow
With my sorrowing, tempted soul,
Granting me divinest succor,
When the billows o'er me roll.
Human help away I fling,
To thy cross alone I cling.

Sweet the sympathy thou givest
In my hours of deep distress;
When the storm-cloud o'er me gathers,
Thou art near to aid and bless.
All my sorrows I may hide
In thy wounded, bleeding side.

These Lips Preach.

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

"THESE lips preach," said my little Kate, as she gave me a sweet kiss. "Yes, indeed," she continued, placing her little fingers upon my lips, "sermons come from these very lips."

A thrill went through me, and my very soul trembled. What a strange remark, said I, thoughtfully. What put it into the little creature's head? How impressive, how solemn, how significant!

The idea once expressed, is imperishable. It seems to be ever present with me. When I am in my study, when I am in company, when I walk the streets, "These lips preach," comes rushing through my soul, and no man can write the reflections, the convictions, the impressions these words of a child have produced upon my mind.

What an honor that so sacred a message should come from the lips of a mortal! God, the great and terrible God, wishes to make solemn communications to his intelligent creatures. He is their sovereign, and would announce to them, with reiterated emphasis, the claims of his holy law; they are guilty sinners, and he would offer them pardon; they are unholy, and he would show them the way of purification; they are wretched, and he would explain to them the secret of true happiness; they are in the midst of confusion and strife, and he would bring them into delightful harmony; they are suffering injustice, or practising oppression, and he would restore equity and humanity to the world; they are hastening to death, and he would show them the way of victory in the trying hour; they are going to the judgment, and he would show them how to stand acquitted at that final bar; they are on their way to the flames of hell, and he would turn them from their fearful doom and give them a home of ineffable delight in heaven! And how does he make these momentous communications? He speaks not with his own voice; he utters no word of terror or of comfort, other than what he has already spoken in the Holy Bible; he uses the lips of men; he appoints human ambassadors to represent the Court of the Eternal; he sends his message by those who have been redeemed, and called, and thrust out "to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance

of our God!" Were ever mortal lips honored with the delivery of such a message? Were they ever burdened with such a responsibility? What, compared with this, are the honors of the forum, or the senate, or the popular assembly? In all these the man represents himself, or his client, or his party, or the popular impulses of the hour; but the lips that preach represent "the Lord of lords and the King of kings!" They speak in the name of the world's great Sovereign; they utter the melting tenderness of infinite love, the subduing power of bleeding mercy, the terrific thunders of Sinai, and the awful terrors of the Judgment Day! They tremble with the fearful doom of the wicked amid the fires of hell, and quiver with the wrapt glories and bursting hallelujahs of the heavenly world! "These lips preach!" O, my God! shall they ever be degraded by guilty trifling or worldly folly? Shall they pander to the vile passions of men? Shall they seek the glory that fades in an hour and renounce forever the honors which wreath the brow of the ambassador of Jehovah?

I stand by the side of the prophet of God; the visions of the Almighty are before him; the depths of infinite holiness and the glories of divine love are revealed to his spirit-eye; one after another the attributes of the Godhead appear in illimitable grandeur, and, with trembling awe, he begins to say: "I am a chosen representative of this burning holiness, this infinite love, of these august incommunicable attributes. Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Prophet of the Highest! whence then hadst thou relief from the dreadful anguish that overwhelmed thee? "Undone!" 'Tis fearful that thou didst bear into the burning presence of infinite holiness such moral defilement! Alas for thee, thou sacred ambassador, that lips so unclean should have pronounced so august a name, and borne so hallowed a message. Yes, "un-

done!" But was there no ransom, no deliverance? Ah! I hear thee answer, "There flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth, and said: So this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Praise, O prophet, the name of thy deliverer!

But hark! A voice, that seems no human voice, pours through the air a strange interrogatory. "It is the voice of the Lord, saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Who answers this divine call, O prophet? "Here am I, send me!" Thanks to the Holy One—eternal honor to "the King, the Lord of hosts," for the cleansing fire that touched thy hallowed lips. Thou art no more undone, O "prophet of God." "Thy sin is purged," and now thou hast a heart of love and a tongue of flame! Thou speakest as one anointed and commissioned anew. No rebellion now. No timid answer, "Send, I pray thee, by whom thou wilt send," but not by me. All reverence, all obedience, with a cherub's wing thou fliest to bear the message of a holy God to rebellious Israel.

"O thou who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire," send the seraphim with the burning coal and touch my lips, and say, "Thine iniquity is purged," for "*these lips preach*."—[Beauty of Holiness.]

Revivals.

I HAVE read of a country, situated near the pole, where the night endures many months together. When the inhabitants expect the sun, they ascend a very high mountain, and from its top wait his appearing, striving who shall first see the orb of day. No sooner do they see him ascend the horizon, than they embrace each other, exclaiming, *Ecce sol apparet!* "Behold, the sun appeareth!" Show me a church standing thus together upon the mountain top of faith and holiness, waiting for and expecting a revival every hour, and labor-

ing for it, and I will dare to say they shall soon cry, *Ecce, sol apparet!* Behold, the Sun of Righteousness appears, with healing in his wings!

There was a revival going on in a certain city. Much was said for and against it. The agitation spread far and wide. A clergyman of the established Church came to hear and see for himself. He spent several hours as a serious spectator, and before departing, candidly remarked, "This is the work of God."

During a great revival of religion in the north of Ireland, many years ago, in the early days of Methodism, a prelate of the Established Church said to one of the vigorous instruments of the revival, "It would break my heart if that successful ministry in the north were interrupted and marred. They think to cause me to stretch out my hand against you, but all the world shall not move me to do it." These present noble exceptions to a habit that is too prevalent among the class of men who should be the last to oppose the work of God.

Let none of these things move thee, my brother. Be courageous, and "play the man." A revival conflict shows the living minister; "A dead fish," said a good man, "will swim with the stream, but a live one, if it chooses, can swim against it." And it can leap against and surmount a cataract—only let your eye be single.

Let us not leave off doing what is fit, to appease the envy of such as "would have no such thing done." I remember a position in which I was placed, seven or eight years ago, when I was advised to shut the chapel doors, and make no special efforts for a revival, while a certain great man was in town, and this was the argument. "You may expect to preach to empty pews." There were other servants of God, however,—a good man and his wife,—who gave me different advice; I took it, and God gave me the people. I was reading the other day of one Antigonus, who was on the point of engaging in a sea-fight with Ptolemy's armada, when the pilot cried out, "How

many are they more than we!" The courageous king replied, "It is true, if you count their numbers: but for how many do you value me?" You have God on your side; with him you are safe, though all hell and the world were leagued against you.—[Caughey.]

Home and Rest.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

O, MORE than magic words to the weary pilgrim! If but for a brief season called from the home hearthstone, to grapple with toil and weariness, with what delight do we hail the moment of return! With what ardor do we press through opposing difficulties! How worthless proffers of rest by the wayside, when homeward bound! Fellow Christian, we are strangers and pilgrims here, far from our Father's house. Our way is often rough and steep; foes within and without assail us. Pain and sickness oft distress us; dark clouds gather over us, and bitter blasts make us their sport. Shall we then, on earth's arid waste, seek for rest? Shall we, fellow pilgrim, here away from home, which, perchance, is but just ahead?

"O what pleasures there await us!"

There we shall rest, emphatically rest, from all that here marred our bliss,—from crushing toil, pain, and chilling sorrow, from the shafts of outward foes, and the more cruel ones of those within. Yes, rest from sin. O blessed state! There we shall meet the loved of earth, our faithful fellow pilgrims to the "better land;" the prophets and holy ones gone before; the shining, angel groups; and, better still, our blessed Redeemer, the Lamb of Calvary, whose precious blood has washed away our sins of crimson dye, and made us meet for his presence.

Fellow Christian, are not all these worth striving for, worth devoting our undying energies to obtain? Are they not worth surrendering all of earth, ease, pleasure,

wealth, home, and bosom friends? True, here is the cross; but the crown is just ahead. Shall that be ours? Then we must cheerfully bear the cross.

"Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord."

Then let us "gird our armor on,"—"laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and cheerfully press our way onward and upward to the pilgrim's happy home,"—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Cleveland, Sept. 1, 1857.

Good Thoughts.

SELECTIONS FROM THOMAS FULLER, D. D.

1. THE poets fable that this was one of the labors imposed on Hercules, to make clean the Augean stable, or stall rather. For therein, they said, were kept three thousand kine, and it had not been cleansed for thirty years together. But Hercules, by letting the river Alpheus into it, did that with ease which before was conceived impossible. This stall is the pure emblem of my impure soul, which hath been defiled with millions of sins for more than thirty years together. O that I might, by a lively faith and unfeigned repentance, let the stream of that fountain into my soul, which is opened for Judah and Jerusalem. It is impossible, by all my pains, to purge out my uncleanness; which is quickly done by the rivulet of the blood of my Saviour.

2. The Sidonian servants agreed amongst themselves to choose him to be their king, who, that morning, should first see the sun. Whilst all others were gazing on the east, one alone looked on the west. Some admired, more mocked him, as if he looked on the feet, there to find the eye of the face. But he first of all discovered the light of the sun shining on the tops of houses. God is seen sooner, easier, clearer in his operations than in his essence; best beheld by reflection in his creatures. For

the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.

3. I have observed that children, when they first put on new shoes, are very curious to keep them clean. Scarce will they set their feet on the ground for fear to dirt the soles of their shoes. Yea, rather they will wipe the leather clean with their coats; and yet, perchance, the next day they will trample with the same shoes in the mire up to the ankles. Alas, children's play is our earnest! On that day wherein we receive the sacrament, we are often over-precise, scrupling to say or do those things which lawfully we may. But we, who are more than curious that day, are not so much as careful the next; and too often—what shall I say—go on in sin up to the ankles; yea, our sins go over our heads.

4. Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hourglass. Fear lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it. But, alas, how much precious time have I cast away without any regret. The hourglass was but crystal, each hour a pearl; that but like to be broken, this lost outright; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hourglass might be bought; but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hourglass, not to be by me, but to be in me. Teach me to number my days. An hourglass to turn me, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

5. It seemed strange to me when I was told that aqua-vitæ, which restores life to others, should itself be made of the droppings of dead beer; and that strong waters should be extracted out of the dregs (almost) of small beer. Surely many other excellent ingredients must concur, and much art must be used in the distillation. Despair not then, O my soul! No extraction is impossible where the chemist is inditiate. He that is all in all can produce any thing out of any thing, and he can make my soul, which by nature is settled on her lees, and dead in sin, to be quick-

ened by the infusion of his grace, and purified into a pious disposition.

6. How easy is pen and paper piety for one to write religiously! I will not say it costeth nothing, but it is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. Some, perchance, may guess me to be good by my writings, and so I shall deceive my reader. But if I do not desire to be good, I most of all deceive myself. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue the least sin in my soul. Yea, I was once in the mind never to write more; for fear lest my writings at the last day prove records against me. And yet why should I not write? that, by reading my own book, the disproportion betwixt my lines and my life may make me blush myself (if not into goodness) into less badness than I would do otherwise. That so my writings may condemn me, and make me to condemn myself, that so God may be moved to acquit me.

How the People Spoke of Sermons Forty Years Ago.

"MEN did not speak of a sermon as an intellectual effort, a splendid performance, a beautifully written discourse; but they said that their souls had been fed by it, they had treasured up the truth for months, they had been delivered from the snare into which they were nearly fallen, they were quickened to new Christian effort. These remarks show the tendency of the class of preachers which seem now to be passing away."—[Wayland.]

HOW THEY SPEAK OF THEM NOW.—
"You hear a sermon from almost any pulpit, and harken to the comments made on it afterwards, and you will find men who do, and men who not profess religion, criticize it in the very same terms. The language, the plan, the delivery, the imagery, are the matters of conversation; the religion of it is equally acceptable to both parties."—[Wayland.]

Wholesome Advice.

THE following wholesome advice is quoted by an exchange—we do not know from whom; but its soundness and importance are past controversy. Ponder it well, dear reader, and may it awaken in you a jealous vigilance over your own heart:

"Sin begins in the heart. If you keep your thoughts pure, your life will be blessedness. The indulgence of sinful thoughts and desires produces sinful actions. When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin. The pleasurable contemplation of a sinful deed is usually followed by its commission. Never allow yourself to pause and consider the pleasures or profit you might derive from this or that sin. Close your mind against the suggestion at once, as you would lock and bolt your doors against a robber. If Eve had not stood parleying with the devil, and admiring the beautiful fruit, the earth might have yet been a paradise. No one becomes a thief, a fornicator or a murderer at once. The mind must be corrupted. The wicked suggestion must be indulged and revolved in the thoughts, until it loses its hideous deformity, and the anticipated gain or pleasure comes to outweigh the evils of the transgression.

"Your imagination is apt to paint forbidden pleasure in gay and dazzling colors. It is the serpent's charm. Gaze not upon the picture. Suffer not the intruder to get a lodgment. Meet the enemy at the threshold, and drive it from your heart. As a rule, the more familiar you become with sin, the less hateful it appears; so that the more completely you preserve your mind from unholy and wicked thoughts, the better. Avoid the society where obscenity or blasphemy is heard. Cultivate the society of the virtuous. Read nothing that is unchaste or immoral. Make a covenant with your eyes. Familiarize not your mind with the loathsome details of crime. Never harbor malicious or envious thoughts. Direct your thoughts towards pure and holy subjects. Contemplate the character of

the spotless and perfect Son of God. Keep your spirit untainted, your thoughts uncontaminated so shall your life be virtuous. As a man thinketh, so is he. Take care of the thoughts, and the actions will take care of themselves."

CHAPTER I.

A Plain Account of Christian Perfection.

AS BELIEVED AND TAUGHT BY REV. JOHN WESLEY.

ANALYSIS.

Purpose of this Plain Account. Cause of his first resolution "to dedicate all of his life to God." Bishop Taylor's work. No medium between God and Satan. Influence of Kempis' "Christian Pattern" on his mind. "The wings of the soul." Mr. Law's books. He studies the Bible "as the one, the only standard of truth, and the only model of pure religion." Conformity to our Master.

NOTE. This chapter contains, in epitome, the experience of Mr. Wesley from 1725 to 1733, a period of eight years.

1. What I purpose, in the following papers, is, to give a plain and distinct account of the steps by which I was led, during a course of many years, to embrace the doctrine of Christian perfection. This I owe to the serious part of mankind, those who desire to know all "the truth as it is in Jesus." And these only are concerned in questions of this kind. To these I would nakedly declare the thing as it is, endeavoring, all along, to show, from one period to another, both what I thought, and why I thought so.

NOTE. Methodists throughout the world have little occasion to blush at these early opinions of their venerable founder. Few men ever got nearer the truth at first view than did he. Scarcely one of the great and the good can present us more than half a century of experience and of teaching, with so little to change or amend.

2. In the year 1725, being in the twenty-third year of my age, I met with Bishop

Taylor's "Rules and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying." In reading several parts of this book, I was exceedingly affected, that part in particular which relates to purity of intention. Instantly I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts, and words, and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium; but that every part of my life (not some only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself, that is, in effect, to the devil.

Can any serious person doubt of this, or find a medium between serving God and serving the devil?

NOTE. Bishop Taylor, popularly better known as Jeremy Taylor, was an eminent divine and prelate of the Irish Church. He was born in the year 1613, at Cambridge, where his father was a barber. He received a liberal education at Caius College, in his native place, where he took, at his graduation, the master's degree. In 1640, he was rector of Uppingham. He was created Doctor of Divinity in 1642, when he was chaplain in ordinary to Charles I. His numerous and excellent writings have entitled him to a very distinguished place among the sacred or pious writers of the English language. At the Restoration, he was elevated to the Irish see of Down and Connor, with the administration of that of Dromore. In this and other high trusts, he conducted himself with piety, humility and charity. His treatise on Holy Living and Dying is admired for fervor of devotional feeling, beauty of imagery, and eloquence of thought and expression. So highly did the refined and lamented Bishop Heber value the writings of Bishop Taylor, that, in 1822, he published a new edition of his works, in fifteen volumes.

3. In the year 1726, I met with Kempis' "Christian's Pattern." The nature and extent of inward religion, the religion of the heart, now appeared to me in a stronger light than ever it had done before. I saw that giving even all my life to God (supposing it possible to do this, and go no farther) would profit me nothing, unless I gave my heart, yea, all my heart, to him.

I saw that "simplicity of intention, and purity of affection," one design in all we speak or do, and one desire ruling all our

tempers, are indeed "the wings of the soul," without which she can never ascend to the mount of God.

NOTE. Thomas a Kempis, that is, Thomas of Kempen, a small town in the archbishopric of Cologne, where he was born in 1388. His parents, who were poor, early designed their son for the church. At the age of twenty, he retired to the Augustine convent on Mount St. Agnes, where, at twenty-five, he took the vows. Distinguished alike for the apostolical simplicity of his character and the purity of his life, he died at the advanced age—for the monastic life—of eighty-three. Few would have known the convent even by name, had it not been for the illustrious character of its superior, and the value of his writings. His *De Imitatione Christi*, the most celebrated of his works, has been translated into all modern languages, and has been republished more than a thousand times. It penetrates so deeply into the genuine spirit of Christianity, that it has been received with equal favor by the most opposite sects.

4. A year or two after, Mr. Law's "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call" were put into my hands.

NOTE. William Law was a divine of the Church of England. He was born at Kingcliffe, in Northamptonshire, in 1686, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he was created fellow. On the accession of George I., he refused to take the oaths, vacated his fellowship, and left the University. The writings of Mr. Law were of a very high order. His "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" is deemed, both by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gibbon, one of the most powerful works of devotion in the English language. At seventy-five, he died in his native village of Kingcliffe, leaving a precious name behind, as a legacy to the Christian Church.

These convinced me, more than ever, of the absolute impossibility of being half a Christian; and I determined, through his grace, (the absolute necessity of which I was deeply sensible of,) to be all devoted to God, to give him all my soul, my body, and my substance.

NOTE. Thus did the great soul of Wesley commune with these eminent men of God, and

it is impossible to tell how far they went to shape his opinions, and to mould his remarkable character.

Will any considerate man say that this is carrying matters too far, or that any thing less is due to Him who has given himself for us, than to give him ourselves, all we have, and all we are?

NOTE. Here is another instance of the writings of great and good men leading to wonderful results. The revival of religion is now extending through the second century with undiminished vigor.

5. In the year 1729, I began not only to read, but to study the Bible, as the one, the only standard of truth, and the only model of pure religion. Hence I saw, in a clearer and clearer light, the indispensable necessity of having "the mind which was in Christ," and of "walking as Christ also walked;" even of having, not some part only, but all the mind which was in him; and of walking as he walked, not only in many or in most respects, but in all things. And this was the light wherein, at this time, I generally considered religion, as a uniform following of Christ, an entire inward and outward conformity to our Master. Nor was I afraid of any thing more than of bending this rule to the experience of myself, or of other men; of allowing myself in any the least conformity to our grand Exemplar.

NOTE. A candid reader of this one chapter, in connexion with the books here noted, and the men whose lives and writings were thus jointly made the subject of study, will find in it the germ of what has since become the "Wesleyan Testimony" of two hemispheres.

Since annotating this chapter, I have had the gratification of reading some very precious thoughts of John Wesley, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in a book of hers, entitled, "Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." I would that any person, who has the least interest in John Wesley, or Methodism, would read that tribute of a great and Catholic mind to the virtues of our venerated founder.

Christian Holiness.

A PASTORAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. F. BOTTOM, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, NORWALK,
CONN.

NO. IV.

[CONCLUDED.]

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

It may, perhaps, be asked, May not some believers be in possession of this grace, and yet not understand that they really enjoy it? We answer: Wherever a person possesses this blessing, he will be conscious of the thing, though he may not be able to analyze it. A man is conscious of his own identity, but who is capable of analyzing it, so as to tell in what his identity resides?

And the believer cannot too carefully guard against the common error of consulting and depending on certain internal emotions of the mind, to certify him of the absence of evil and the enjoyment of good, apart from the conscious agency of the Spirit. For, independent of the fact that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and will not give his glory to another, whether it be in the work of redemption, or his attesting to that work, whenever wrought in us, ("For the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God;") it is, to say the least of it, a matter of very great, if not absolute uncertainty for us to ascertain precisely, by any process of analytical reasoning, what that condition of the mind is, which we designate as "absence from all evil;" what is temptation within, *i. e.*, the propensities of a corrupt nature; and what is temptation from without, *i. e.*, from Satan, or from the world. Or, indeed, to distinguish between what may be simple infirmities of our nervous system, or evidence of remaining depravity in our voluntary powers. If these points can be made clear at all, they can only be so to the most acute intellect; to minds thoroughly schooled in all the

abstruse windings of mental and moral philosophy. But who of us can aspire to this? Nor is it indeed needed, for, thank God, we have a more sure word of prophecy to which we do well to take heed, for we have the Spirit of God.

The assurance of the believer resides not in the precise knowledge of his internal condition, but in the joyful persuasion produced in his mind by the divine testimony that his ways please God. His salvation does not depend on the knowledge of himself, but on his faith in Christ. And the genuineness and strength of his faith is estimated by the extent of his obedience. Thus, when he is commanded to believe that the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," he instantly and fully obeys, cheerfully submitting to be saved unto the uttermost. As he comes unto God by him, his faith is counted to him for righteousness, and he is admitted into "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

Still another perplexity is, as to the nature of the thing itself, many regarding it as a simple condition of a very high emotional enjoyment; a state of intensified happiness and pleasurable excitement of the sensibilities. It is true, that the truly sanctified soul is kept in perfect peace, because the mind is stayed upon God; but it is rather the peace of conscience; a calm resting of the rectified will in the immutable regard of him who hath assured us, "Lo, I am with you alway," rather than the joyful ebullition of the feelings of our sensible nature. As the prophet beautifully expresses it, "And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."

Such feelings may be more or less the attendants and result of such a conscious abiding in Christ, but are never to be regarded as the criterion of our relation to him, nor mistaken for that indwelling spirit and principle of holiness and love, which, as a propelling power, is constantly

exercising the soul in the practice of obedience and trust. So long as we remain in a frail body, we may never expect to be free from its infirmities, which, more or less, must affect our mental states. But this perfect love of God is an abiding principle lying far deeper within us, than these impaired vehicles of our compound nature.

But is not the work of grace in the heart, a progressive work? And does not the attainment of perfect love imply the arrival at a point of Christian maturity beyond which you cannot aspire? We answer first, Yes, of course, grace is a progressive work; and grace will be progressive to all eternity. Until the finite shall attain the infinite, must the believer "go on unto perfection." Let us therefore, (says the apostle,) as many as be perfect, be thus minded. But the perfection after which the perfect soul is ever aspiring, is the perfection of habits, of holiness and love, rather than the perfection of love as a principle. And who does not see that the soul which is first made perfect in love can progress much more surely in the work of holiness than he could before, just as faculties of the mind expand much more certainly after it has arrived at a maturity of understanding than they could possibly do while it was in a state of pupilage? And that so far from attaining an absolute summit even when the mind is mature in judgment the accomplishment of the present is as nothing to the limitless expanse which opens up before it! Even so with the love of God! It fills and as it fills it expands the soul of the believer, enlarging its capacities and increasing its desires and still spreading before it that measureless ocean "God is love."

And here perhaps a word of caution and instruction may not be lost on those who think they may in some measure rejoice in the attainment of this blessed hope. The maintenance of this state of grace more than any other demands a constant increase of knowledge, nay, indeed, it implies it. For how can there be perfect

acquiescence in his will when there is not a commensurate knowledge? In this sense, knowledge will be the standard of our obedience as obedience is the estimate of our faith. And to this end prays the apostle, "that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom, and spiritual understandings."

In conclusion, suffer me, beloved, to urge this whole subject upon your most careful and prayerful attention. Is it true that God requires truth in the inward parts, and that he who searcheth all hearts has said, "Be ye holy, for I your God am holy"? Is it a subject, then, that we may treat with indifference, and as a matter of simple opinion and theory, or as a matter of party strife and schismatic contention?

Is it true that God's word declares it to be the open privilege of all who will earnestly seek to be made pure in heart, and shall we timorously neglect to embrace the offered gift? Shall we wilfully come short of the glory of God?

Is it true that God has expressly declared that none but the pure in heart shall see Him; and are you cleaving to impurity, and pleading excuse for sin, and still do you expect to see God, and to dwell with him? O, be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Not only can you not see God finally, but you cannot hold your evidence of his justifying favor now, unless you are going on to perfection. This is not a matter, we repeat, of simple opinion; it is one of the most solemn importance. To effect this great object, he "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." This is the crowning glory of redeeming grace. Let us not be found, then, fighting against God, whether by rejecting the truth, or neglecting the grace. "For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life."

"And may the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole soul and body may be preserved

blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

The Rest of Faith.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

'Tis sweet, when chilling storms arise,
When thickest darkness veils the skies,
When fierce the tempest's shock;
Secure from every stormy blast,
A safe retreat to find at last,
Beneath a friendly rock.

'Tis sweet, when cherished friends forsake,
And our crushed hearts are left to ache,
That we are not forgot;
To find at length a "Brother, Friend,"
Whose love and friendship never end,
A Friend that changes not.

Ah, sweet, when sickness pales the brow,
And lays the fainting sufferer low,
To lean on Jesus' breast;
Now gently yielding up our will,
Assured "he doeth all things well,"
And sweetly in him rest.

O precious rest!—to pilgrims given,
Sweet foretaste of the rest of heaven,
When—when shall I be there?
When reach that blissful home above,
To bask forever in his love,
And taste of grief no more?

The Highway of Holiness.

In this age of improvement in travelling, it may not be amiss to call attention to the route described by the prophet Isaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10, of his prophecy.

1. *It is a new way.* In this respect it is in direct contrast with the old way of the wicked, mentioned in Job xxii. 15. That way was opened nearly six thousand years ago; this way was not completed until four thousand years later. Its plan was devised in eternity; it was promised in the garden of Eden, but it was not completed till Christ came and died, not 1900 years since. When placed by the side of that, it is most

appropriately called new. It is so called because it is the last way that has been made. No other route has been constructed, which extends through the gate of the celestial city.

2. *It is a costly way.* This might be inferred from the fact that it is built through a wilderness, where there is much clearing, and where there are few conveniences. It is seen also in the fact that it is raised above the level of the land over which it passes. It is a *high way*—a way cast up. The prophet says, "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way." But we will come nearer the cost, if we consider the actual price paid for its construction. It has not golden wealth from the bowels of the earth, nor ripe fruits and oil for its surface; it has not the stars in the heavens, nor the shining sun; it was not an ornament from the glorious palaces of the skies, nor the sacrifice of a hecatomb of its shining inhabitants. It cost the richest treasure in heaven, the loveliest object, the most distinguished and glorious ornament, the brightest and best of all her gems, her light and glory, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

3. *It is a narrow way.* Christ said of it: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way." He thus compares it to the narrow footpaths and wicket gates of ancient cities; and contrasts it with the old way to which we have alluded, which he says is broad and wide. It is so narrow, that a proud, self-righteous person cannot walk in it. It is so narrow that its travellers cannot pass from side to side in a zigzag course. Yet it has this peculiarity—though so narrow, it contains ample room for all who are disposed to pursue it.

4. *Though narrow, it is a plain way.* The guide says, "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." The idea is, that the way is so direct and distinctly marked, so free from quagmires and drifting sands, that the most ignorant and inexperienced could not wander from it. This is of vast importance in a way leading through a wilderness.

5. *It is a safe way.* As we have just seen, it is so plain that there is no danger of losing it. And there are no robbers infesting, since the guide says, "The unclean shall not pass over it." So there is no fear from its travellers or from concealed assassins. There is no danger from human beings. And there is none from wild beasts, for the guide-book says, "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon." There are no dangers to those pursuing this way.

6. *It is a pleasant way.* This we should infer from its being a plain and safe way, and also from the cost at which it was constructed. The guide-book describes it as such. The writers speak of its travellers as happy while walking over it. They say, "The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads." Says the wise man, "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." A light is pleasant in the dark, and the more it shines the pleasanter it is. So is this way in the wilderness pleasant, and pleasanter, because in the wilderness. A clear light constantly shines upon it, and refreshing showers frequently fall. Sweet, wholesome, and delicious fruit hangs by the wayside, of which its travellers may eat at their pleasure. It was designed for the happiness of those who pursue it, and they never fail to realize the design.

7. *It is an unfrequented way.* Our Savior says of it, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Here and there a person may be seen walking in it, happy that he has found it, and fully determined to pursue it to the end; but the number is small, so that, when one appears upon it, he excites attention and even admiration. The multitudes turn away from it and crowd the road to death, leaving a few who choose present self-denials for the sake of future gains, to go along up the way of eternal life.—[Watchman and Reflector.

Employ Every Talent in God's Service.

BY A. C. B. L.

The following extract from a letter to a younger sister, bearing date September, 1839, is given for the encouragement of the diffident and faint-hearted.

"YOU have, as I said once before, a talent for letter writing. Improve it for his glory who gave it you, and not hide it in the earth. If any thing I have ever attempted has been the means of good to others, it is writing. Well do I recollect my feelings some years ago, when a young friend said to me, 'O, how I felt when I read your letter! I thought I would give any thing if I was only a Christian, and resolved I would be one.' She became one soon after. This was said to me within a few months after I first hoped in Christ, and the letter referred to was one in which I had informed her of the change in my feelings and purpose, and an earnest entreaty that she too would turn to the Lord with all her heart. I then made an entire consecration of that talent to the cause of Christ and the good of souls, feeling that God had indeed 'chosen the weak things of the world,' as the instruments of effecting great and glorious purposes. To his name be all the praise. I hope you never write without imploring divine guidance; for, remember, you write for eternity."

The Light Burning Steadily.

I COULD not tell what had gathered the cloud on Mary Elliott's brow, when all around seemed so full of happiness. I learnt the secret soon, and I mean that you should learn it also.

She has brothers at home, and a father, and a mother, too, but she is going to God's house *alone*. She has left them all early on God's day. "They know no heaven, they fear no hell," and they laugh at her, and call her a saint, because she has learnt

to love her Savior, who rose from the dead on the Sabbath day. Her father boasted that he had never entered a place of worship, since he went to church to be married, and he never mentioned God's name but in an oath. Her brothers were following his sad example, and spent their Sabbath in what *they* called fun and frolic. Her mother went to church every now and then, because other respectable people did so, but she generally dropped to sleep, and heard nothing of prayer or sermon. Were not *these* troubles?

Poor Mary felt them so, and, when in her little bed-room, in the still summer night, she shed bitter tears to think how far they were gone out of the way, and that death might at any time strike one of them, and then they should be separated *forever*. Often had she resolved to try and speak to them of their danger, but the words died upon her lips, and she found all she could do was to take her troubles to the Lord Jesus, and pray that he who had raised Lazarus from the dead, would raise them from their spiritual death, and create new life within them, that they and she might all tread the narrow path, holding sweet converse together. She prayed very humbly, for she felt her own sinfulness; very earnestly, for she longed above everything to be heard; and she prayed believingly, too, for she read, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, *believing*, ye shall receive."

On Saturday evening, Mary's father came home from his work earlier than usual. He stepped quickly up the garden walk, and looked hurried and disturbed. A man who had been his firm friend for years, and with whom he had been working for some days, had fallen from a scaffolding, and was taken up dead. Mary and her mother had been sitting at their work, and heard the awful news in silence. After a few moments, Mary looked earnestly into her father's face, and slowly asked, "Father! where is he now?" Her question was unanswered, but it sunk deep into

the godless man's heart. "Where is he?" he repeated to himself. "Where is he?" sounded in his ears as he strolled through the fields in the gray twilight. "Where is he?" he repeated aloud, as he stood alone in his garden in the beautiful starlight; and he gazed into the spangled heavens, with such an earnestness, that you might fancy he was searching for the lost spirit among those radiant orbs. "*Where is he?*" The question would not leave him. "Where should I have been, had I been he?"

For the first time in his long life, John Elliott passed a sleepless night. He was a man of strong mind, and struggled hard to forget the tormenting inquiry. He would have given a fortune never to have heard those words, but he had *heard* them, and God in his mercy had destined that he should never forget them.

Early on the still Sabbath he rose, and wandered he knew not whither. He could not forget the moment of his friend's fatal fall. He still saw his last look of anguish, and an inward voice asked, "Where is he now?"

The day passed at length, and evening came. Mary Elliott was sitting alone in her pew, turning over the leaves of her hymn-book, when, just before the service commenced, she was startled by seeing the door open. She looked—it was her father! For this she had prayed for years, and now God had granted her petition. Oh! how earnestly her heart now besought that God, that night, would open her father's heart, that he might understand wondrous things! God heard that prayer too, and John Elliott left the place crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

But how the whole village talked and wondered to see the change in John Elliott! Some rejoiced and were exceeding glad; but others hated the change, and said John had turned hypocrite, and prophesied he would soon tire of that trade. But did he tire? Oh, no! he went on his way rejoicing, and, as the apostle Paul says, "tried by patient continuance in well-doing to put

to silence the ignorance of foolish men, taking care that they of the contrary part should have no evil thing to say of him."

To make my story a short one, let me tell you, that it is just three years since these events took place, and a few days ago I again visited Elsthorpe, the place of Mary's home. To my surprise and very great joy, I found that each one belonging to Mary's family, had become members of the little church in the village! They were wonderfully changed, indeed. O, very dark their hearts had been, but Mary's light had shone among them. More by example than by precept, she had shown them what a very lovely thing religion is. By God's help she had subdued her own besetting sins, and they could not but admire her consistent self-denying conduct.

Just before I left Elsthorpe, I was walking down the sandy lane, and turning a corner, I saw before me a young man ploughing in an adjoining field; he was singing heartily

"Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?"

I immediately recognized young John Elliott; I said, "Well, John, I am very glad to hear you singing that beautiful hymn. When I was here before, I think you did not care for hymns?" "No, be sure that I did n't, but I should be very lonesome without them now." I asked him how it came about, that he and all of them, seemed so much happier and better since I knew them before. "Oh!" he said, "it's all our Mary's doing. You know she got some of Christ's light into her, and it shone so fairly we could n't but see it, and wish our hearts were a bit like hers; but you see this horse won't stand, so I'll tell you all about it another time."

However, I left Elsthorpe next morning,

so I did not hear "all about it." I heard and saw quite enough, though, to show me how much ONE LIGHT BURNING STEADILY may do to dispel the darkness of unconverted souls.

Young Christian readers, have none of *you* unconverted relatives? Strive so to "let *your* light shine, that they, seeing *your* works, may glorify their Father in Heaven." —[London Magazine.

The Baptismal Vow.

FROM the sacred altar rising,
Listen to that solemn vow;
Made to Him whose love surprising,
Wins us to his service now:
Men and angels,
Witness while to God we bow.

Hear the accents, low, ascending,
"Wilt thou earth's vain pomp and show
All forsake? Your life amending,
And in faith to Jesus bow?
Help us, Savior,
All our help from thee must flow."

Brother, sister, have you entered
Vows like these before the throne?
Yet perchance your love is centred
On the world you call your own.
Have you taken
Back the heart you there laid down?

Now unto thine ear is sounding
"Be ye holy" from the Word,
Peace, and love, and grace abounding,
Doth his promises afford.
O remember!
Pay thy vows unto the Lord.

Hark, a world on thee is calling,
Christian, for thy influence now,
Wouldst thou heed that cry appalling,
Help to stay its tide of woe?
Seek salvation;
Give to Jesus all below.

Only this will fit the spirit
For its glorious mission here;
And a mansion to inherit
Where no sorrow can appear.
Then baptize us,
Father, with thy Spirit here.

Nelson, January 12, 1857. O. M. S.

The Beautiful Disciple.

EMILY was a beautiful disciple. All who knew her thought so; and all who spoke of her said, "What an excellent, good girl Emily is! What an agreeable girl! How active she is in the church for a young disciple! She is a lovely girl!"

Now what was it that made Emily a beautiful disciple? No one called her a beautiful girl, though she had a sweet expression of countenance, and her whole appearance was exceedingly agreeable. Nor did she wear beautiful clothing, though she was always well dressed, very neatly, and in good taste. Yet her pastor said, "Emily is a beautiful, young disciple." And so said the old members of the church; so said the poor, and the sick, and the neglected; so said the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and many of the poor, ragged, little children that she had sought out.

Emily did not wear as rich raiment as many others that worshipped in the same congregation with her; nor did she pay as much attention to, or seem to think as much of, what she did wear, as many others. But she had paid especial attention to one kind of clothing, and the way of wearing it, which many neglected, but which had so beautified her that all admired and praised her. She had an old book of fashions, which she had carefully studied—studied it every day—and clothed herself according to its styles. It was not Godey's, nor Graham's, nor the latest Paris. True, the book was old, and the styles were old, and some young ladies thought them not in good taste; but all agreed that Emily looked beautiful in them. They were simple and cheap; and, still better, they were the same the whole year round.

And this was the rule and instruction of Emily's book, on the subject of personal decoration: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart in

that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." Now this was Emily's standard. And it is sad to think that the times and the styles have so changed as to make this fashion of dress and adornment so little valued and practised by society; especially when it is declared that God so highly esteems and prizes it.

Roselle worshipped in the same congregation, and was a member of the same church, with Emily. Roselle was a very good girl, and a fine young lady. Roselle was sometimes called beautiful.

"What beautiful girl was that came into church, just as they were singing the second time, and sat in the middle aisle, about half way up?" asked a stranger, at the close of service. That was Roselle. She was splendidly dressed, had a fine form, and could not fail to attract attention wherever she went. But did you notice that girl sitting in range of her, back near the door, just under the gallery? No, of course you would not. She came in before service commenced, and took a seat back. Her dress would attract no attention except for its plainness. The pastor saw her, how eagerly she listened to every word of the discourse; how the smile of faith and hope beamed upon her countenance, as he spoke of the rest that remaineth. That was Emily. The stranger that sat in the pulpit also noticed her—noticed them both. Roselle was a beautiful girl; Emily, a beautiful disciple.

Roselle came to church late, just before the text was named, holding in her hand a rich fan, and, sweeping up the aisle with a queenly step, attracted some envious glances even in the house of God; had it been in the drawing-room or the concert-room, in the halls of Newport or of Saratoga, she would have commanded universal admiration.

Emily came in before the first singing, holding in her hand a small Bible and Question-book, for she had just come from the

Sabbath School. Roselle does not attend the Sabbath School. Emily brought in with her two or three little children from the school, that had no one else to look after them; and, when service was over, she was inquiring of a little girl about her sick mother, and then trying to persuade a larger girl to attend the Bible class.

"How much good your sermon did me this morning!" said Emily to her pastor, as he came down the aisle, and extended his hand to her. What a thrill of delight those words sent through his heart! For that morning he had felt unusually discouraged and depressed, had severely condemned himself, and thought his preaching was doing no good. Roselle said, when she reached home, she thought "our minister was unusually dull this morning." Indeed, she could recollect but very little of the discourse, but seemed to have a very distinct recollection of, and spoke with great earnestness respecting, several new hats and cloaks which she observed at church.

Poor old Mrs. Drake was sick—very sick, and very poor. One of the ladies asked alms of Roselle for her, and asked her if she would not call and see Mrs. Drake, and cheer her spirits. Roselle gave the money, for she had really a generous heart. "O my!" she said, "I could not think of going into a sick room. I should be sure to get sick myself; and I dislike so much to go into sick rooms. But when the pastor called on old Mrs. Drake, she said, 'Miss Emily does comfort me so much! She comes in almost every day to see me; and she sews for me, and then she reads the Bible to me, and sings so sweetly, 'Jesus, refuge of my soul.' I enjoy it so much. And she told me all over your beautiful sermon Sunday morning. It did comfort me so. I wanted to be with you in the sanctuary, but I could n't."

There are many beautiful people, but only a few beautiful disciples. In the society where Emily lived, there were many fair and lovely girls, but none so fair or

lovely as she, who was beautiful in the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit. All honored, all admired, but how few imitated the beautiful disciple!—[Mother's Journal.

Conversations on Attainments in the Divine Life.

"Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?"—John xiv. 9.

Two friends were sitting by an open window, which overlooked a beautiful lake near the village of C. The fields were blooming in the full luxuriance of summer beauty—the orchards bending beneath the weight of ripening fruit, the air was redolent with the fragrance of various flowers, which the hand of taste had reared in rich profusion,—and yet they sat, apparently unmindful that nature's loveliness was blooming all around them, so absorbed in the theme which at that time filled their hearts, and occupied their conversation.

The elder was past the bloom of youth, of calm and serious countenance, over which a shade of sadness frequently flitted, proving the past or present endurance of life's deeper trials; yet chased almost immediately by a pleasing smile, and soon lit up by the eloquent expression of hope and joy. The other was much younger, with a face on which care had left no trace, sorrow no impress, but which glowed in youthful health and happiness. She lived in an adjacent village, and some weeks had elapsed since the friends had met. They were united by the double tie of family and Christian affection, and, though differing in age, temperament, and outward position, they always met with joy and mutual profit.

The glad embrace had been exchanged, the tribute of admiration paid to the surrounding scene, and they sat down to their usual quiet converse.

"You look happier than usual, Mary," said Laura (the younger,) "and I am sure you have something pleasant to impart to

me. So tell me what you have been thinking or accomplishing since we last met."

"The subject of my thoughts I am most anxious to make known to you, dear Laura, and I ask not only your ready sympathy, but your vigorous cooperation.

L. Which, relying on your judgment, I promise. So go on.

M. You undoubtedly remember, Laura, our last subject of conversation. It was—Our small attainments in the divine life.

L. You say *our* Mary; but I have felt, ever since, that, if I could retain the evidence of my justification as clearly and abidingly as you do, I should not think *my* attainments small.

M. The word of God, not my experience, is the standard, Laura; and, by that, I will prove our mutual deficiency. A few days after you left, my mind was arrested by our Lord's remark to Philip, "Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me?" and, in dwelling upon Philip's personal knowledge of the character and actions of our blessed Savior, of his undoubted love and practical devotion, so manifested by a public avowal of discipleship, the question arose, In what respect did Philip not *know* his Lord? Among many points which will be obvious to you when you read the chapter attentively, my mind fixed on one. He did not know him in the full manifestation of his divine character; in his indwelling power; and without as to how much Philip might have known previous to Christ's ascension, and the descent of the Holy Spirit, the question was applied to me personally with exceeding power, and I seemed to see Jesus regarding me with sadness, and to hear his reproachful voice saying, "Have I been so long time with *you*," etc., and I awoke to the full conviction that I did not know my Lord, and that I had been content with my inexcusable ignorance. Do you understand me, Laura?

Not exactly, Mary, said Laura, her eyes filling with tears, for I am sure if I were asked, I should say that I knew Jesus.

Will you allow me, dear, replied Mary, to convince you of the contrary, by the same kind of reasoning which fastened conviction on my mind?

Laura bowed assent, with a sad and pained expression.

M. Do you know the President of these United States?

L. Yes—no; that is, I know him in his official acts, and form my estimate of him from their public character; and I draw inferences as to his private life from what I hear and read.

M. Exactly; and there your partial knowledge ends. When you were travelling last summer, and the house in which you lodged took fire, and you awoke from sleep only to feel yourself surrounded with danger, and to see no mode of escape, you feared your cries were unheeded, and you were consigning yourself to fearful death, when a strong arm rescued you, and bore you to a place of safety. Circumstances obliged you to leave so soon that you formed but little personal acquaintance with Dr. B—. In what sense did you *know* him, and what feelings were awakened within you?

L. I know him as my deliverer from that dreadful position, and the deepest gratitude of my nature flowed out towards him, and I inferred that he was noble, and benevolent, and self-sacrificing.

M. Of course you did; but, if your personal acquaintance had ended there, no other feeling than gratitude would have existed. But when, shortly after—by a strange coincidence, you think—he removed to your village, and tended you through the serious illness, which probably resulted from the fright and exposure of that occasion, and skilfully met and at last averted the frequent relapses to which you seemed subject, in what character did you then know him?

L. Why, as a kind, attentive and skilful physician.

M. Well, Laura, you told me that, owing to your timidity and weakness, you were

long in forming a more intimate acquaintance. How were these obstacles overcome?

L. By repeated visits and frequent conversations on his part, and by pursuing a course of reading on mine, during which I had his enlightening remarks, and encouraging replies, by which I was gradually led onward to a point at which I realized that our views and tastes were becoming assimilated, and my light, volatile character, receiving an abiding, elevating impress from our constant communion.

M. Then, Laura, intimate acquaintance produced friendship, and, when your views, tastes, and feelings, were sufficiently assimilated to render it desirable, he invited you to enter into a fuller and more intimate connection than even friendship expresses, and then your feelings were allowed full play, and his influence immeasurably increased, and it became your controlling motive to do as he wished, and you formed every plan of action with direct reference to his approval?

L. Yes, Mary, and I found it no easy task, he was so far above me in mental power, and healthiness of moral character, that I often felt discouraged, and feared he would grow weary; but he aided, and encouraged, and approved, until I realized that the basis was laid upon which the superstructure would gradually arise.

M. Did you ever grieve him, Laura?

L. Yes, Mary, by my volatility, which could not always submit to the discipline which he advised, and sometimes I was capricious, and did not care to please him; but I soon felt ashamed of such unseemly conduct, and his ready forgiveness awoke my profound sorrow.

M. Do you ever expect to know him any better, Laura?

L. Why, yes, Mary, I grow in the knowledge of his character daily; for human nature has many phases.

M. And your affection, I doubt not, keeps pace with your knowledge; but still, Laura, you are looking forward to a period of still

increasing intimacy. Why does not the present satisfy you? You are assured of his affection; he visits you daily; you receive tokens of his approbation, and feel his assimilating influence. What more is wanting?

L. He visits me, Mary, but he does not dwell; and, fully as I rely on his faithfulness and truth, I have not that assured consciousness that our present and future interests are inseparably identified, as I shall have when the marriage vow is spoken.

M. Now, dear Laura, I have reached the point at which I aimed; bear with me while I make the application. The majority of men, at least in this Christian land, know God in his official character; and the most of them infer that he is great, and wise, and good; and there they stop. They do not desire to know more. Others recognize the fact that God has wrought out a great deliverance, and in some degree make it personal. Another class feel they have been sick nigh unto death, and Christ has healed them; but they stop short of a perfect cure, and do not seek to have their physician their most intimate friend. Their gratitude is awakened in a degree, but they are forever turning to other remedies, and shrinking from their physician, because they know they are clinging to indulgences perfectly incompatible with his saving process. The larger part of Christians form, I hope, Laura, a friendship with Jesus. In this class you and I have stood. We have pursued the course he points out. We have studied the book he most values. We have had his enlightening and encouraging influence to aid our every step. We have felt somewhat of his assimilating power, and rejoiced that our characters were receiving his glorious impress. We have frequently—O, how frequently!—grieved his tender spirit, and as often proved his forgiving love, and we have been content to stop just here. Is it wise, is it generous, so to do? Is it not rather ungrateful in the highest degree?

L. I begin to feel the force of your argu-

ment, Mary, but go on with your application.

M. A train of such reflections pressed home upon my heart the fact that I did not *know* my Lord, and following close that conviction came the earnest inquiry whether I would continue to rest here, or press on to more perfect union. Is it not strange that a regenerate heart should pause at such an inquiry? Yet mine did. I possess, if I may so express it, an inertness of character, a disinclination for vigorous action, a kind of ruminative habit, which shrunk from the active, determined purpose which I clearly perceived must mark the outset. I saw the difficulty, but, through grace, perceived the proffered aid, the glorious victory, the high moral achievement, and *the resolve was made*. Here I gained much, Laura; but the resolve did not accomplish the work. The first step was to seek confidently a more intimate acquaintance with Jesus, by putting far from me every thing that was distasteful to him; this oftentimes caused me anguish; it was crucifixion. The next step was to ascertain what was pleasing to him, and, so far as I could, by prayer and faith, and strict obedience to the monitions of his Spirit, to follow on to know him. But here I was met, at every step, by my utter weakness. I failed continually, and in sorrow proved that it was

“Worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

Light increased, and I saw my error. It was *his* work, not *mine*. He invited me to the closest union, and, when all things were ready, he would come and take possession of his own. My part was to wait for him in undoubting reliance on his faithfulness, in the continued exercise of faith, and hope, and love; in the absolute, unconditional surrendering of my entire being, for time and eternity, to his disposal, for his service, either active or passive. O Laura, it required the intensest action of the mind and spirit to linger here; but I found myself

possessed of a tenacity of purpose, and strength of desire, which no outward things could shake. After a few days, *He came*; not in overwhelming power, not in tumultuous joy, but in the sudden hush of passion, in the still, small voice of love; in the conscious renovation of the whole interior being, by which every obstruction was removed to close and absolute union, and my spirit rose upward, upward, upward, as earth's last cord was severed, until it rested in its centre, God.

L. Can this be so, Mary?—then what else have you to do with earth? asked Laura, trembling with emotion.

M. Much every way, dear friend. I will again show you by analogy. When you and your earthly friend arrive at that point when your perfect earthly union is commenced, will you have nought to do to please him? Do you not rather expect to throw your entire energies into those plans, those pursuits, which will forward his interests? Do you not expect to become so closely identified, that his joys will be your joys, his sorrows your sorrows? Will you not share the reflected glory of his increasing eminence, and be stimulated in return to become more worthy of his name and character?

L. Certainly, dear Mary, all this is so.

M. Well, then, dear Laura, my past experience only brought me to the point of *perfect union*; only enabled me to identify my interests with Christ's so completely that I could sing:

“O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.”

But I have every thing to do. The whole mental and moral being is waked up to action; to resistance against his foes, whether spiritual or earthly; to the advancement of his glorious designs within me, around me, by me; and, Laura, the principle you acknowledge is at work. I desire to become more worthy of his name;

not by any inherent worthiness, but moulded, fashioned and strengthened by his grace, until I become a living monument of his transforming power.

L. But, Mary, where is faith's exercise, if thus you dwell in open vision?

M. Mistaken again, Laura. Emphatically do I "walk by faith." You and your friend will *dwell* together; but will he not oftentimes be absent from your sight,—yea, the greater part of the time? Attention to your interest will require it. And do you not expect frequently, sometimes quite unlooked for, to study alone—to pursue your benevolent avocations, or perform your household duties, without his sensible presence? Will you not diligently prepare every thing for his return, and, expecting him constantly, arrange your attire, your house, your plans, that, whensoever he comes, you may be found watching, and ready to receive him?

L. You depicture truly, Mary.

M. And though he may be absent for hours, and sometimes for days, no evidence of his indwelling is removed; it is his *prepared home*; he knows you are anxious to receive him; you doubt not his return the *moment* the great purposes of his absence are accomplished. You are sustained by *perfect faith* all through his absence, and his spirit seems continually with you, to strengthen and encourage. Am I correct?

L. Perfectly so.

M. Well, Laura, as in the natural, so in the spiritual union. I have comparatively little of what you term "open vision." A great part of the time I do not see my Lord; to obtain some end of moral discipline, he is absent from me, and I am called to read, and act, and work, without his sensible presence. I feel his strengthening spirit. I rejoice in anticipation of his approving smile. I prepare myself for his *certain* return. For, Laura, I look within his house, and there exists no evidence that *his indwelling* is removed. It is as he fashioned it; as he arranged it; as he prepared it. It is his abode; and, by the dil-

igent use of the means he has abundantly provided, it grows more and more meet for his entrance, so that I know he will surely come; and, besides, I have his written promise, that, though he tarry, he will come in love and blessing.

L. But still, Mary, there seems but little conflict.

M. I was about to remark, Laura, that the severest part was yet untouched. Oftentimes, during his absence, I am called to struggle with mighty foes; "to wrestle with flesh and blood, with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places;" to encounter Satan with his perfect craft; to resist a thousand untoward influences which press on every side. It requires a mighty spiritual energy; for I am ever tempted by fears to despond, to doubt my Lord's approval; but, through grace thus far, I have overcome. Now, Laura, have I not work to do?—conflict to endure? Find you any room for the repose of indolence, for the indulgence of moral lethargy? Rather am I not just now clothed with the perfect Christian armor, and prepared to do effectual service for the God of our salvation? O, dearest, man only knows the might of man when the Divinity stirs within, reclaiming him from the enervating influences of sin, and restoring him to the enjoyment of a moral Eden made glorious by redeeming grace. But the shades of evening are falling around us, and I cannot longer dwell on this. Do you still think you *know Jesus*, Laura?

L. Not—O not—as I know my earthly friend, dear Laura.

M. Are you willing to use the means for a more intimate acquaintance—to take as much pains as you have to perfect an earthly friendship?

L. I pray that I may be aroused to think and feel on this subject, Mary. Earth has strong hold upon me; but this moment I feel an awakening resolve. Pray for me, my dear friend, that permanent impressions may be resolved into vigorous action.

They knelt; and Mary prayed that they

might know him, and the power of his resurrection; that they might grow in grace, in the knowledge and love of their Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. IMOGEN.

The Experience of a Baptist Lady.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Having been absent from town, I did not receive your very kind letter until to-day. I feel grateful for the assurance that I am not forgotten, especially as it awakens the hope that, when supplication is made at the throne of grace, for unworthy, weak and ignorant disciples of Christ, I may be *then* remembered. In answer to your inquiries, I trust I can say, I still feel it is the "Christian's privilege to abide in Christ." I rejoice in "the fulness of his salvation." With humility and self-abasement, I would acknowledge the wonderful mercy and unchanging love of God, in that he has not left me without an evidence that in me "his love has been perfected." Every time I hear this testimony, such language seems to mean more than ever before; yet I think the Spirit bears witness within me that it is my privilege to indulge the pleasing hope that it is true. But it is all of grace—free grace! I am surprised that any one can, for a moment, believe that a hope so divine is calculated to foster pride, or a feeling of self-dependence, since all the glory of this *present* salvation belongs to Christ, as much as that of *final* salvation. You ask whether I have "made advances in conformity to Christ." I am at a loss how to reply. Privileged with such a book of precepts and promises as the Bible, and with such an interpreter as the Holy Spirit, its great author, I wonder I cannot unhesitatingly say, I am advancing even rapidly, in the divine life. I hope, however, my way is onward and upward. At the close of every day I feel more capable of serving God than the day before; and sometimes even in the course of an hour my heart is so enlarged

that I feel as if it would not be full, if I did not love God more than I did an hour before. I am aware these are simple expressions, but I find it difficult to express heavenly feelings by earthly language.

These seasons in which I have been conscious of receiving much strength in a short time, are not always during the performance of religious duties, so called; (I am, however, almost persuaded to believe that all duties are religious;) but often when engaged in the common avocations of life. Since "the life that I live is not of myself," and divine grace assists me to perform duty "as to the Lord," every thing presents a religious aspect. Nature is, as it were, transparent, showing, through its outward surface, the hand of a great Designer. Material things bear a spiritual stamp. Events, even the most minute, no longer appear accidental. The Lord is ever with me. This moment I feel he owns me, so unworthy, as one of his own children. Once, I did not feel so, except in seasons of special enjoyment; now it is abiding. O yes, I do feel now more confidence in the hope that I am advancing, or rather am being advanced, towards the heavenly Jerusalem. I seem like a babe carried in the arms of my Savior, or, if at any time trying to walk in the narrow way, upheld by his powerful hand, rather than like one able to run the Christian race. I hope I am in the right path. One evidence on which my hope rests is, that it "shines brighter and brighter," and seems to be leading to perfect day. The Lord has been gracious, not only in watering my soul with his rich grace, but in sending out his light and truth among the dear people with whom I am connected. Several of the sisters are favorably disposed towards the doctrine of Christian Perfection, and I hope one or two have experienced the blessing. We do not meet with opposition; there is no excitement; but the truth seems to be working silently, though I hope effectually. We are in the habit of holding meetings for prayer, as you suggested in your letter;

and though sometimes but two are thus met together, we feel a confidence in pleading the promise. I have become some acquainted with sister H., a member of the Methodist Church, and occasionally meet with sister B., when I stray into a class meeting; both of whom appear interested in the subject.

A few months after my mind was brought into the full liberty of the gospel, I subscribed for *Zion's Herald*, in order to avail myself of the articles inserted upon the subject of sanctification. There I saw a notice of the periodical you mention, and have taken it ever since its commencement. It has been indeed a "guide" to inexperienced travellers like me. I enjoy such kind of reading better than any other. One sentence, breathing the spirit of holiness, I find more profitable, than pages such I should once have considered truly religious. The "*Herald*" furnishes, weekly, some delicious crumbs; the "*Guide*" brings a rich monthly repast; and, more than all, the Bible supplies an unfailing store of, I had almost said, angel's food. It would be strange indeed if I did not grow some; it is strange I do not increase more rapidly in knowledge, devotedness, and every Christian grace. But notwithstanding these things, I often feel the need of some counsellor who knows by experience that the blood of Jesus is able to "cleanse from all unrighteousness," and who has been a long time in this way. I think it is my desire to be conformed entirely to the image of Christ. I would not be contented with the name of Christian, nor with the hope of being a Christian; I wish to be all that God requires. I thank you for the interest you express in my spiritual welfare. I should very highly prize anything from you by way of counsel or encouragement. If, in this communication, you perceive anything, either in spirit or doctrine, which you think erroneous or any appearance of tendency to error, I should be obliged if you will inform me. I wish to be "reproved, rebuked, exhorted." Pray for me, that I

may be useful and kept by the power of God. I have much faith in the efficacy of prayer. Questions connected with the subject of sanctification and a holy life, have occasionally arisen in my mind, which I have been unable to answer. It was my intention to avail myself of this opportunity to ask your opinion respecting some of them but my sheet is nearly filled, and I have not room. I must ask you to excuse the length of this epistle, especially as it is all about myself. But the consideration that it is an answer to inquiries concerning my religious feelings, must be my apology.

Respectfully, c.

The Image of Christ.

THE image of Christ, drawn by the pencil of the Spirit, to which Scripture directs our aims, is painted in such colors that it is impossible often to contemplate it without its irresistibly affecting the heart. As the bodily eye that has looked long at the sun, retains a bright image of it, so the spiritual eye that gazes steadfastly upon the face of Christ, is filled with light. We carry this image with us wherever we go, and it blends with all our thoughts and actions. It never ceases to be a study to us, ever growing more bright and beautiful as we gaze upon it, revealing in contrast more and more the darkness of our own hearts.

SHALL I BE ONE OF THEM?—How divinely full of glory and pleasure shall that hour be, when all the millions of mankind, that have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb of God, shall meet together and stand around him with every tongue and every heart full of praise! How astonishing will be the glory of that day, when all the saints shall join together in one common song of gratitude and love, and of everlasting thankfulness to their Redeemer! With what unknown delight and inexpressible satisfaction, shall all that are saved from the ruins of sin and hell, address the Lamb that was slain, and rejoice in his presence.—[Watts.]

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1857.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

A FEW WORDS TO ONE SEEKING CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

WHY do you desire to be made holy? Do you seek the joys of the great salvation? These may well attract you. It is a good symptom when the soul lifts up itself from low desires and low pleasures, and comes to look with longing on the pastures where the Good Shepherd refreshes and regales his flock. God has appointed that the Holy Ghost shall be the Comforter of the church. David prayed, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation," and Paul says, "Rejoice evermore." Indeed, "the joy of the Lord is your strength," and the kingdom of heaven is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Still, you will need to be watchful over your heart, lest it be found seeking the pleasures of holiness rather than holiness itself. You will expose yourself to several dangers, if you do not keep the simple idea of purity, as distinguished from all its attendants, clearly before your mind. To speak, if possible, a little more plainly, should you seek *joy* instead of holiness, you will be likely to suppose yourself in such a spiritual condition from day to day, as shall seem to you to be compatible with your emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, at the time. Now our emotions are exceedingly various, and they change their character, often, from circumstances which have clearly nothing to do with our religious state at the time. Hence you will be constantly in danger of either overrating or underrating your state, if you fix your eye on your emotions as the criterion by which you are to judge yourself. This will embarrass you both in seeking and in retaining the great salvation, by diverting your attention from the voice of the Witnessing Spirit, and directing it to a variety of false tests.

Again, Do you seek the *honor* of holiness? Here again you will need to be on your guard. We would not say that such honor is of no account. It is "honor that descends from

God." To stand accredited before the Church and the world, as a person of pure intentions and holy aspirations, is to occupy a very desirable position for the great ends of our Christian calling. Holiness of heart and life will most certainly give a man influence and position in the Church, sooner or later, and they are proper objects of desire when they are sought, for the single reason that they afford the soul larger opportunities of glorifying God. But, though the desire for the honor that attends a holy life may be not only innocent, but highly praiseworthy, when thus guarded, as being identical with the largest desires for the glory of God, yet, dear brother, don't seek holiness for its honors. If you do, you will be in danger of shrinking whenever God shall be about to lead you to publicly espouse unpopular truth, or to reprove wickedness in high places, or to attack, single-handed, some rampart of sin, or to oppose sin or error among your special friends.

In a word, seek holiness on its *own account*. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Let your cry be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "O that I knew where I might find *Him*." "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, *with thy likeness*." Don't be solicitous about the deeps of sorrow, or the ecstasies of joy, to which God may lead you. "Take no [anxious] thought for the morrow,"—its health—its friendships—its life even. Leave all in the hands of God. Cling to the cross. Tarry at the fountain. Look to Jesus for the transforming power. It is coming—it *is coming*! Lo, the baptism of love and power is here, to be received by simple faith; for

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE FINANCIAL PANIC.—Since our last issue, the country has been called to sustain one of the severest monetary panics that can be remembered since 1837. To many, the event has been wholly unexpected, and the occasion has become the subject of universal discussion. Our recent visit to the West convinced us that we were on the verge of a crisis, and the opinion formed then remains unchanged, that, since

it must come, the sooner the better. It will take some time for confidence to be restored; but, when this is done, business will quickly revive, and be prosecuted on a much safer basis. Before this is done, however, fortunes will be lost and fortunes will be made. Amid these general vicissitudes, how few, comparatively, will see the hand of God in them! That the evil may be traceable to human extravagance, cupidity, and want of proper business foresight as secondary causes, we admit; but, at the same time, affirm that the consequences that follow in the train of these vices are the expression of the divine displeasure against them. Happy for us as a people if we can realize this truth, and be humbled in view of our past sinfulness. Let those who have been called to suffer in this pressure, perhaps the loss of all things, remember that the Power that setteth up one and putteth down another, delights not in the afflictions of his creatures, but seeks, through these chastenings, to make them partakers of his holiness. O that it may be the means of bringing us to his feet, and of subjecting our desires for earthly treasure to that which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, or human foes destroy or steal. We are happy in being able to say to our friends, that, while we feel the pressure, in common with all, we have been mercifully spared the extremities to which many have been driven. This we owe, under God, to the promptness with which our subscribers responded to the August bills. There are still, however, large amounts of arrearage which must be remitted in order to meet with promptness the liabilities of the future. At present, we are suffering most from the ruinous rates of exchange, and the failures of banks, etc. Discounts on Southern and Western money at present are from 10 to 25 per cent. This will show our friends the necessity of being particular as to what they send. Small amounts should be, if possible, remitted in gold, well secured by paste to the paper on which the letter is written.

ARTICLES FOR THE GUIDE.—We hope that our friends, to whom God has given a talent for writing, will not forget that it was bestowed on them for use. Well written articles on varied themes pertaining to the higher life, would be thankfully received. Communications enough are sent to us; but the bulk of them are on one topic, viz., religious experience; and many of these are very elementary in their character,

and put together in such a form as to require re-writing if presented at all to the public eye. We admit the value of written experience to illustrate the divine dealings, and stimulate to higher attainments, and would encourage such communications; but there is no topic on which greater care should be exercised in writing than on this. Will our friends indulge us then with a word of counsel. Avoid prolixity. Remember that the experience we want relates to the subject of *holiness*. Guard against repetition, and avoid all detail that is not necessary to make an important feature of your experience plainly understood. If not accustomed to writing for the press, submit your article to the eye of some judicious friend for revision. Above all, write under the influence of the blessed theme you are endeavoring to illustrate and promote.

WESLEY'S PLAIN ACCOUNT OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—A friend suggests that we publish Mr. Wesley's Plain Account in every volume of the Guide, for the benefit of those new subscribers who have not the means of procuring many books. Perhaps this would be too often; but we have concluded to insert it once at least in serial articles, with an analysis and notes which will add very much to its value. The first of the series will appear in the present number.

NEW BOOKS.—We would call attention to the new books from our press, advertised on Guide cover. The Rev. C. Manger's work on Spiritualism is emphatically a book for the times. Wherever the authority of the Bible is respected, it will furnish a sure antidote to the spread of this device of the devil.

The Casket Library will make a beautiful holiday gift,—one that a pious parent can have no scruples in bestowing.

A NOVEL PROJECT.—Rev. T. H. Stockton, of Philadelphia, is now issuing the New Testament in serial numbers, as a PERIODICAL. Matthew and Mark have come to hand. They are done up in flexible cloth covers, gold stamped and gilt edged, and besides the sacred text, contain indexes, etc., Nelson's colored prints, etc., etc. Price fifty cents.

Address the Publisher, at Philadelphia.

The True Woman,

OR,

LIFE AND HAPPINESS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY JESSE T. PECK.

CARLTON & PORTER, 200 Mulberry St., N. Y.

THE following extract will prepare the minds of our readers for this important work. It is taken from Chapter IV. The True Woman in the Church.

SECTION II. PIETY.

TRUE PIETY RENOVATES THE SOUL.

RELIGION is a moral state, and a life. We must guard our readers against the supposition that, in true conversion, and joining the church, the work is accomplished. The Holy Spirit, admitted, encouraged, and sustained by a lively faith, cleanses the soul from its moral defilement, and thus purifies the very source of thought, and feeling, and purpose. He commences, it is true, by subjugating the evils which have been so formidable a foe to God and man, and proceeds gradually in the work of purification; but, if allowed to complete his purpose, he takes away the last and least remains of carnal nature, answering the prayer of an ancient penitent: "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" and realizing the Savior's richest beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

By this power of inward grace, the affections are taken off from self, and raised to the true and living God, an object worthy the undying love of woman. Genuine humility now takes the place of inordinate self-esteem. Submission to the just restraints of parental authority is graceful and easy. A quiet yielding to the force of trials and crosses which are inevitable, takes the place of fretfulness and angry resentment. A just view of her own faults chastens and subdues her whole bearing, and reduces to a reasonable standard her expectations from the world, and her demands upon her friends. She is now

VOL. XXXII.—221.

in no respect extravagant in her estimate of her own personal charms; and looks with justice upon the excellences, and compassion upon the defects, of others. Idleness is incompatible with her sense of moral obligation to God and the world, and she is therefore prompt to seize upon those opportunities of usefulness which are within her reach, and prosecutes them with becoming industry and energy. She feels the attractions of the great world of truth before her, and, by diligent study, she seeks to acquire and appropriate the facts and principles in nature, in history, and science, which are available to her powers of mind and her condition of life. And especially does she feel the charms of devotion. She lingers, with hallowed delight, at the throne of grace, and, like Mary of Bethany, pours her tears at her Savior's feet. She gazes, with a strong and steady faith, into his deep heart of love, till she is "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord." Her purified affections throb in unison with his, and she looks out with purest benevolence upon a suffering world. Her feet hasten to the scenes of distress, and her hands are stretched out in compassion to the poor, the sick, and the dying.

All this is the legitimate result of inward purity, which nothing but the grace of God can impart. Every benign expression, every act of holy love which gives the true and distinguishing charm to female character, must be traced to that sanctification of heart which is the principal fact of genuine piety. If, for this reason alone, we should therefore say, that piety is the most essential element of the true woman.

TRUE PIETY IS INDISPENSABLE TO THE
BALANCE OF MIND.

It is possible to educate mind so as to give undue development to some of its tendencies, and to leave it radically defective in others. The excitants which act only upon the intellect, impart masculine power to the clear and practical reason, but

leave the heart undeveloped and capricious. The constant use of the imagination destroys the appreciation of reality, and creates a morbid attachment to ideal characters and scenes. An habitual indulgence of the feelings softens the spirit, and disqualifies it for the stern duties of thought and reason.

Indeed, in the general modes of education, there is perpetual exposure to development in parts, to extreme manifestations of some favorite tendencies of mind; hence it is hard to find, as the finished work of the schools, a perfectly balanced character. Great attention may have been given to this very point in the nursery and the boarding school; judicious lectures may have been delivered upon a symmetrical education, the favorite study may have been discouraged and even prohibited, and the unwilling pupil been forced, for months and years together, to drill herself in matters indifferent, or positively offensive to her tastes; but still there is something wanting which mere scholastic training will never supply; some grand, connecting chain which will bind the whole together; some secret, all-pervading force, which, with superhuman power, will check the wanton growth of passion on the one hand, and stimulate and encourage the neglected and reluctant virtues on the other. Piety alone gives the true equilibrium of mind. It breathes the living spirit into those departments of the soul which are naturally dead, and brings up the true moral nature in counterpoise of the animal, and thinking, and feeling man. It permeates the whole being with a healthful, kindly, energizing power, and gives unity to the capacity and the development of mind, by reducing the thoughts, the feelings, and the purposes all to a single standard, and that simple, active goodness.

Educate woman in any other way, in all the ways devised by man, and she will inevitably present a want of balance melancholy to the eye of the Christian beholder. Strong she may be in mental power and

scientific energy, polished and elegant in manners, where no question of true virtue is involved, no demand is made upon the soul for those nice moral distinctions which lie far back in the obscurity of thought and feeling, just forming for future unknown power in the conflicts of life; but, in all this, she is weak and helpless as a child. One touch of misfortune blights all her hopes, withers her joy, and fills her with forebodings of future ill.

It matters not what may be the gravity of mind in all other departments; levity here is ruin; deferred, protracted, it may be, but still ultimate, inevitable ruin. Sooner or later, the fearful poise will appear, and the catastrophe will not be far in the distance. When troubles come, they will attack the heart, which, in its weakness, will invite the attack. When darkness gathers around the future, there will be no light from within to throw its rays athwart the gloom profound. We must, then, insist upon the paramount importance of piety in constructing the character of the true woman.

TRUE PIETY GIVES GRACE TO THE PERSON AND CHARM TO THE MANNERS.

It is a principle which admits of no concealment; a holy, living, inward brightness, which shines out through every avenue of the soul, glows upon the cheek, beams from the eye, and quivers upon the lip. The highest style of beauty is moral. It is real and changeless as the structure of the soul; while the mere beauty of color and form may be marred by the slightest misfortune, or attack of disease, and must, from necessity, fade under the power of age, like the blossom that withers when the moment of its splendor has passed away. Long after the superficial charms of nature have gone forever, the true loveliness of the sanctified heart may shine in every feature, and appear in every movement. With what admirable grace does true simplicity sit in the place once occupied by evident art and ill-concealed deception! How com-

manding that air of reliance upon an almighty arm for support, in the place of pretending confidence in mere human power! How dignified the expression of humility instead of empty self-conceit! How charming the glow of benevolence and love which has superseded that offensive devotion to self, which governed every look and prompted every utterance! Nay, the most ordinary features, and the utmost plainness of manner, have their ample compensation in those beauties of character which originate in a sense of divine approbation, and which reveal, in every expression of countenance and life, the divine characteristics and sacred harmonies of the sanctified heart. In contrast, the light of natural beauty and flashing diamonds pales, and is utterly valueless. When, under the rude assaults of disease, or poverty, or age, these all turn to ashes, like the apples of Sodom, the beauties of religion will shine with new and increasing lustre. Let us, then, again assert, that piety is the most essential characteristic of the true woman.

A Word to the Justified.

BY MRS. RHODE H. LEONARD.

DEAR READER,—If you belong to the class addressed, I have a word of earnest entreaty to you. Examine your heart with care, pray for the light of the Holy Spirit to illuminate its every recess, that you may ascertain your state as it is in the sight of Heaven. Pass not lightly over any deviation from the path of rectitude. If, after this examination, you find that, instead of overcoming your spiritual foes, you are daily brought into thralldom by them, be sure, that, by thus yielding the ground to the enemy, you forfeit the favor of Heaven, for, "Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin." If, instead of having the Spirit of Christ, you find yourself possessed of the spirit of bigotry, con-

tention, fault-finding, or trifling, you are not the character addressed; you are not in a state of justification. There is another work for you to do, namely, that of repentance.

But if, upon close examination, you find that you are in the favor of God, and are making vigorous efforts for advancement in the path of life, I urge you to go on unto perfection. It matters not whether you have been in the way many years, or only a few months; it is your privilege to enter at once into that happy state, where you will experience a rest from all sin. You may immediately enter into a closer communion with Him, and prove what is the length, and breadth, height, and depth, of the love of God.

There are important reasons for acting with promptness and decision in this matter. There is a work for you to perform in the world. You are leaving an example behind you which will influence the destiny of others. Are you prepared to do your whole duty in a manner that shall be acceptable to God? Are your influence and example altogether such as they ought to be? If all your powers were unreservedly consecrated to the service of God, would you become more than fitted to do your duty? Certainly not. Then consider what you are losing, by putting it off one day—one hour. Your brethren in the Church, and the cause of the Redeemer, suffer in consequence of your delay. Not only is it your duty to be holy; it is your glorious privilege. Christ has already purchased the blessing for you. Your part is to make the required consecration, and reach forth the hand of faith, and take the prize. Do this, and, upon the wings of love, you may soar into a fairer, purer region, where your feet may tread in the highway of holiness. Thus, walking in the light, you may experience those deep joys which well up from the very depths of the soul, and hold such communion with the King of kings, as only those know who live entirely devoted to God. Will you not now become a wit-

ness of his power, to save unto the uttermost? True, it will cost you much self-denial. You will have difficulties to encounter, and crosses to bear. Take all these things into the account. Can you, on the contrary, estimate the benefit that you will reap from such a course? Ask him who has pursued it. He will tell you that it is a fountain of joy, springing up in the soul.

Holiness.

REMARKS from a sermon from Rev. C. G. Finney, reported for the Oberlin Evangelist:

3. Many who know they must become holy, are yet very ignorant of the way in which they are to become so. Having begun in the Spirit, they try to become perfect in the flesh. Their reliance is more on resolutions, than on Christ embraced by faith. A leading minister of the Presbyterian church, not long since, heard a sermon showing that men are sanctified by receiving Christ into the heart by faith. He remarked—"We are just beginning to receive this doctrine. We have a long time been trying to become holy by resolution."

Of many it is true that all their efforts are by works of law. They seem not to know that all the efforts they make without Christ avail nothing save only sin.

4. Pardon without holiness is impossible, in this sense: that the heart must turn from its sins to God before it can be forgiven. Repentance is really nothing more or less than turning from sin to holiness; and who does not know that the Scriptures teach that repentance must precede pardon? The *idea* that God can reverse it, works only ruin to those who accept it.

5. The command to be holy implies the practicability of becoming so. I meet with some professed Christians who on this subject have really no hope. They feel the need of being holy, but they are in despair of attaining it before they die. Now these Christians claim to be *believers*, but they are not. The grand difficulty in their case

is, that they do not believe God's word of promise. They have no faith that men can become holy in this life, yet they say they believe in Christ. Yet what is Christ if not a Savior? A Savior from what if not from *sin*? Is it not expressly said—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins?" What is Christ to do? Does he save his people in their sins? Shall he not rather save them *from* their sins, and "sanctify them wholly," and "redeem them unto himself as a peculiar people, zealous of good works?" Does it not seem strange that so many profess to be believers in Christ, but yet avow that they do not believe the plainest things said in the Bible of Christ? They claim to be believers! What! are they believers, gospel-believers, and yet do not believe what Christ says! Nay, more, they tell you it is dangerous to believe that you can be holy in this world! Said a Unitarian minister—"How strange that the Orthodox should object to sanctification in this life!" He had been reading the views presented here, and said, "Why can they object? If they profess to believe that Jesus is a divine Savior, and that in him all fulness dwells, why should they object? They should either give up their doctrine of a divine Savior, and deny that he is able to save to the uttermost, and abandon their ideas of a divine Redeemer, or admit your views to be true,"—and certainly there seems to be force in his reasoning.

I have never been more struck with this great idea—salvation from sinning, by Jesus Christ—than I have during the past winter. I have found it everywhere as I read the New Testament, and indeed in the Old Testament also. O how strange that the church should be fighting the idea of becoming holy through Jesus Christ! How strange that they should insist that he will do no such thing! Is it not wonderful?

6. Christ's promises and relations to his people imply a pledge of all the help we need. The entire gospel scheme is adapted to men—not in the sense of conniving at

their weakness, but of really helping them out of it. It does not say—"Go on in your sins;" does not smooth this path by saying—"No man can live sinless in this world;" but it says—"Take hold of Christ's strength and he will help you." It does not encourage you to hold on in sinning, but it urges you to take hold of Christ for all the help you need to overcome the practical difficulties in your way. Its language is—"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

While you affirm your moral obligation, you are more and more impressed with your moral weakness. But this weakness is what Christ counterbalances with his strength. In the extremest weakness, his strength finds largest scope and fullest development. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be"—when thou shalt thoroughly cast thyself on the arm of the Mighty One.

Hence, the command to be holy is no apology for despondency, but should really encourage us to take hold of the strength promised to meet human weakness.

7. God sympathizes with every honest effort we make to become holy. Of course he does; how can he fail to do so? Whenever he sees a moral struggle in any soul, it interests him exceedingly. He sympathizes infinitely more deeply than we do. And yet some of us know how deeply we sympathize where we see a convert getting hold of the idea of sanctification by Christ. In some such cases I have known the joy of older Christians to be really inexpressible. When I have seen gospel ministers getting hold of the idea of sanctification and struggling to reach the *experience* of that idea, I have said to myself—If we can feel so deeply in view of such a struggle, how much more must God feel! Do you not think God feels? Ah, yes, with every pulse of his infinite and boundless sensibility!

8. If we become partakers of his holiness we are made sure of the river of his pleasures. This comes both of the nature of the case and the revealed laws of his kingdom. Holiness becomes God's house forever. And

while it is fearfully true that without holiness, no man shall see the Lord, it is delightfully sure that the holy shall see him and enjoy spiritual blessedness in his presence.

9. All men will sometimes feel the necessity of this holiness. In some cases, it is felt most deeply. Last winter, I became acquainted with a woman, hopefully a Christian, but who had heard very little on this subject. She had been converted under circumstances where the great desolation and moral darkness became the immediate occasion of her awakening. From such surroundings, she had struggled up into the light. Yet when she came to hear the real gospel, and the way of holiness was opened to her mind, it was wonderful to see how she did grasp and devour this blessed bread of life! It met a great void in her spiritual nature, and her soul exulted in it with exceeding joy.

You often feel these struggles. You know you need something more and higher. You cannot be satisfied with your present state; you are conscious something is wrong between your soul and God, and you have a deep conviction that you need more holiness. Why then do you not lay hold of this hope set before you in the gospel?

10. There is no rest, short of being holy. Many try to find rest in something less, but they are sure to fail. They suspend further efforts and would fain believe they shall have rest where they are; but all such hope is vain. There can be no rest short of coming into sympathy with God, and into spiritual union with Jesus Christ.

11. Many insanely suppose that, when they come to die, they shall be sanctified and prepared for heaven. Let us sit down by the bedside of such a man—one who expects to be sanctified in death. What is he doing? What progress is he making? Would you speak kindly to him and inquire after his spiritual progress? But you must not allude to religion—the doctor would not like to have you. He says it might retard the man's recovery. He

wants his mind to be perfectly quiet and unthinking. It will not do therefore even to whisper the name of Jesus! And is it supposable that this dying man is taking hold vigorously of that blessed name which you may not even whisper in his ear? Is he gaining the victory over the world by faith in the Lamb of God? Do you judge from what you see and hear that his soul is in a mighty struggle with the powers of selfishness and sin,—a struggle in which faith in Jesus insures the victory? Ah! he sinks—he goes down lower and lower; sometimes all consciousness seems to be lost;—and can you think that, in these dying hours, his soul is entering into sympathy with Christ—is bursting away from the bands of temptation, and taking hold with a mighty grasp of those exceeding great and precious promises? I do not ask you what you admit as to the possibility of miracles on a death-bed; but I ask if you think the circumstances are favorable for that mental effort which the nature of the case demands in renouncing sin and in receiving Jesus Christ by faith for sanctification?

12. No man has any right to hope unless he is really committed to holiness, and in all honesty and earnestness intends to live so. If he does not intend to live a holy life, let him know that he is not in the way to heaven. If he is in his sins, and indulges himself in sinning, by what right or reason can he suppose himself travelling towards the abodes of infinite purity? If he hopes for heaven at the end of such a life, he is egregiously self-deceived.

Is not every person in this house most fully convinced that he must become holy if he would be saved? Notwithstanding all the looseness of your views on this subject, do you not know that you must be holy as you would find a home in heaven?

Do you believe that in any practical sense you really can become holy? Doubtless you do;—for where would you be if you knew you must be holy and yet know equally well that you cannot be? You are not in this dilemma. You cannot bring

yourself to think that the ever blessed God has ever shut up his children in a dilemma so hopeless.

The case with you probably is, that you know you ought to become holy, but you are not ready to be just now. If I should call on the younger classes, they would say—I have so much to do, how can I? Certainly I am not ready now. The middle-aged also are equally unprepared yet. The great evil is that men will not act on their own convictions. They *have* convictions; they know what they ought to do, and what it is infinitely wicked for them not to do, yet they do it not. There they stop. They stop, not in the point of gospel rest, but in the point where impenitent sinners often stop—convicted of sin, but not acting up to their convictions of duty. Suppose one should come to you and try to hire you to make no further effort to become more holy; could you be hired to any such committal? It would astound you very much, as it would have done when you were first convicted of sin, if some one had tried to hire you to defer all effort to come to Christ for a score of years longer. You would have cried out—"Get thee behind me, Satan,—don't tempt me to sell my soul!" Satan took a more cunning course. He only said—Waive it just now; let it lie over till you find a convenient season. So offered, the bait took, and you swallowed it, and so thousands are putting off their effort to become holy. You would be horror-stricken with the proposal to put off all effort to become holy for ten years longer; but the thought of putting over for an indefinite time, supposed to be not very long, does not startle you at all.

O my hearers, what shall the end be of such procrastination? May it not be that in your real heart you have no love of holiness, and have never sought it as the pearl of great price? Can it be well for you to go on still in a course that leads you farther every day from God? Will you forget that he is holy, and that, if you would behold his face in peace, you too *must become holy*?

"I am not of the World."

IN one sense it was *not* so. Jesus did not seek to maintain his holiness intact and unspotted by avoiding contact with the world. He mingled familiarly with its busy crowds. He frowned on none of its innocent enjoyments; he fostered, by his example, no love of seclusion; he gave no warrant or encouragement to mortified pride, or disappointed hopes, to rush from its duties; yet, with all this, what a halo of heavenliness encircled his pathway through it! "I am from above," was breathed in his every look, and word, and action, from the time when he lay in the slumbers of his guileless infancy in his Bethlehem cradle, until he said, "I leave the world, and go to my Father!" He had moved uncontaminated through its varied scenes, like the sunbeam which, whatever it touches, remains as unsullied, as when it issues from its great fountain.

But though himself in his sinless nature "unconquerable" by temptation—immu- tably secure from the world's malignant influences, it is all worthy of note, as an ex- ample to us, that he never unnecessarily braved these. He knew the seducing spell that same world would exercise on his peo- ple, of whom, with touching sympathy, he says, "*These* are in the world!" He knew *many* who would be involved and ensnared in its subtle worship, who, "mind- ing earthly things," would seek to slake their thirst at polluted streams!

Reader! the great problem you have to solve, Jesus has solved for you—to be "*in* the world, and yet not *of* it." To abandon it would be a dereliction of duty. It would be servants deserting their work; soldiers flying from the battle-field. Live in it, that, while you live, the world may feel the better for you. *Die*, that, when you die, the world—the *Church*—may feel your loss, and cherish your example? On its cares and duties, its trusts and responsibilities, its employments and enjoyments, inscribe the motto, "The world passeth away!"

Beware of every thing in it that would tend to deaden spirituality of heart; unfitting the mind for serious thought, lowering the standard of Christian duty, and inducing a perilous conformity to its false manners, habits, tastes, and principles. As the best antidote to the love of the world, let the inner *vacuum* of the heart be filled with the love of God. Seek to feel the nobility of your regenerated nature; that you have a nobler heritage to care for than the transitory glories which encircle "an indi- visible point, a fugitive atom." How can I mix with the potsherds of the earth? Once "I lay among the pots;" now, I am "like a dove, whose wings are covered with sil- ver, and her feathers with yellow gold!" "Stranger; pilgrim; sojourner:"—"my *citizenship* in heaven!" Why covet tinsel honors and glories? Why be solicitous about the smiles of that which knew not (nay, which frowned on) its Lord? "Paul calls it," says an old writer, "*schema* (a mathematical figure,) which is a mere notion and nothing in substance."—[Thomas Brooks.

Live above its corroding cares and anxie- ties; remembering the description Jesus gives of his own true people, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world!"—[Mind of Jesus.

PERFECT LOVE.—"*I will bring the blind by a way they knew not.*"—Isaiah xlii. 16.

"I HAD," remarked Dr Olin, "difficulties respecting our own theoretical views of the doctrine—perfect love. I even joined the Conference with exceptions to it, and stated my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the Con- ference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God *to lead me into the truth*. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned, I lost my children, my wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone, with

scarcely any thing remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centred in him. My will became absorbed in his. I sunk, as it were, into the blessing of perfect love, and found, in my own consciousness, *the reality* of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."

To One called of God to Preach the Gospel.

BY MARY STANLEY.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

"Go ye," however high your name,
Though written on the scroll of fame;
"Go ye," however low your lot,
Though by the busy world forgot.
My brother, Jesus speaks to thee,
"Take up thy cross, and follow me."

"To all the world," no matter where
Their various habitations are;
Or what their color, race, or name,
Or high, or low, 'tis all the same:
In regal halls, or peasant's cot,
No soul is by our Lord forgot.

"To every creature;" none so blind,
They may not full salvation find;
Or deaf, they may not hear the call
Which Jesus Christ extends to all;
Or sunk so deep in sin and wo,
His blessed love they may not know.

"Go preach my Gospel;" wide diffuse
A free salvation's cheering news:
Proclaiming to a ruined race
How rich, how full, the Savior's grace;
Pouring on spirits dark the light,
That saves from error's deadly night.

I will be with you evermore,
Till thy freed spirit upward soar,
To shine a star, forever bright,
In mansions of eternal light:
And swell the everlasting song
That rises from the blood-washed throng.

HOLINESS.—Truly it is said, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" but this I know, that without the Lord no man shall see holiness.

As a little Child.

THE Savior made much of little children. When the disciples rebuked those that brought them unto him, he was much displeased, and said, "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not;" and then gave a good reason—"for of such is the kingdom of God." It belongs to such; and whosoever shall not receive it as a little child receives it, he shall not enter therein. Do not the things of children belong to children? And is not the kingdom of God to us, made up of the things of the holy child Jesus? Why then do we not receive these things of his more freely and cheerfully, and find our life made up of them, and our chiefest joy in the fellowship of them? Is it not true, that every one who is really converted and has become as a little child, does receive them, and find their fellowship better than thousands of gold and silver?

New-born babes, by their nature, desire their proper sustenance. They grow when they have it, and die if denied it. So every one who is born again into a proper little child, by his new nature, desires the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. He receives, with the meekness of a little child, the ingrafted word; which is able to make him live and grow as the child Jesus grew. Being a child, he fellowships the things of the child Jesus, and chooses to be as his Master and not above him. He counts it enough for him, as a new-born babe, to be towards God in Christ as he was towards the mother that bare him, in the days of the infancy of his flesh. He remembers how he hung helpless on her arm, how he drew life from her breast, how he looked full of faith and love into her face, and lived without a doubt or fear, while folded in her embrace. He remembers how little he desired then but the sincere milk, how willing he was to be meek and lowly, how easy it was to believe in this mother, that was to him his all in all, how fearless of all evil he was if only she was bending over him, and how far

from resisting her will he was in every thing. Surely, he says, she was my life. And can this mighty God come and be to me now in spirit just what my mother was in flesh? Does he offer any such thing? Does he propose any such relation? Is it possible, that I am invited to become toward Christ as I was toward my mother? Is this the gospel? God come so nigh, so gentle, so full of love, so ready to keep, so able to save, so mighty to defend, so willing to feed my spirit, to guide my heart into his love, and to caress away my doubts and fears! It is enough. I'll be as a little child. I'll henceforth count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, as the way, the truth, and the life. He became a child for my sake, and shall I be too proud to become a child for his sake? He consented to "grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground," before his Father, and shall I seek a better growth than he? He learned to say "Of mine own self I can do nothing." Shall my heart put in a claim of more ability than he? He sought not his own glory, and shall I seek mine!—when all my glory is my shame, and all his glory was cheerfully laid aside that he might bear my shame! He came not to do his own will, but to say, surrounded by a world of rebels, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God; in the volume of the book it is written of me; and here I am, as a little child—thy will be done, not on Mount Tabor only, but in the garden, and on Mount Calvary too." And shall my will be counted of more worth than his? And shall I desire its indulgence more than I determine that it shall be swallowed up with his in God's? The little child whom the Savior took and set in their midst, was doubtless as other little children; and yet it was true that whosoever he was that humbled himself as that little child, the same was greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And what was true then is doubtless true now; and so, going on to Christian perfection, let us keep our eye on a little child, remembering that the

things which are revealed to babes and sucklings are hidden from the wise and prudent. And may the spirit of him who sent us the holy child Jesus, direct us in attending further the steps of one who is "as a little child." W. S.

Ye are not Your Own.

A PLEASANT thought! Then there is some one to whom I belong—who loves and cares for me—who will defend me, and right my wrongs. Then I need not feel as if I had got to take care of myself, or defend myself, and, when I am misunderstood, or falsely accused, I need not be in a hurry to justify myself.

Ye are not your own. How pleasant it is to feel that we belong to God; that we are his by creation and redemption, and also his by our own act of consecration! He undertakes for us. He will supply all our need—both temporal and spiritual. We may live like the birds—as happy and as secure. Whatever I do, wherever I go, let me think *I belong to God*, and all shall be done in him and for him. By this consideration, I may dignify and ennoble the petty duties of every-day life, and make them all so many expressions of my love to him.

I belong to God. Then I have no burdens to bear; he will bear them for me.

In a sense, I have nothing to do—for he worketh in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. *I belong to God.* Then he dwells in me by his Spirit, and all the fruits of the Spirit shall flow forth on their appropriate occasions. In me, by nature, dwelleth no good thing, but in me, by grace, dwelleth the Fountain of all good. "Now the fruits of the Spirit are these: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—[Friend of Virtue.

HUMILITY.—There is small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not a child-like humility at the starting-post.

Leaves from my Journal.

BY MARY STANLEY.

July 6th, 1856.—Last night, in the prayer meeting, the Lord greatly blessed my soul, but how can I find words to describe it? My soul was all praise, all glory. I bathed in the vast ocean of the love of God. O! the heights of adoring rapture into which my soul soared! Surely, a breeze from the heavenly Canaan wafted me along, and I was borne aloft on the gales of glory. The world seemed so little, so insignificant. One might well wish to be always on the mount of Transfiguration, to behold the glory of Christ, and thus become transformed into his lovely likeness; but I praise God that he has made me willing to follow Jesus, not only there, but into the garden, to weep with him: to the cross, to die with him. Let me suffer with him here, that I may reign with him in glory. This morning, Christ is precious, *so precious* to me. How I do love Jesus! He walks with me through the wilderness of this world. I lean upon his arm, and gaze on his beauty; and the sight is so enrapturing that, "I forget all time, and toil and care; labor is rest, and pain is sweet." Glory be to God. I do not heed the perils of the way. The light of his shining countenance, illumines the valley of sorrow; and the radiance of his smile, chases away the darkness of this world. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. His rod and his staff shall comfort me."

September 7th.—Three years ago this blessed day, the Lord gave me the evidence of my entire acceptance with him.

"He washed away my every stain,
And made my guilty nature clean."

From "all my filthiness, and from all my idols," he cleansed me; and filled my soul with pure and holy love. Glory be to his holy name, for this "perfect love that casteth out fear." Surely, during these

years, the candle of the Lord has shone round about my head. Amidst afflictions, and temptations, and changing circumstances, I have found the grace of God to be sufficient. I have received great blessings from God. Many times my soul has exulted in untold rapture, in silent awe, and adoring reverence. I have bowed before his face, and realized the full heaven of loving God alone. I have fixed my eye upon the prize at the end of the race, and the things of earth have ceased to charm me. "To its idle pomp, and fading joys," I bid a long adieu, and my soul rises up, and holds communion with Christ.

December 27th.—I have been passing through a season of temptations, and spiritual conflicts. The path of duty was not plain before me, and, a part of the time, I could only compare my situation to that of a person walking through a thick fog: sometimes the light shone in for a short time, then the clouds would roll over me again, and I could not see my way through. When, finally, my duty was made clear to me, and I settled down into the full resolve to do it at whatever cost, I awoke to the painful consciousness, that I had lost my spiritual power. I felt an inward consciousness, that I was altogether the Lord's, but there was a vacuum there that needed filling; and my longings after the fulness of the salvation of God became intense;—

"A glimpse of love could not suffice,
My soul for all his fulness cried; "

and its cryings would not be stilled, until the Lord came in power, and clothed me with salvation as with a garment. Last Saturday was a day that I shall long remember. During a great part of the day, I was in an agony of desire; I felt that I could not live without a revelation of the Lord to my soul. The night before I had received a blessing, but it did not satisfy me; it only seemed to increase my hungerings and thirstings; but, on Saturday evening, the Lord filled my soul, baptized me with the Holy Ghost and with power. He

came down in the little prayer-circle where I was, with such mighty displays of his love, and his glory, that some felt their strength to depart from them, and others shouted aloud the praises of God. Glory be to his name, he brought me out into a large place. Since that time I have felt strong in the Lord; "I dwell in the secret place of the Most High," and walk under the shadow of the great Rock. I can labor now for the salvation of others. Glory! glory! glory! All within me shouts the praise of God. For some time past, it has been a general season of trial with the Church. That special presence of God in our meetings, that continual revival, which we have enjoyed in other days, has not been vouchsafed to us, and we have been caused to cry out for leanness and barrenness of soul. But, the last week, some mercy-drops have fallen, and we are looking and praying for an abundant shower.

Entire Consecration.

BY REV. W. S. TURNER.

CONSECRATION, in the Bible sense, means to offer or devote any thing to the service and worship of God. God consecrates men and families to certain offices and positions in his church. He set apart, or consecrated, the Jews to be the depository of religious knowledge for the rest of the world. He consecrated the house or family of Aaron, and the tribe of Levi, to the priesthood. But the consecration we are most concerned about is the voluntary yielding up of ourselves to God's service. As this depends wholly upon the good will of the devotee, he is under no iron necessity to offer himself, his possessions, and his time, wholly, or even partially. The Scriptures all along treat man as a voluntary being, having the power to serve God wholly or partially, or not at all. Hannah consecrated her son Samuel to serve the Lord all his lifetime in the tabernacle.—1 Samuel i. 11—22. Some of the Nazarites

consecrated themselves to the Lord only for a certain time.—Numbers vi. 13.

While God has left this matter of consecration dependent upon our free choice, yet the obligation upon our part to consecrate ourselves, our time and possessions, to his worship and service, is not lessened thereby in the least. A voluntary service is not only most pleasing to God, but is best calculated to increase our happiness in the present and future. This obligation upon our part to consecrate our all, we need scarcely remind the reader, grows out of our relation to God as our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer. This certainly sets at rest the question of moral obligation. This obligation is commensurate with all the blessings that would have flowed from the sinless state of Adam, forever perpetuated; and now that we have all sinned, and come short of God's glory, we are to add to that obligation the astonishing accession flowing from the redemption procured us by Christ. And how great this increase of obligation is, we shall need an eternity to fathom. Christ insures all who will receive him as their Savior the full restoration of what they lost by the fall. In view of all this, it is a shame and great reproach for any redeemed soul, especially for a justified sinner, to question his obligation to consecrate his all to God for time and eternity. Yet we are sincerely sorry to be forced to say that there are many who virtually deny this obligation, by denying the possibility of attaining a state in grace answering to this *entire consecration*. When Paul exhorted the converts in the Roman church "to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," and called it their "*reasonable service*," did he mean that the consecration was a partial one, and only for a time? We think not. It would be a sad perversion of terms and language to suppose he meant any thing less than entire consecration for time as well as for eternity. So "present your bodies"—that is, soul and body, and all that pertains to it—"a living sacrifice."

It is to be done during life ; before the article of death. It cannot be supposed that Paul meant to teach, in this earnest exhortation, that, when death drew near, they should make the entire consecration of themselves to God. It could scarcely be called a *living sacrifice* then. Such might well be termed a *dead sacrifice*, and not very "*acceptable*" to God. But, he adds, such a consecration is but our "reasonable service." How much reason, my dear reader, would there be in requiring of them an impossible thing? The apostle Paul is considered, by all Christians, as having some considerable claims to rationality and justice; but he must certainly yield up some of this reputation, if he should earnestly beseech a church over which God had made him an overseer, to do that in life, which could only be done in the hour of death, and then call it a "reasonable service!" He, it seems to us, would prefer not to have his exhortation to the Roman converts interpreted thus.

Again, take the prayer of the same apostle for the Thessalonian Christians: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Chapter v. 23. This prayer, without doubt, presupposes a state of entire consecration. The only question remains as to the time when it may be made; in life or in death. Carefully mark the prayer and the phraseology; the whole spirit, and soul, and body are asked to be preserved blameless unto [or till] the coming of Christ. It cannot refer to the period when death takes place till Christ's second coming; but from the period when this entire consecration is made till death; for there is no danger of apostasy and backsliding after death. As the tree falleth, so it lieth. He that is filthy then will remain filthy still; and he that is holy then will remain holy still. Paul, my dear reader, is not guilty of so great a blunder as to pray for a blameless preservation of soul and body during the

intermediate state. The tenantless body is certainly not blameworthy during this unconscious state, if ever. If there be "no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither" we are tending, then this prayer must have reference to the present life, and to the present life alone. We are not aware that God's word either intimates directly or inferentially, that Satan, or any other created being, has any power to lead the soul astray from the period of death till Christ's second coming. Let us at least do the inspired apostle the credit of admitting that he was praying for a possible attainment of a very high order, and that it had reference to the probationary state.

Once more, and we shall leave this point of the subject. Let us, for a moment, turn our attention to our Redeemer and Savior. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matthew i. 21. Now how much sin did Jesus come to save his people from? And when did he design that they should be freed from this sin? If he came to save them from a part of their sins only, he either was unable to save them from all, or else he saw it was best for them and his cause, that they should retain a portion of their sin. If the former be true, then he is an imperfect Savior; but, if he be a complete Savior, and does not save his people from all their sins, because he saw that it would be best for them and his cause, then will some one, who is an advocate for *remaining sin*, tell us what that benefit is which God's people and cause are to receive from this abominable thing that he hates, and how much sin is necessary to subserve this desirable end? If remaining sin be necessary at all, there ought to be some line drawn defining the quality and quantity required to promote an object so desirable and important as the salvation of the soul. If there be too little, the end will be hindered, or probably defeated altogether; if too much, the same result will follow. There must, in the very nature of

things, be a limit, an amount and quality of sin that will secure the result implied in the doctrine of necessary indwelling sin to God's people and his kingdom in our world. Is it too much to say that those holding such views are under an obligation commensurate with the blessings derivable from this moral necessity in the economy of grace, to inform God's people where this happy *mean* lies? If it be a moral necessity, then the strong presumption is that God would give us information concerning it. Has he done so? And if so, where? We are very anxious to know; and so must all be who desire to glorify God here, and enjoy him forever.

But we may presume that this is all assumption, without any higher sanction than a strong desire to patch up a favorite dogma. It is quite *human-like*. Taking the assumption on its own merits, we suppose that the benefit to be derived from indwelling sin—if there be any—is its power to humble the child of God. Nor are we left wholly to conjecture upon this supposition. This is stoutly maintained by the advocates of *necessary sinning* in this life. We are wholly unaware that the word of God anywhere intimates that sin produces the lovely grace of humility. We know that sin made angels proud, and we know, from painful experience, that sin is the fruitful parent of pride in our world. We can well understand how it is that holiness produces humility; but cannot detect one element in sin that would be likely to yield it. According to all true rules of reasoning, if sin has any tendency or adaptation to produce humility at all, then the greater the sin the deeper the humility. This reasoning, carried out, would make Satan infinitely more humble than Gabriel. It is thus we reason about holiness; the holiest men are the most humble. This is not theory, but fact. Why are angels and archangels so much more humble and reverential than the holiest men? Because they are holier.

But how much sin does the word of God

say is necessary for us to have in the present life? Let it speak. "Ye shall be holy; for I, the Lord your God, am holy."—Leviticus xix. 2. "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." "It is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1 Peter i. 15, 16. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect."—Matthew v. 48. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2 Corinthians vii. 1. "Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin."—Romans vi. 11. "Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body."—Ib. vi. 12. "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7. "Sin shall not have dominion over you."—Romans vi. 14. We might multiply passages, but these are sufficient to show how much sin God's people are to have to keep them humble in this life. How it dishonors Christ to suppose him incapable of saving his people from all sin in this life, or admitting his ability thus to save them! How it degrades the holiness of God to necessitate him to carry out the designs of the gospel by bringing in sin to his aid! Better throw the blame—where it really rests—upon man. If men are not saved from all sin in this life, then it is not because a perfect and sufficient Savior has not been provided; but because they will not receive him as such. What we have thus advanced, we trust, settles the question of entire consecration to God,—the obligation and the possibility of making it in the present life. In our next, we purpose examining the following points: First, How far is entire consecration the work of man? Secondly, Is entire consecration synonymous with entire sanctification?

Honolulu, S. I.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

He that lives without prayer, or prays without life, hath not the Spirit of God.

The just shall live by faith.

Scattered Thoughts.

BY Y.

I. It certainly is very kind in us to have faith in God, concerning our friends, in their difficulties, and believe that God will be better to them than their fears; but it is to the point, for us to give the help that is in our power to bestow, and thus increase their faith, and our own too, by well-doing.

II. We must not be impatient with secret disciples; they may have their work to do when ours is measurably done, or we are taking a season of rest for future toil. There was no one to beg the body of Jesus but Joseph of Arimathea, and none other brought the spices in which to enwrap the sacred humanity but Nicodemus. When evidence of their love was required, they were earnest enough to manifest it amid reproaches and shame. They fulfilled an important part of the prophecy concerning the Messiah.

III. The Christian has a wonderful secret in his bosom. He knows the God of might and power, who dealeth in judgment among the nations of the earth,—who putteth down one and lifteth up another. He, at the shaking of whose arm the wicked tremble, is the loving bosom friend of the humble believer, who hides beneath the cross of the omnipotent Lord Jesus.

IV. The great secret of safety is in dwelling under the cross,—receiving the atoning blood which washes away sin, the cause of vengeance. There, we are indeed hid in the cleft of the Rock.

V. We learn more faith in our necessities than all the nice distinctions about it which the schools could teach us. Need is a plain, practical teacher.

VI. Simple experience, or the teachings of the Holy Spirit, unravels to us many an intricate portion of Scripture. It explains paradoxes, and removes apparent difficulties. Fine sermons are certainly very nice things, and fall very smoothly and musically upon the ear; but it is feared they go

no further; while a rough, unhewn stone, cast from a sling, a sort of random shot, hits the mark, and does the work. We cannot but admire the wisdom of God in his present mode of reaching the masses of sinners in Great Britain. A Whitefield is not raised up in the establishment, but the mitred head himself enters unconsecrated Exeter Hall, curtails the lengthy liturgy, and uses just what will be entered into with interest, and preaches a plain sermon to the working people. The Baptists have their Spurgeons; the Free Church of Scotland, a flaming herald from the laity; and the Wesleyans, their Dunsheims. O, bless God, he has mercy upon all classes and conditions of poor sinners, and waits not for the ordinary ministry.

VII. Like a bird on the wing is the soul on the alert for his heavenly home. God knows how to stir up our nest, to loosen us from the ties of earth. Beyond, is the enduring, unchanged home which we who believe in Jesus are seeking. Here, we know not what a day may bring forth. There, every thing is stable, fixed as the name of God. Whatever derangement there may be in other parts of the universe, we know our home is safe, ready for our entrance when this state of probation is closed. Happy thought! We will never be put to another test or trial, but be forever shut in with God.

VIII. The Bible makes no difference between the ignorant and the learned. It concludes all alike sinners; and, if saved, saved by grace through faith. The Bible does not treat of scholastic distinctions. The man who understands the laws of mind, is instructed by the law of inspiration, just as if he knew as little as the most ignorant. God does not talk learnedly with the educated, and more simply with the ignorant. He rather reveals hidden things to the unlearned, which he hides from the wise and prudent. And, because the simple and unsophisticated take God at his word more readily than those who depend upon their own nice classifications

and distinctions, their confidence is stronger than those who warp the truth to suit their own notions. A minister once said he had been fifteen years striving to unlearn the theology of the Seminary, that he might obtain the simple theology of the Bible. He was, however, still much trammelled by that which was more than he wanted.

Dress.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

BY J. D.

MR. GILPIN, speaking of the custom, in some countries, to condemn a minister for the faults of his wife, adds, "This severity springs from the supposition that the woman, having promised obedience to her husband, can do nothing but what he either directs or approves. Hence they conclude that, example having a greater influence than precept, the wife of a minister, if she be inclined to the world, will preach worldly compliance with more success by her conduct, than her husband can preach the renunciation of the world by the most solemn discourses. And the incredulity of the stumbled flock will always be the consequence of that unhappy inconsistency which is observable between the serious instructions of a well disposed minister, and the trifling conduct of a woman with whom he is so intimately connected."

O how important that ministers' wives obey the apostolic injunction to be "faithful in all things," and to let their adorning be "good works," and not the putting on of "gold, or pearls, or costly array."

But some may say, "I think it beneath my high calling, as a minister and a gentleman, to notice these little things. I consider it as an encroachment on 'woman's rights,' and as really ungallant to speak of the ladies' 'adorning.'" But permit us to ask such an one, Do you not think that Mr. Wesley was truly a gentleman, and as gallant as a minister of the gospel ought to

be? What, think you, became of the "gentleman" and his gallantry when he was preaching his sermon on dress found in Volume II. page 298, from which we extract the following:

"Secondly, the wearing of gay and costly apparel naturally tends to breed and to increase vanity. By vanity, I here mean the love and desire of being admired and praised. Every one of you that is fond of dress has a witness of this in your own bosom. Whether you will confess it before man or not, you are convinced of this before God. You know, in your hearts, it is with a view to be admired, that you thus adorn yourselves; and that you would not be at the pains, were none to see you but God and his holy angels. Now the more you indulge this foolish desire, the more it grows upon you. You have vanity enough by nature; but, by thus indulging it, you increase it a hundred fold. O stop! Aim at pleasing God alone, and all these ornaments will drop off.

"Thirdly, the wearing of gay and costly apparel naturally tends to beget anger, and every turbulent and uneasy passion. And it is on this very account that the apostle places this 'outward adorning' in direct opposition to the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' How remarkably does he add 'which, in the sight of God, is of great price'!

Than gold or pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

"None can easily conceive, unless himself were to make the sad experiment, the contrariety there is between the 'outward adorning' and this inward 'quietness of spirit.' You never can thoroughly enjoy this, while you are fond of the other. It is only while you sit loose to that 'outward adorning,' that you can with 'patience possess your soul.' Then only, when you have cast off your fondness for dress, will the peace of God reign in your hearts.

"Fourthly, gay and costly apparel directly tends to inflame lust. I was in doubt

whether to name this brutal appetite. Or, in order to spare delicate ears, to express it by some gentle circumlocution. Like the dean, who, some years ago, told his audience at Whitehall, 'If you do not repent, you will go to a place which I have too much manners to name before this good company.' But I think it best to speak out; since the more the word shocks your ears, the more it may arm your hearts. The fact is plain and undeniable. It has this effect, both on the wearer and the beholder. To the former, our elegant poet Cowley addresses these fine lines :

'The adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill,
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt, before, to kill.'

"That is, (to express the matter in plain terms, without any coloring,) you poison the beholder with far more of this base appetite than otherwise he would feel. Did you not *know* this would be the natural consequence of your elegant adornings? To push the question home, did you not *desire* did you not *design* it should? And yet, all the time, how did you

—set to public view
A specious face of innocence and virtue.'

"Meanwhile, you do not yourself escape the snare which you spread for others. The dart recoils, and you are affected with the same poison with which you infected them. You kindle a flame which, at the same time, consumes both yourself and your admirers. And it is well if it does not plunge both you and them into the flames of hell."

We infer, from the above, that the true gallantry for a minister is to preach God Almighty's *burning, heart-searching truth to men and women.*

But to return. The apostle Paul was also a whole gentleman, and as gallant as a minister of the gospel ought to be. But, inspired by God, he notices these "little things," and speaks of women's "*adorn-*

ing," and he writes to Timothy, a young minister, teaching him that a part of the counsel of God which he was to declare was, to *tell the women* to "adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array. But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—1 Timothy ii. 9, 10.

Peter was a great apostle, and as polite as a minister of the gospel ought to be. And he, inspired by God, speaks of these "little things," the women's "*adorning*." "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. For after this manner in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves."—1 Peter iii. 3—5.

Isaiah was a great prophet, and he too, inspired by God, prophesies about these "little things," the women's "*adorning*." He names many of these little needless ornaments, and even speaks of the unsanctified, affected manner of "walking, mincing as they go;" and then predicts the awful judgments that should come upon them.—Isaiah iii. 16, 24 inclusive.

We therefore conclude, from the above, that a *bible gentleman* is a "*servant of the Lord*"—"gentle unto all men"—"*apt to teach*," "in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."—2 Timothy ii. 24, 25, 26.

Binghamton, August 20, 1857.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—[Saint Paul.]

THE breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

Experience Meeting at the Sydney Camp Meeting.

We clip the following from "Correspondence of the Christian Guardian."

AFTER an experience meeting in the morning, of which more anon, Rev. Thomas Keough preached on Christian Perfection. It was a clear statement of the doctrine. This is a favorite theme with him, and he is evidently quite at home upon it. His own personal experience of this grace greatly aids him. The accuracy of his scripture references and quotations struck us particularly. In some of the details of argument, he is occasionally too minute; but the sacred influence which generally accompanies his preaching seldom fails to secure attention.

One more sermon was all that was delivered during our stay upon the ground; and, unfortunately, the position which we occupied during its delivery was unfavorable for criticism, as we could neither see the preacher, nor hear him to advantage.

The experience or fellowship meeting of which we spoke, and promised more anon, was one of unusual interest. We wish it was in our power to convey to you a correct impression of its character. Some of the experiences were among the most instructive and edifying to which we ever listened. We subjoin the outline of one as a specimen. It is the experience of a sailor brother. It produced a most thrilling effect. Many of his own burning words cannot be produced; and, if they could, the tone and feeling would be wanting. We only attempt an outline; however, what we give will be given as nearly as possible in his own words. He said:

"I love Methodism for its missionary spirit. This feature has won for it my undying attachment. Twenty-five years ago I was a wicked sailor. I would then frequently get drunk, swear, get angry, and, if a man insulted me, I would be very likely to do something bad; perhaps knock

him down. At this time, there was a pious woman living near the mouth of the Genesee river, whose practice it was to select individuals, and make them the subject of special intercession for a certain number of days. I had occasion to enter the house of this godly woman one Sabbath morning; I was dressed in my regular sailor's dress—cannass trousers and frock; and, at that time, I was a strong, rough-looking fellow. She fixed her eye on me, and said in her heart, I will pray for that man for one week. I knew nothing of this. We sailed the next morning, and, during that week, I felt as I had never felt before. I had no idea of what was the matter with me; but I could not eat, and sleep departed from me. The next Sabbath we entered the Genesee river again. The captain, who was a pious man, invited me to go to meeting. I went. During the service, I continued as restless and unhappy as ever. At the close, the preacher said they were going to have class-meeting, and he invited any, who desired, to remain. I had no idea of the nature of a class-meeting. So ignorant was I, that, as I had heard of some place in the East in which they spent a part of the Sabbath in dancing, I supposed the class-meeting was a dancing meeting; and, as I felt so unhappy, I thought I would remain and enjoy it. But, when I heard the people of God relating their experience, I began to see more clearly what it was I wanted. The minister perceived my state, and proposed that they should pray for me. He prayed. But I felt no influence upon my heart. Others prayed. My feelings were the same until this pious woman, who had been praying for me though I knew it not, began to pray; but, as soon as she began to pray for me, by some unaccountable means, I began to pray for myself. My heart was melted, and I soon felt that God was love. My guilt and trouble had departed, and my heart was filled with peace and joy. I could scarcely stand under the divine influence which was bestowed upon me. I went to the vessel,

reeling under the influence of these divine manifestations, and shouting the praises of God; and, as I went along, the people said, "There goes poor Tom. He is drunk again. Poor fellow!"

"Soon after this, the Lord gave me a pious wife, with whom I lived happily eighteen years. He gave me a fine boy, and prospered me in my business; but, above all, he cheered and comforted my soul with his grace. By land and by sea, in the calm and in the storm, Christ was my portion. But the day of sore trial came. By one stroke, all my property—sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars' worth—was completely swept from me. My wife died, and my boy died, and I was reduced to a state of complete poverty and desolation. But for the grace of God I should have been driven to madness; and, as it was, even with the consolations of religion, I was almost a maniac. A pious man saw that grace itself would not be sufficient to sustain me, except I had some employment which would engage my attention, and call off thoughts from my trouble. He bought me a beautiful vessel, and put me on board of her.

"It was in the evening when we sailed from the port of Oswego, bound for Lake Erie, with a fair wind. While I was walking the deck, and looking back upon the town of Oswego, where all that I held dear on earth had been, 'And now,'—I asked myself the question,—'is there any thing there that would excite a desire in my heart to ever go back there again?' My heart replied, 'Nothing.' Some speak of giving up all to God. But I had nothing to give. My all was gone. I had nothing but Christ. I felt that I was shut up to him as the sole source of my happiness. As soon as the sails were set, our course struck, and the necessary orders given for the management of the vessel, I ran down into the cabin, and went into my stateroom, locked the door, and prostrated myself before God, and plead with him to have mercy upon me, and sustain me in

this trial, and covenanted with him to take him as my portion forever; and—glory to God!—he *filled* me. He had taken all from me, but now he became my 'all and in all.' He made my soul completely happy. I have been happy ever since. Years have passed. God has given me another pious wife. He has blessed me in my business, and still continues to fill my heart. I do not know that I was ever as happy as I am to-day.

"For years, I have wondered when it was that God sanctified me wholly. I never could tell till about a month ago. I had no doubt as to the fact. But I was in the dark as to the time. Now, I see when it was. Now, my heart is full. I am bound for glory. I expect to sail awhile here, and then to enter the port above."

Other experiences might be given had we not already made our letter too long. We anticipate an interesting Report from the esteemed Chairman, the Rev. J. Carroll. The work of salvation was gloriously progressing when we left, and we doubt not it will result in great good. Yours.

TYRO.

An Infidel in India.

THE Rev. J. Stratham, an excellent Baptist minister in England, who was for some years a missionary, in his "Indian Recollections," relates the following fact, which is awfully illustrative of the folly of neglecting the Scriptures:

It was about the middle of July, after a most sultry day, when, unable to sleep, I had taken a turn backwards and forwards in the veranda of my dwelling at Gusserah, and was about to retire once more to seek repose, when my attention was engaged by an unusual noise at the ghaut before me, and presently a gruff voice calling out, "House, a-hoy! House, a-hoy!" Looking out, I inquired what was wanted, when two sailors approached, and said, "Your honor, are you the minister that preaches in the

place below?" I said, "Yes, my good friend; what is your pleasure with me?" "Why, if your honor will just come and say a bit of a prayer to our chief mate, it will be a charity, for he is sadly taken aback, and we don't think he'll ever get out of his berth again." "Did he request you to come for me?" "No, your honor. He does nothing but groan, and rave about hell and such things; but the second mate thinks a bit of prayer or so would do him good." "Will not the morning be a better time to visit him, think ye?" "Why, it may be he will not see the morning, we are thinking, your honor." "Well, then," said I, "it shall be as you wish; I will go with you."

In a few minutes I was seated in the stern of the captain's cutter, and six sturdy hands soon brought me alongside a large vessel at anchor in the middle of the stream. There was something peculiarly solemn and impressive in the scene—the time was midnight, all around was still and calm, save the rippling of the water, and the noise occasioned by the slow pacing of the watch on deck, and the heart-rending groans which were uttered by the sick man; these at intervals had reached my ear during our way to the ship, and when I mounted the gangway were very loud indeed.

The second mate met me on the quarter deck, and stated that the chief mate was pronounced by the doctors to be in a dying condition; and that as his mind seemed to be in a most distressing state of alarm, he had sent for me at this unseasonable hour to see if any consolation could be administered to him. I told him that no time was unseasonable to me, and begged he would immediately conduct me to the dying man. For the sake of air, his cot was slung in the cuddy, and several persons surrounded it, apparently endeavoring to soothe his mind; but alas! in vain. When informed who I was, he eagerly stretched forth his hand, and grasping mine with great strength, said, "Dear sir, pray

for me!" I begged him to be calm, and said, "I will pray for you, but let me beseech you not to waste your breath in vain exclamations and lamentations—pray for yourself; I will offer prayer—you must join with me." "Oh no, sir, I cannot pray—my God! I never have prayed; no, sir, I never shall pray. I feel I cannot—I cannot—I am lost—I am lost! Oh that I had never been born!" I entreated him not to indulge in such a strain. I pointed out the value of the atoning blood of Christ; told him of the willingness of Jesus to save the vilest of the vile; told him of the dying thief; in short, all that I could possibly say to encourage a hope of salvation I did say; but he would still cry out, "Sir, this is not for me. I am lost! My father is in heaven. My mother will be there. I broke my father's heart. I despised their prayers, their counsel, and their entreaties, and now I cannot pray, I cannot hope." I began to read the Scriptures. He stopped me, saying, "Pray for me directly." I prayed; but, alas! every petition for mercy seemed only to aggravate his misery, and could not proceed for his groans and cries.

In this awful state he continued till about three o'clock in the morning, when he appeared to be more calm for about five minutes, during which period he seemed to listen very attentively to my words; but just as I was kneeling down to pray again, he started up in his cot, and looking fearfully around, grasped my hand with all the energy and convulsive power of a drowning man, and, wildly shrieking and falling backwards, expired in agony indescribable.

What my feelings were can be more easily conceived than told. I spoke seriously to all present on the vast importance of being prepared to die; pointed out the only means of salvation, and exhorted them to take warning how they despised the word of God, or the counsel of parents and friends. Just as I was leaving the ship, the captain, who had been sent for from some distance, arrived. He appeared to be much affected at the intelligence, and

expressed his gratitude for my coming. From him I learned that the deceased was the son of pious parents, and of great talent, but, unfortunately, had in his youth become acquainted with a company of rich profligates, and had, by keeping pace with them in their extravagance, brought his parents nearly to ruin; and this had so preyed upon the mind of his father, that he died quite broken-hearted. The captain thought the infidel principles the son had imbibed were the great source of sorrow; rather than the loss of property. The remains of this unhappy man were consigned to the house appointed for all living, on the afternoon of the same day; and the address then given was the means, under the divine blessing, of the reformation of one of the many persons who attended at the grave.

How to Live.

How to live—how to dispose worthily of that *one life* which is all wherewith each of us has to face Eternity—is confessedly the gravest problem which a sane man can be called to solve.

A lump of salt is dissolved in a basin of water;—the salt is gone, but its savor has reached the remotest atom in the basin. Our one life is like that lump of salt; gradually it is melting away, and in a brief season it will be gone; but its savor will reach the remotest hour in the Eternity to come.

How is this one life to be lived? Where is the power which shall carry me victoriously through its struggle? It will not do to take me to the monk's pillar or to the hermit's cell,—you must show me how to go up to life's battle, and to go through it, erect and unharmed.

It was a fable of the ancients, that the god who presided over each river had his residence in a cavern at its source. Is not the fable an intense reality in each man's course? Is not the presiding power of each man's life at its source? It is of no use to deliver homilies about the beauty of

virtue or of self-sacrifice, or about the vanity of this passing scene; men go from such homilies complacently as before, to their worldliness or to their sins. There is one power, and only one, which can energize the heart.

"I want," said a young corporal one day to Hedley Vicars, "to have more of Jesus *in this life*." Christ crucified is not a mere fund in reserve—a kind of "extreme unction"—to teach men how to die; it is the lever which is to move the life.

The savage, in certain regions, is said to have a belief, that the spirit of every enemy he slays passes into his own bosom,—giving to his heart new courage, and to his arm new power; and therefore his one watchword is—"Slay, slay, slay!" Is it not true that each victory we gain over sin, is a new accession of moral power? To retire from life's conflicts, is only to keep the passion in abeyance; to meet the temptation and to overcome, is that by which alone we "live."—[Preface to Life Pictures.

"Friend, go up higher."

BY S.

IN a darkened chamber, in a distant land, a young disciple reclined on the couch of suffering. The windows were open to allow a free circulation of air; for the climate was a sultry one; but, as they looked into a secluded garden, no sound of the external world penetrated within. The hush of deep repose seemed to have fallen on all around, interrupted only by the labored breathing of the dying girl, or by an occasional burst of emotion from the weeping mother at her side. That silent and unwelcome visitor, which, sooner or later, comes to every child of man, had entered unobserved that secluded room, and the fair young creature, whom love had shielded from every pain and sorrow, now found herself face to face with death. As the dim presence made itself more consciously felt, a shiver passed over the del-

icate frame, and thoughts of the bright world she was leaving came crowding into her mind in all their vividness and beauty. Another and a holier sorrow pressed upon her heart. Could she leave that mother, whose every thought, since her infancy, had centred upon her, who had watched her, had cared for her, had loved her, with that untiring tenderness and devotion, which a woman's heart alone can feel. As she fixed her eyes on the anxious countenance beside her, the anguish of her heart burst forth in convulsive weeping. She took her mother's hand within her own, and, pressing it to her bosom, fell back upon her pillow in that state of complete exhaustion, which usually follows strong emotions.

But death had not entered that chamber alone. Another and a greater than he was bending over that couch, and whispering to the troubled heart, "Peace; be still." The outward ear heard no sound; but the spirit caught the heavenly voice, and yielded to the soothing and powerful influence. The love of Jesus—that all-conquering sentiment in the Christian's breast—overpowered all murmuring and rebellious thoughts, and lifted the departing soul above all earthly cares and anxieties. Her features became more composed, and a smile of untold sweetness beamed upon her countenance. Motioning to her mother to come near, she said to her in tones low, but singularly clear:

"Mother! dear mother! The bitterness of death is past. Do you remember the chapter you read to me this morning? As I have been lying here, I have seemed to hear a voice saying to me, 'Friend, go up higher.' The purpose of God is revealed to me, and I see now why I am called—so early called—to die. It is only that I may go up higher—nearer to my tender and loving Father—nearer to my compassionate Redeemer—nearer to the source of all holiness and purity. While on earth, cares, pleasures, even the endearments of affection, draw our hearts away from God. But death mercifully calls us hence, and

bids us 'go up higher.' Dear mother, in your sorrowful and lonely pilgrimage, may you ever hear the same gracious voice, saying, 'Friend, go up higher;'—higher in devotion to his service and submission to his will—higher in aims, in purposes, in desires—higher in that entire consecration of the soul which God demands at our hands."

The voice grew fainter and fainter on the listening ear, like the last echoes of the departing soul, and, when the mother raised her eyes, the gentle spirit had fled. We will not follow the afflicted mourner in her lonely wanderings. To her, the voice of God spoke not in vain; and, when the first despairing agony was over, she roused the energies of her mind, and began her upward course. Those few fond words—that last rich legacy of a Christian child—sounded in her ears, and vibrated upon her heart, whenever the world claimed the ascendancy, or thoughts of meaner things came between herself and Heaven.

And does it reveal nothing to us, Christian disciples, of the merciful purposes of God in sending affliction upon his children? Does it not unfold to us why it is that our Heavenly Father, who loves us infinitely more than we love ourselves, is yet willing to inflict upon us sufferings from which we shrink back affrighted, if but the thought presents itself to our minds? Does it not make plain things that perplexed us, and throw light upon the course of Providence in regard to our own private history? God has but one aim, one purpose, in relation to each one of us. It is to secure our greatest happiness through our highest elevation. There is much in mere worldly happiness, that attracts the eye, and dazzles the senses; nay, in many cases, it goes further, and enthrals the intellect; yet, even when it has reached the highest point, how insufficient is it to meet the wants of an immortal spirit! Affliction is sent to quicken our perceptions of that higher good by tearing away the dazzling veil which

earth are dissipated, the heavenly prospect stands out clear and well defined, and the spirit of man is attracted by a beauty, of which he had formed no conception. It is astonishing how little real communion there is between man and his Maker. Most persons pass through the world with the most vague ideas of God. They believe in his existence, it is true, and profess a kind of reliance upon him; but it is so extremely indistinct that they can never grasp it when called upon for its exercise. But when sorrow comes, and our earthly supports are, one by one, withdrawn, the soul turns instinctively to one whose duration is eternity, and whose character is unchangeable. As things appear to be crumbling around us, our hearts are led to rest on the only stable object in the universe, and we begin to realize the force of those beautiful metaphors that God is a refuge, a rock, a fortress, a sure defence, a shield and buckler, an anchor to the soul, a pavilion, where the weary pilgrim may safely rest under the shelter of God's protection.

We often hear persons attempt to reconcile others to suffering by urging its beneficial results; but we much doubt the efficacy of such reasoning. We are so averse to pain in every shape, that the mere consideration of its utility would hardly enable us to bear it with patience. The only argument that has ever subdued the murmuring spirit of man is that which is drawn from love—love that chastens that it may purify, and wounds that it may heal—love that braces our courage, and nerves our frame to endure, by the example of its own noble and generous sacrifice. It is at the foot of the cross that we learn to bow in resigned submission to the afflictive dispensations of Providence. It is there only that we understand the true nature and end of all earthly suffering, and, looking at the agony of Christ, so meekly borne and yet so bravely met, the Christian spirit folds more closely around it the mantle of divine patience, and takes its outlook on life—sad it may be, but not dismayed—cast down,

but not destroyed; ever looking upward to the termination of its course, and beholding by faith the portals of that celestial home, where "tears shall be wiped away—from every eye," and where sorrow shall never enter.

Religious Lock-Jaw.

ALMOST a year since, a gentleman of wealth and talent, resident in the State of Rhode Island, was very anxious to become a Christian. Indeed, he had been anxious for several years, but had not consecrated himself to God. His experience, trials, and difficulties, were very much like those of other men who desire eternal life more than they desire to obey God, and he continued in darkness. Finally, he opened his mind to the minister of the place, and asked him to pray for him, and consented to pray for himself. The first prayer was peculiar, and, as other communities may be troubled with the same difficulty that was prominent before the mind of this man, we will put the prayer on record. He might have been expected to pray for himself, first, but he did not. His prayer was: "O, Lord, cure this people of the lock-jaw. Here I have been anxious for salvation for years, and no one, except Mr. B., [the man who was with him,] has ever said a word to me on the subject of religion. O, Lord, cure them of the lock-jaw." A very eccentric, yet significant prayer. How many people there are who profess to love God, and the souls of men, but they have the "lock-jaw;" their mouths are closed; they are dumb upon the subject upon which they should converse the most frequently and most earnestly. The impression which this makes upon the mind of the sinner, is, that their profession is spurious; that they do not love God; that there is no reality in religion, no necessity of regeneration.—[Religious Telescope.

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Glorious Tidings from over the Water.

[Extract of a letter from a friend in Manchester.]

"SINCE writing the above, I have received an interesting account of the progress of the work of God, in one of the suburbs of Manchester, and which, you will be thankful to learn, is the immediate result of God's blessing upon the reading of the "Guide." A Christian sister, herself a traveller in the King's highway, and a subscriber to the "Guide," desiring to extend the blessing of holiness, lent a number to one of her friends. The perusal of it stimulated her faith and love, and she, too, lent it to another friend, an active and useful class leader. She had not long begun to read it, though under circumstances somewhat hurried and unfavorable, before she was thrown back upon a former period in her religious history, when she had walked in the unclouded light of Jesus' countenance, and could glory in his "perfect love." Conviction of past unfaithfulness seized hold upon her; tears fell apace; strong desire and firm resolve quickly followed. She went to her class that night with the double determination to be holy herself, and to endeavor to raise her members to God's standard, instead of keeping them, as she was conscious that she had previously done, down to her own. At the meeting, she pleaded with God on *their* behalf, with this view, and continued wrestling until the baptism of fire came. The case of the leprous man coming to the Savior was vividly presented to her mind. She saw him casting aside his filthy rags, coming just as he was, loathsome and polluted, to the good Physician, crying, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" and she heard the prompt and gracious answer, "I WILL; *be thou clean.*" Instantly her whole soul was filled with God. She felt that Omnipotence had spoken to her own heart, too, and for some minutes, she could do nothing but shout, in adoring gratitude and love, "I will; *be thou clean.*" "Glory,

glory be to God." The power of God had come down. His glory filled the place, and the testimonies which followed, were a literal fulfilment of the promise, "The feeble among you shall be as David." But, the holy fire being kindled, it burned on. Mrs. H. longed to bear more public testimony to the rich and abounding grace of God, and, at the first opportunity, went to the Band meeting, resolved to be a witness for Christ, as a present and complete Savior. She was, however, met on her way, by Mr. C., an influential and devoted office-bearer in the society, who informed her that the meeting was just over, having mistaken the hour. This was rather a disappointment. But she immediately replied, "The Lord has filled my heart to overflowing, and I was longing to tell the people, hoping that the overflowings might reach some more, and"—she added, "they must go somewhere." Mr. C. at once said, "Why, this explains how it is that we have had such a glorious meeting to-night. You must have been praying for us." Mrs. H. then related, in glowing language, what the Lord had done for her. Mr. C. was arrested by the narration. He was then an earnest and very useful man, but he felt the need of a further work of grace, and on the following Sabbath evening, he responded to the invitation given by the officiating minister, a holy and devoted local preacher, and went the first, and in the presence of many of his members, to the communion rails, to seek a clean heart. And he did not seek in vain. His soul is now all on fire "to work, and speak, and think for God." But the work did not stop here. Mrs. H.'s eldest son picked up the borrowed copy of the "Guide." His attention was arrested, and inquiry was excited. He read, also, Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness," "Faith, and its Effects;" and, a short time after, his mother had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing him at the Band meeting give a clear, explicit and triumphant testimony to the glorious truth, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us

from all sin;" "All praise be to our conquering Lord." I have related these circumstances just as they were given to me by Mrs. H. herself. Another result is, that it is proposed to hold a weekly meeting for the promotion of Holiness, in the locality of Manchester. This was suggested by the account of these meetings, given in the May number of the "Guide."

Scraps from my Writing Desk.

BY MRS. PALMER.

WAVERING TESTIMONY RULED OUT.

IT matters little by what stratagem our cruel adversary succeeds in inducing us to withhold a specific testimony. A vacillating or a wavering testimony in a court of civil jurisprudence, is ruled out. And we need to be exceedingly careful, or our subtle accuser may so succeed as to prevent us from being recognized as fully as it is the design of grace we should be, among Christ's holy confessors. The rest of faith, the land of perfect holiness, lies before us. It is our *purchased* possession, and it is our Father's good pleasure to give it to us. The *command* has already gone forth—"Go up and possess the land." But, alas! how few, from among the spies who have been sent up to search the land, stand up and boldly declare, with Caleb and Joshua, "We are well able to go up and possess the land."

DISSUASIVE EXAMPLE EQUAL TO AN EVIL REPORT.

"And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched, to the children of Israel, saying—The land which we have gone to search, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it, are people of great stature. And there we saw giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight." —[The Spies.

With the ancient spies, many are free to declare that the Canaan of perfect love

is a goodly land. But, by their *example*, they dissuade the people from going up to possess it. They do not, in a word, say, "We be not able to go up and possess the land, for the people are stronger than we," but they *act* on the principle that we are not able. Though commanded to go forward, they enter not in themselves, because of their unbelief, and by the power of example, dissuade others from entering in. If they would at once go up and possess the land, then multitudes would follow. But O by how many stratagems does the tempter succeed in preventing God's professed people from coming out specifically, as witnesses, to testify to the fact that we are indeed well able to overcome—that Christ empowers his people to serve him, without fees, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of their lives! And how long has the subtle accuser succeeded in preventing you from giving in an unwavering testimony on this point? Shall he succeed another day or hour? Long since should the Church have had your testimony. Scores, if not hundreds, might have believed and entered into rest, if they might only have heard an unwavering testimony from your lips. Is not the one great aim of all Christian ministrations that every man may be presented perfect in Christ? To the degree you fail in this, far reaching as eternity will be the result of your failure in harmful influences on others.

WHY BACKSLIDINGS ARE SO FREQUENT.

Many backslide, and turn their face again toward Egypt, because the bent to backsliding has never been taken away. Had they been urged early in their heavenward career directly into the highway of holiness, and had all the old leaven purged out of the heart, then would their goings have been established. But by the force of example in older professors, they lingered short of this grace, and the corruptions of their heart have again gained the ascendancy, and where are they now? Surely multitudes perish after the same similitude

that the multitudes of Israel perished. Though brought out of Egypt as God's people, yet their carcasses fall in the wilderness. They do not go forward and possess the promised land. And O, are they not too often hindered for want of the inspiring testimony of older professors on this subject?

O, there are by far too few Calebs and Joshuas. My dear friend, will you not, from this hour, from your own heart realizations, unwaveringly join in the testimony, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land?"—[Beauty of Holiness.

Secret of Power.

ENTIRE HOLINESS.

THE Christian Church has an extraordinary allotment in the great drama of probationary action. A work presses upon her of unmeasured proportions, whose performance or neglect involves the destinies of bloodbought millions through the ages of unending existence. To accomplish this work is a *positive requirement*, nor is it possible to shirk the responsibility imposed. Yet it is utterly out of the question for the Church to perform the mighty task required, with only her natural strength. The Christian may be *wealthy*, but his money alone will not suffice to meet his obligations. He may pour it out with a liberal hand, and it will count toward the ultimate triumph of truth; but after all, this degenerate world cannot be bought with money for the service of our Redeemer. He may be amiable, but polished manners will avail but little, to arouse careless sinners from their death-like slumbers. He may be intelligent, and yet how many examples might be produced of towering intellects coupled with spiritual dwarfishness! Multitudes of both individuals and Churches are blessed with these external advantages, who, notwithstanding, seem to be doing very little for the salvation of the race. Nor are the results entirely satisfactory to themselves—

far from it in numerous instances. They often realize their want of power, and are sometimes greatly alarmed at their leanness and inefficiency. Then with honest solicitude they begin to inquire: "*Why are the ears of God and the hearts of sinners so effectually barred against us?*" The answer is often at hand. The well-springs of life have nearly dried up in their own souls, and their Christian ardor has degenerated into the mere mechanical execution of the stereotyped forms of worship. How can others do what they do not feel themselves?

In the long absence of revival influences, the relapse into this state of stupor and death is often gradual and almost imperceptible. And as the light of the Spirit flashed around, how the discovery of their true condition surprised their souls, and humbled them to dust! In the dust they wept and prayed and bewailed their backslidings, and there were they restored to the favor of God, whom they covenanted to serve more faithfully in time to come. Those vows were plighted in good faith; but alas, before they are aware, they discover a loss of ground. The same causes produced the same effects. Besides the storms of fierce temptations from without, they felt the strong struggling of foes within, and they were not successful to guard the citadel of their own heart and vanquish the assailing enemy that raged without. So here they are again, pierced with sorrows and covered with shame! Again they hasten to the cross, again repent, and again find favor. But O, how this vacillation shakes their confidence, and staggers the world! How it dishonors God, reproaches the Church, and fortifies the ranks of infidelity! Nor is this a picture of fancy, but of fact. Thousands will bear witness to its truth, many of whom are honest enough to take it home, and acknowledge its application. But where is the remedy for this moral weakness? It is the deep conviction of my heart, confirmed by every day's experience, that entire holiness of heart is the great desideratum. Nothing in all the

world can equal this in desirableness and power. It is the blessed link that unites the blood-washed soul to Jesus Christ in closest intimacy, and it will prove the most effectual key to unlock the bolted hearts of apostate men.

But the reason of this answer must be reserved for another number.—[Northern Christian Advocate.

The Story of the Battle Field.

A SOLDIER was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field. He felt that his wound was mortal—that life was quickly ebbing away—and he said to his comrades who were carrying him:

"Put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They then put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged; in my knapsack you will find a Testament—will you open it at the 14th of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man; "I have that peace; I am going to that Savior; God is with me; I want no more," and instantly expired.

If the light within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

A Missionary's Experience.

BY REV. E. B. DUNCAN.

"In perils oft."

IN my last, I gave an introduction to my travels in Texas. My rides were very long, houses scarce, and but little to eat; but the people were kind, and open and frank in their manners. I called, at one time, at a cabin, being very hungry, and asked for something to eat. The woman of the house said she had only a little piece of dried meat, but, if I would get it down, she would prepare it for our meal. She did so, and, with her half-famished children, shared with me the last her house afforded. In one of my long rides, I passed Beck-nal's prairie. The old gentleman was the best liver in the country, but one of the most wicked men. I thought I would call and see what I could do here. He asked me who I was, and my business, in quite a rough manner. I told him my name, and that I was travelling through the country to tell the people that they "must be born again." "Ha!" said he, "why, what's the matter?" I explained the matter to him after speaking plainly about our fallen and sinful state. He said he did not believe a word of it. "I presume, sir," said I, "that you, as well as myself, came originally from one of the old States where the gospel is both preached and embraced, and know something of its influence on society." "Ah, young man," said he, "we had a better state of things then, that is true."

After making this admission, he invited me to make an appointment, which I did for three weeks from that day. They came out well, and the old gentleman wept, but left for the woods soon after the service, saying his wife would take care of me, and the boy would see to my horse. I continued to preach here for some time, and was kindly entertained.

At this time, there was no law in the country, and, indeed, no gospel, save what

I endeavored to preach. Society was in a low condition. The strong ruled the weak, and gamblers and horse-thieves were the prominent men of the country. I preached in a place called Jonesboro', on Red River, a little town made up of gamblers. I spake of the atonement as being sufficient for even the gambler, horse-racer, etc. This was on the Sabbath. In the evening, they went out, with a jug of liquor, to the race-ground, and, after running a few races, and getting pretty thoroughly intoxicated, they came back, inquiring for the preacher. I had gone over the river to the Choctaw side, for the Indians were very kind, religion having made good progress among them. On finding me gone, they threatened, if they caught me, to tie a rock around my neck, and throw me into the river. Some said they would barrel me up in a barrel of whisky, and others, that they would knock me in the head if I came back, simply because I had mentioned their calling. I heard of these threats some time before I returned there. On Friday, I preached at Witherspoon's, whose wife had invited me. When I commenced meeting, I told them that it was our custom to rise up when we sung. The man of the house here interrupted me, saying that he was tired, and did not feel like standing up; that he did not know about my preaching there; that I had made the greatest fuss that had been there lately; and, rising up in an excited manner, rolled up his sleeves as though he intended to offer me violence. I told him I had heard the threats that had been made; but, as I had given no grounds for them, they did not disturb me. He said he wanted preachers to preach the gospel, not to preach against people's sins. I told him I was neither called by men, nor accountable to men for the way I preached, and that, if he had known more about his Bible, he would have known more about my duty. I told him further, that I had been kindly invited to preach there, and that I had neither imposed myself or my gospel upon him. I was thankful for the

kindness shown me, but I now left his house to him desolate, and "shook off the dust of my feet against him." He turned pale, and looked as though he felt he had gone too far. I asked for my bridle, and went out to catch my horse. He offered to send his man, but I told him I could wait on myself. He followed me out, however, and said he felt very bad for what had occurred; that it was the first time the like had happened there, and he hoped it would do him good. I told him I hoped it would; but that the doctrine he held to, that, if God wanted him saved, he would save him irrespective of any effort or trouble on his part, would be the means of destroying his soul as sure as he was a man. He begged me to go back, and preach, as the congregation were still lingering about the place. I told him, if he would return and acknowledge that he had done wrong, I would. He said he would if I would. I replied, that I would willingly do so, if he would point out any thing that I had done wrong.

"Did you not get angry?"

"No."

"Well, I got very angry."

"Yes," said I, "and acted very foolishly."

"I wish you would go back and preach."

"Well, then, go and acknowledge to your neighbors."

"I will, if you will join me."

"This I cannot do, unless you first convince me of some wrong that I have done."

He now paced the floor, with his sleeves still rolled up, as if ready for a fight, and under deeply agitated feelings; but he would not confess his fault; and I declined going back to preach. I had informed the congregation that, if I could get off this man's land, I would preach, but could not otherwise. He seemed very anxious to retain me; but I told him I must look out for a place to stay, and so rode off. The devil now beset me with most powerful temptations. "You had better not expose yourself, by going to your appoint-

ment," said the adversary. "The people at Jonesboro' will kill yon. You can do them no good. Why throw away a life that may still accomplish much for the church?" But I met the tempter with the determined response that I would do my duty, whatever it might cost me.

As I rode, that Friday evening, through the dark, dense forest of the Red River bottom, the tears would often gush from my eyes, as I reflected on my condition; friendless, houseless, homeless; seeking the good of my fellow men, while they were bent on my destruction. Seldom has it been my lot to endure such an assault from Satan. But grace triumphed. The words of the Savior, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," came to mind, and I resolved to wait until Sabbath at least. I continued to ride till night, when I found shelter at the house of John Robbins. On the following day, (Saturday,) met a few, and preached to them. Sunday morning, having failed to persuade Robbins to accompany me, I started alone for my appointment.

The first man I met was Colonel F., who had formerly been my friend. He said things had been squally, but he had talked with the boys, and hoped there would be no further trouble.

"Yes," said I, "you have talked and drank with them, too."

"How could I have done otherwise?" said he. "What would you have done, if placed in my circumstances?"

"I would have had my throat cut from ear to ear, before yielding to the solicitations of such men. I thought, Colonel F., you were a brother and friend; but you have proved yourself a traitor to the cause you have professed to favor." He found fault with my plain dealing. But I assured him that, if he did not fare worse at the hands of his Maker at the day of judgment, he had reason to be grateful.

I turned from him, and went to the sheriff, and procured the key of the court house. The congregation assembled, and I preached from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God."

I told them that, of the certainty of that meeting, there could be no doubt, whether prepared or unprepared; the day was coming when it should be known who was right, and who was wrong; I had heard of their threats, but feared not the wrath of man so long as I enjoyed a sense of my heavenly Father's favor; I had not come there for their land or money, but to present them with what I believed would prove a blessing to any people; all I asked was, to be permitted to preach out that sermon, and then, if they were so disposed, they might go on and execute their threats. If it was God's will that I should suffer at their hands, I had no objection to make to it, though I did not believe it was. I then spake with great boldness on the preparation that was needed to meet God in peace, and the consequences of being unprepared.

At the close of the service, they passed out, arranging themselves at the door; and when I came out, the leader of these black-legs stepped up to me, and asked me to forgive them; that they had made those threats in a drunken spree, and were sorry for it. "Gentlemen," said I, "I cannot forgive your sins; you must go with them to God. As far as I am concerned, be assured there is nothing but love in my heart to any one." I preached, at three o'clock, to the blacks, which gave great offence in those days. The year previous, they had driven off the preacher.

CHRISTIAN GRACE.—The more believers love God, the more they love one another; as the lines of a circle, the nearer they come to the centre, the nearer they come to each other.—[Charnock.]

PRAYER.—Devotion is the sole asylum of human frailty, and the sole support of heavenly perfection—it is the golden chain of union between heaven and earth. He that has never prayed can never conceive; and he that has prayed, as he ought, can never forget how much is to be gained by prayer.—[Dr. Young.]

Completeness of the Saint in Christ.

WE have often thought we should like to hear a sermon on the text, "And ye are complete in him." It is a great consolation, when weighed down beneath a sense of our own ignorance, weakness, sinfulness and unworthiness, to think of that text, "Ye are complete in him." It is a good text for the poor and the ignorant, the despised and afflicted. You may be in want of every thing, but you are complete in Christ. You may be ignorant of every thing that the "self-approving world" calls knowledge, but, if you love Christ, you are complete in him. You may be despised of the world, and your name cast out as evil, but if you are a child of God, the despite of the world cannot harm you; you are complete in Christ. Your friends may all be taken from you, or may all desert you, but you are not the less perfect for that; you are complete in Christ. Your property may be taken from you, and you may have to beg your bread, or to suffer from hunger and nakedness, but still you are complete in Christ; in him you are perfect and entire, wanting nothing. You may lose your health, may suffer with lingering and painful disease, may be helpless and bed-ridden, but still you are complete in Christ.

If you be a child of God, and stay yourself on Christ, nothing can take away from this completeness, nothing can diminish it. Nor can any thing add to it. If you had all the wealth of the Rothschilds, it would not make you any more complete in Christ. If you possessed all the thrones of Europe, or could sway the sceptres of the world, it would not add to your completeness in Christ. If you had all the learning of Scaliger, and all the genius of Milton, it could add nothing to the perfection of your character as a child of God; it could not make your robe whiter, or your roll brighter—it could not make you more complete in Christ. In him, and not in the world, are hid all the treasures of wisdom and

knowledge. And ye are complete in him. Let this be the saint's triumph and dependence, that he is complete in Christ; poor and ignorant, in Christ I have all riches and knowledge. What matters it who knows me here, or who knows me not, who cares for me here, or who despises me; if Christ deigns to know me, I am complete in Christ, I care not for any thing else. I want nothing else, if Christ be made unto me of God my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification, my redemption.

Complete in Christ! O how delightful is the thought! There is nothing in this wide world that we need, but just Christ. We are perfectly independent of the world, in Christ. Though having nothing, we are as possessing all things, in Christ. In him we have riches, food, drink, light, and life. He is our bread, our wealth, our health, our sun, our shield, our rock, our refuge, our exceeding great reward. Let the Christian go about the world singing, "Complete in Christ! Complete in Christ."

Nature and Faith.

Nature sees the *body* dead ;
Faith beholds the *spirit* fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide ;
Faith can see the other side ;
That but hears farewell and sighs ;
This, thy welcome in the skies ;
Nature mourns the *cruel* blow ;
Faith assures it is not so ;
Nature never sees thee more ;
Faith but sees thee gone before ;
Nature reads a dismal story ;
Faith has visions full of glory ;
Nature views the change with sadness ;
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
Nature murmurs ; *faith* gives meekness ;
 "Strength is perfected in weakness ;"
Nature writhes and hates the rod ;
Faith looks up and blesses God ;
That looks downwards, *this* above ;
That sees harshness, *this* sees love.

[Rev. Robert Peden.]

Mind not high things.

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN NEW YORK.

A Correspondent of the Boston Journal writes as follows :

I have been greatly interested in one of these Angels of Mercy, who may well be called the Florence Nightingale of New York. She was brought up in great tenderness and delicacy by parents who had all the comforts that wealth could command—and the daughter had youth, health, beauty, and high spirits, and took the world as it were her only portion and was to last forever. But one of the tornadoes which sweep away wealth, position, and wordly goods passed over the land, and her father found all his long enjoyed and hard earned wealth buried beneath the ruins. He was not a man to yield to the blast and sink in despair. He came to New York to earn his livelihood, away from the theatre of his former possessions, and here went to his daily toil. Nor did his daughter sink beneath the blow. With a spirit and energy that surprised all who knew her, she bore up the spirits of her household—and with as light a heart and as joyous a spirit as she ever coursed over the plains with her favorite palfrey or stepped on the floor the queen of the ball room, she bade adieu to scenes so dear to her young heart, and came to this city to share the humble lot and the toil of those who shared their wealth with her in palmier days. The woe and wretchedness of New York touched her heart. She organized a system of benevolence of her own, and alone for a number of years she has trodden this solitary path, with the blessings of many ready to perish upon her.

Her plan is this. She selects a number of needy families who need a little aid to make them comfortable, and to these she makes a weekly payment. Her collections are made by herself; and a certain number of benevolent persons pay her so much a week, and this she collects and distributes with her own hands. And in the lanes and alleys of destitution, in the garrets of crime and woe, among the famished and perishing, she may be daily seen on her errands of mercy. To one she brings a little medicine, to another a little food from her own

table, some wood and coal for others, to another a much needed dress and some clothes. If the wants are above and beyond her means, she goes in person to the larger institutions of benevolence, and gets them to aid; for another she finds a nurse, a coffin, and suitable burial; and thus from week to week this lady walks her round, to seek out the suffering and relieve.

And called, as she is, to visit some of the most dangerous and wicked places in New York, and passing often up rickety stair cases, on which bold, bad, desperate men are often seen—called to seek out suffering families in the dark and dangerous lanes and alleys where many of the poor are found—and though warned and cautioned by her friends of the dangers she is often exposed to—a lone, young, and uncommonly fine-looking lady—yet in the course of seven years she never has met with one insulting word or rudeness—never received anything but respect, and has not been in peril one moment. And she is as well known among the poor and destitute as any monument in our city. The sacrifices of a young female, who leaves home and country to carry salvation to the habitations of cruelty, are worthy of all praise. The daughter of Britain, whose angel form on the tented field gave consolation to the dying soldier in the Crimea, and whose hand lifted the cup to the parched lips of the sufferer, and who dared the horrors of war to do the work of humanity, should be embalmed in the affections of the people of England. But no less worthy of praise is that young lady who forgets her own misfortunes in the woe of her race, and who lives only to do good among the forlorn, and neglected, and suffering, of our great city. If “one sinner can destroy much good,” how great the good the large-hearted and devoted person may do! Surely the work of Mercy belongs to that class which was

“Last at the Cross, and earliest at the grave.”

IS THERE ANY NEED OF A HIGHER STANDARD? VICE IN THE CHURCHES.—Mrs. Abigail Gardner, the woman recently acquitted by a Massachusetts jury of the poisoning of her husband, acquitted, however, in the face of complete moral evidence, and after her own confessions of the most odious immorality, made to her doctor, and proved by him, was a member of a church, in full communion, taking the sacrament regularly. The other day, too, in New York, a police officer named Hart made a descent upon a house of ill fame, and was very

much astonished to find that about half of the male inmates, were members of his own church. He has written a very touching account of the interview. Madelaine Smith was a very regular attendant upon church ordinance, and from Sir John Dean Paul to the directors of the British Bank, who used to open their business meetings for swindling with prayer and reading the Scriptures, and thence through the whole tribe of scamps whose doings have been lately recorded, we see members of those churches whose adherents profess unusual sanctity, play a very conspicuous part. Of course, a regular attendance upon religious duties does not make men vicious; but how is it that it does not keep them from being so? It is too plain that what is called piety is not necessarily associated with morality, and there is certainly something in these facts which may cause reflection and humility to those who are apt to condemn all who do not entertain exactly the same ideas of mere formal duty as themselves.—[Montreal Herald.]

THE Marshioness of Londonderry recently made a purchase of Bibles from the British and Foreign Bible Society, to the amount of two thousand pounds, and presented them to the work-people on her estates, first writing the name of the recipient in each copy. Her Ladyship, also, on the occasion of a fatal colliery explosion at Houghtonlee Spring, in a pit not belonging to herself, purchased of the London Tract Society, and distributed 1,000 copies each of the following tracts: "The Miner," "John Brown," and The "Pit-boy and his Candle Box."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AN APOLOGY.—We are again under the necessity of apologizing to our friends for the lateness of the October issue. A temporary confinement, under the Doctor's care, is all that we need assign to satisfy our generous and forbearing readers. Some supposed that, in the unparalleled monetary crisis through which the entire country is passing, we had been obliged to follow the example of others, and "suspend" operations, if not the payment of debts. Through the blessings of a kind Providence, however, as already stated, we have been saved any such necessity. The derangement of the currency, and the number who have been thrown out of employment by the changes that have been going on affect us seriously; but

hitherto hath the Lord helped us, and in his name will we put our trust. If ever there was a time when the attention of men should be called to the subject we advocate, it is the present; and, unless the Lord's providence puts its interdict upon us, we shall continue to issue our monthly, proclaiming to the world the fulness, richness, and sufficiency of the grace of God. We are happy in being able to gain some time with the present number, and hope with December to resume our usual promptness.

ENGLAND.—We have received several communications of a highly cheering character from the mother country. We give one in the present number, and others will appear in our next. Of the state of things there, our American correspondent writes as follows:

"There are many hopeful signs in relation to the cause of holiness here, and not the least encouraging is the multiplication of the number of meetings especially designed to promote this object. The first, commenced some twenty months since, was held at the house of a Wesleyan minister. The second was at the house of Mrs. Morse, a lady peculiarly adapted, by social position, great personal worth, and deep spirituality, to take a lead in such a movement. These meetings have not always been numerously attended, but have enjoyed much of the presence of Him who is "our sanctification." Later, several other meetings were commenced in London; and more recently still, and doubtless mainly in consequence of the account, lately published in the Guide, of Mrs. Palmer's meeting, similar meetings have been commenced in different parts of the kingdom, and, in some instances, with very marked results.

"Another cheering feature in the movement, is the morning concert of prayer for a revival of the work of holiness. Two individuals, then residing many miles apart, without knowing each other's views or intentions on the subject, at the same time initiated a movement for this concert of prayer; and, as they were in correspondence, the happy idea was soon wafted over the land. The hour fixed upon is nine o'clock, A. M., and, at that moment, many souls, meeting those who have but lately found a full salvation, are bowed in earnest supplication for the revival of the work of holiness; and, as the days pass away, and souls enter into the rest of faith, the number of such suppliants will be increased. It is an inspiring

thought, that daily, at the appointed hour, in various parts of the kingdom, blood-washed souls are unitedly pleading the fulness there is in Jesus. The morning concert of prayer for purity of heart and blamelessness of life! Surely, He who has said, "Be ye holy," will lend a listening ear to such supplications.

"Mrs. Morse has recently sent forth the following card, which, as it has been quite extensively circulated, I feel at liberty to copy, that you may better understand the measures which some of the Lord's chosen ones here adopt to promote this blessed cause :

"BE YE HOLY."

MRS. MORSE would affectionately remind the friends of a "full salvation," that the time for holding the Meetings at her Rooms has been changed to the

Afternoon of MONDAY, at Three o'clock;
when she will be pleased to see those who sincerely desire to be cleansed "from all sin," and to be "preserved blameless."

8, RAGLAN TERRACE,
Highbury Park, London.

"SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH."

"Many thousand copies of Mrs. Palmer's works are now in the hands of English Christians; and, so far as I can learn, the blessing of God follows their circulation in an eminent degree. It is a significant fact, that, wherever her works circulate, at home or abroad, there souls find the rest of faith; and I doubt not that when she comes to witness the "coronation" of those whom her works have been made the means of blessing, the land of her fathers will furnish a number but little less than the land of her nativity.

"Another interesting feature is the not less encouraging than undisputed fact, that a genuine work of holiness is in progress in certain quarters, among the high churchmen; and it grows out of, and is a result of that remarkable work of grace among them in the west of England, a few years since, when ministers and laymen together sought and found salvation. They are not, perhaps, clear on all points, as held by modern writers; but, on one point, they are even more Wesleyan than the English Wesleys themselves; as they hold that a confession of the blessing is necessary to its retention.

"I enclose a form of consecration adopted by Dr. Adam Clarke, copied, by one of his daughters, from the original now in her possession;*

*This will appear in our next.

and, as it was drawn up only a few months before the date of his letter to Mr. Wesley, lately published in the Guide, it throws light on the secret of his deep piety and great usefulness. I presume the readers of the Guide will be pleased to read any thing pertaining so intimately to the life of that great and good man. Several of his descendants have recently found the rest of faith; and, among them, are some very efficient and successful laborers in this cause."

METINGS ON HOLINESS IN THIS CITY.—For the information of our friends who may visit the city, we would give notice that a meeting for the promotion of holiness is held in the Vestry of Bromfield Street Church, on every Thursday Evening, at half past seven o'clock.

We have just received from M. W. Dood, Publisher, New York,

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS; with a Review of Rev. Dr. Bellow's Lecture on the Theatre. By Rev. D. R. Thomason.

It is truly painful that, in this pleasure-loving, and pleasure-seeking age, a clergyman should be found defending a class of amusements which the spiritual, in all ages, have condemned as detrimental to piety and good morals. Our author's reply does great credit to his head and heart. In conceding, however, to his opponent candor, and a sincere desire, by his effort, to reclaim the stage, etc., from its evils and abuses, he admits,—what to our mind is chimerical in the extreme, and, we fear, will prove mischievous in its tendency,—that such a reform might be attempted with safety.

AN HOUR WHEN THE LOVE OF GOLD IS LOST.—On that fearful night when the Central America made its final plunge, how little was thought of money! Says a survivor: "A great many of the passengers were miners, having considerable sums of gold about them, the product of years of toil; but the love of gold was forgotten in the anxiety and terror of the moment, and many a man unbuckled his gold-stuffed belt, and flung his hard-earned treasure upon the deck, some hoping thereby to lighten their weight, and more easily keep themselves afloat, while others threw it away in despair, thinking there was no use for it in the watery grave they were going to." One says "he might have picked up tens of thousands of dollars which had been thrown away, and lay strewn about the decks."

The Church in the Furnace.

BY REV. JESSE T. PECK.

IF we are not wholly mistaken, the Church of God is at this time passing through "fiery trials." She has been for many years subjected to severe temptations, from worldly prosperity. Men who were poor and humble at the time of their conversion have found themselves in good society, have been encouraged and aided by good practical suggestions, and stimulated by example, they have been taught industry, economy and enterprise, by the Holy Bible and a corrected conscience; and, under all these influences, they have found themselves rapidly rising in wealth and consideration. Many of them count their annual gains by thousands, and their treasures by hundreds of thousands. Indeed Christians who, within our recollection, were plain and destitute, are now among the princes and *millionaires* of the world! What terrible temptations have surrounded them, to violate the sacred command "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world!" And yet it is likely few of them have reckoned their accumulating fortunes *a trial*. They have had no idea that their piles of gold, their stocks, their merchandise, were fearful snares to entrap their feet, arrest them in their march to heaven, —and finally drag them down to the pit! Quite otherwise. They have felt themselves to be the favorites of fortune—of Providence even, and really much of the time they have been so, preserving their humility, attending faithfully upon the means of grace, and giving freely for the support of the church. So far, they have rightly interpreted the significance of God's blessing, and by grace become victors in the conflict.

But, with reference to a numerous class in all the churches, including at length many of those who for a time manfully withstood the trial, we are obliged to take up the lamentation, and say, "How is the

gold become dim! *how* is the most fine gold changed!" At first, quite certain that honest integrity requires the devotion of more time and thought, to the increased responsibilities and perplexities of business, unwilling that the cause of God should suffer in consequence of any failure in their credit, they persuaded themselves that they were quite excusable for inattention to many of the ordinary means of grace. They became irregular at the week-night meetings, and at length disappeared from them altogether. Self-deceived, they flattered themselves that they should return to these duties after the hurry of a particular emergency was over, and offered quite humble apologies to their pastors and brethren. But artful temptation made further exactions. The regular hours of private prayer seemed to demand too much time, and were constantly diminished, until they at length became nearly a few moments of formal, unthoughtful devotion, just before retiring, and immediately after rising. The seasons of family prayer became hurried also, until evening prayers were left off, and the singing was omitted, in the morning, a brief psalm was chosen instead of the regular chapter, and a few minutes of prayer were really crowded in amid the more engrossing thoughts of stocks, railroads, merchandise, pay days and bank notes! Alas, the apostasy is completed. The splendid residence is the home of luxury and extravagance, of pleasure parties, and fashionable amusements. The young folks must be respectable. It is no harm to dance—to play cards—to go to the opera, or the theatre. The father and the mother, have occasional doubts, and some fears, lest things will really go too far; but the young people are surprised that they used to be so superstitious, when they were children, and were so strictly confined to Sabbath school, and church, and the reading of the Bible!

You may now see the smile of pity and even derision, in response to the delicate intimation that any of these splendid fallen Christians are delinquents in regard to at-

tendance at class meeting, or any other means of grace. They think it quite weak in the pastor, not to know that the cross-bearing and self-denial belong to entirely a different class of persons. Urged a little too earnestly by a zealous, God-fearing minister, they will, with many supercilious airs, mincingly inform you that they are about taking a pew in another church. Indeed, Pa has been thinking, for some time, of calling for letters for them all, but he has been quite busy, and neglected it!

Not the rich as such, many of whom are among the very best Christians in the land, but those who "trust in uncertain riches," have gone through the fearful evolutions described. Those whose minds have been found too weak to endure prosperity, who have been gradually deceived by the artful blandishments of the tempter, or suddenly intoxicated by success, and those who have become insane by a mad ambition to appear what they are not, have dishonored the church, and sought to substitute the true Christian life by one that is really "carnal, and sold under sin."

The Church, as an organized body, has a real divinity and responsible existence in the sight of God, and she partakes of the dangers which beset and overthrow so many of her members. Her life is the aggregate life of those who are included in her sacred communion; and, just in proportion as her individual membership maintain or destroy their spiritual relationship to the living Christ, she thrives or decays. She suffers therefore from the failures in trials to which we have referred, and reveals her blindness and feebleness in very similar tendencies. She becomes rich and has the same temptations to extravagance, but God requires of her exactly the same spirit of sacrifice that he demands of her members. No rich church has money to waste. To her, in a future day, as inevitably as to every member, the question will be sternly urged, "What hast thou done with thy Lord's money?" She may reply, "I have expended it in costly edifices, splendidly

adorned for the honor of the church! I have used it to keep up with sister churches, and the outside world in the race of fashion! I have had little or nothing to spare for building mission churches. I have had hard work to get enough to pay off the enormous debts which have been contracted in this desperate struggle for preeminence. She may say all this; but she must undergo the scrutiny of infinite knowledge and exact justice. A searching light will be thrown into her heart, to reveal the motives which have controlled her action. Her day of judgment is *here*! If she has betrayed her sacred trusts,—if she has rejected her mission of love to the world, and degraded her position from a spiritual and heavenly to a secular and earthly power, she may read her doom in the withered and blasted fig-tree upon which the curse of the divine Redeemer fell, in judicial consent to the choice she has made. She may be splendid and honorable in the sight of the world. She may gain the wealthy and the proud for whom she has compromised her spirit of earnest devotion, and the self-sacrifice ordained of Heaven. She may see her members enlarged, and her moral power diminished. She may read "Ichabod" amid her golden ornaments, and upon her splendid towers. The curse—the bitter curse—of money will freeze up her heart's blood, because she "came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

That the church has passed into this terrible furnace, there can be no question. She has, in the judgment of men, enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. She has gone far away from the days of her martyrdom. Long centuries have rolled by since she has traced her career in the blood of her slain. The reproach of the cross has measurably ceased. It has become honorable to be enrolled in her ranks, and fight under her banner. The great and the wise as well the humble and the unlearned have sought security and honor in her fold. Kings and emperors have knelt reverently at her shrine, and thrown around her the fond embraces

of secular power. At one time, she walks softly amid thorns and pitfalls, gathers her trembling few from the humblest conditions of life, seeks the lowliest abodes of sorrow and death, for the objects of her tender compassion, and her weeping benevolence—lifts up her votaries from distress, and arrays them in garments of beauty and loveliness. Soon after, she passes out of her cottage abode and her peasant chapel, into palaces and amid the glories of architecture, and, before her brief half-century expires, the wealth and splendor of ages are at her feet. And has she done all this without impairing her vital strength? Has she come out of the furnace without the smell of fire upon her garments? God knows. Alas! the fact is too evident. She is shorn of her strength in the lap of her spiritual Delilah. The hidings of the divine countenance are mourned in her solemn assemblies, and the dread of greater and impending danger lingers fearfully around her heart. She hears, in judgment tones, the charge “Repent, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and fight against thee with the word of my mouth.”

Entire Consecration.

BY REV. W. S. TURNER.

(Second Paper.)

In our first article, the reader's attention in a general way was called to the subject of entire consecration; the obligation of every one to consecrate themselves to the service of God; and the possibility of so doing, with some scriptural and other proof upon it. We now, as we promised, propose examining the questions: *How far is entire consecration the work of man? and, Is entire consecration synonymous with entire sanctification?*

1st. Then how far is ENTIRE consecration the work of man? If this question is not interesting, still it is important to all who are inquiring, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? What is my privilege in the gospel? What is the standard of piety

set up in God's Word?” In the work of human salvation, God has devolved something upon man to *do*, not as purchasing his salvation, but as a condition of his obtaining it. Why he has condescended thus to make him a co-worker, we need not now stop to consider. The evidence that God requires it of us, is abundantly taught us in his revealed will. Repentance is the work of man. Faith is his work also. After we are brought into a justified relation to God, we are to resist sin inward and outward. We are to “work out our salvation with fear and trembling;” while “God works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure.” If it be replied, that repentance and faith are the gift of God, we answer: yes, in a certain sense. But in no such sense that God repents or exercises faith for us. All we have is the gift of God; our being, and all pertaining thereto; yet, there are many things God will not, cannot do for us. He will not see for us; nor hear for us; nor use our limbs for us,—seeing we have the ability to do these things ourselves. There is a moral impossibility in the economy of grace to God's doing those things for us that we can do for ourselves. It may be laid down, then, as a moral maxim, which will always be safe for us to follow, that *God will never do that for us which we can do for ourselves.* This must be so from the very nature of the Christian religion, which is purely voluntary. A voluntary obedience presupposes ability upon the part of the being rendering service and worship; call it *gracious ability*, or what not. The entire of this ability, then, God requires man to use in his own salvation. This is not only right, but is a gracious condescension upon the part of our heavenly Father. There are certain things, in effecting our salvation, that man cannot possibly do. These things God engages to do for him. Such is the work of conviction, pardon regeneration and sanctification. A sinner can no more convict himself than a dead body can resurrect itself. This is the work of the Holy Ghost, through the truth.

Nor can he pardon himself any more than the guilty culprit can pardon himself; this is the prerogative of the offended party or judge. In this case, it is the prerogative of God. So with the regeneration and sanctification of the heart; they are supernatural. What we are desirous of, then is, to enable the reader to see, that there is a palpable distinction between what God does for the sinner, and what the sinner is required to do for himself. What the sinner does for himself, is the gift of God in altogether a different sense, from what the work of pardon, regeneration, and sanctification is. This we are quite conscious of. "It is true, the gift of God's word,—Holy Spirit,—and conviction, are not given on condition of previous repentance. Without these being antecedently given, there could be no repentance. They are given to enable the sinner to see his lost condition, that he may repent: he could no more repent without these preceding, than he could move and act intelligently without being first born into the world. And just here is the proper place to remark, that repentance and faith, in which are implied *entire consecration*, are required of us in view of this light and conviction being antecedently given. God is not a hard master, gathering where he has not sown. He makes known his will concerning us, and then demands our implicit obedience. Now, God has supplied us with a revelation of his mind. In this, our relations to him are clearly set forth, with the obligations growing out of them; hence God can, with the greatest propriety and justice, demand our best obedience to, and fullest acquiescence in, his will.

The foregoing reflections prepare us to answer the inquiry, How far *entire consecration* is the work of man? The truth, the Holy Spirit, and conviction, being given by God, the consecration must be wholly the work of man. This view is quite fully sustained by the word of God. Ezekiel intimates thus much, where he admonishes

the "house of Israel," with a "thus saith the Lord," to "repent and turn from all their transgressions," to "make them a new heart, and a new spirit." In God's word, the work of a new "heart," or change of heart, is variously attributed. It is called God's work. It is called the work of the truth. "The truth shall make you free;" "Sanctify them through thy truth." Again, to the Spirit: "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." Again, to the preacher: "He that winneth souls, is wise;" "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways," etc.; and, finally, to the sinner himself, as quoted from Ezekiel. Now there is no conflict here; for all these are concerned in the work of regeneration and sanctification. The Holy Spirit and Truth, enlighten and convince. The preacher persuades, but the sinner must repent, believe, and consecrate. In this sense, he makes himself "a new heart, and a new spirit." Thus he "purifies himself by obeying the truth."—1 Peter, i. 22. When light broke in upon the mind of the Philippian jailer, he cried, "Sirs, what must *I do* to be saved?" The intelligent answer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," intimating that he had something *to do*. These intimations of God's word, that the work of regeneration and sanctification are the sinner's own, evidently refer to the work of consecration. We assert, then, with humble confidence, that the work of *entire consecration*, as such, is wholly our own. This is the only view that will harmonize with a purely voluntary religion. God cannot consecrate for us in this sense. He will not interfere with our work. This being settled, we are prepared to answer a question that is often suggested, and sometimes is asked, "Why is it that so few who believe in the doctrine of *entire sanctification* are enjoying the blessing?" We suppose the true answer is, Because they either do not understand their duty in regard to consecration; or they have no desire to be wholly sanctified. Many, no doubt, who

have been anxiously seeking the grace of a clean heart are at fault just here. They have been waiting for God to do their work for them. We see this more strikingly exhibited in the case of the awakened sinner. He is desirous of being a Christian; and, when urged to repent, and obey God, he replies: "I don't feel enough: I cannot." He is waiting for more conviction; i. e., he is waiting for God to repent for him; to forcibly compel him to cease sinning, and drag him to obedience. This, God does not do; and yet he wonders why he is not converted. He is unwilling to do what he can, because he is resting under the false notion that the work of consecration is not wholly his own. He has heard so much of sovereign, compelling grace, that he fancies he has nothing to do but wait till his time comes. How many seekers of holiness remain seekers only because they misapprehend the truth that the work of entire consecration is their own work! They persistently wait for God to do that for them that they can do for themselves. Brethren, do all you can, and God will assuredly do his work. Don't say that you cannot consecrate yourselves wholly to God; lest you be found charging him with folly and great injustice. You have the ability to perform every requirement he has made of you. Don't you know that there are things that you do not do,—that you could do if you made an earnest and determined effort? One reason, then, that those seeking the blessing of perfect love do not attain it is, their consecration is not entire, and they are waiting for God, or some one else, to do the rest for them.

But the reason most professing Christians are not holy, is because they have no sincere desire to be. They do not really love holiness. They are unwilling to make the sacrifices; to pay the price; to pluck out this right eye sin, and cut off that right hand sin. There are other idols in their hearts, that have a stronger hold on their affections than Christ has. The work

of justification is so feeble now, whatever it may have been heretofore, that it does not create hungerings and thirstings after holiness strong enough to overcome their cravings after this present world. Some one has remarked in substance, that "the reason Christians are not more holy is, because they don't want to be." This remark, though it might have the appearance of rashness, is, nevertheless, pregnant with truth; and shows that its author was thoroughly acquainted with the human heart, and the word of God. Men have just as much holiness then as they desire. If God's people would ponder this truth, it might awaken their necessary fears. The general torpor about, and positive dislike for, the doctrine of entire sanctification in the churches of Jesus Christ, is owing to a want of thorough indoctrination in the duty of entire consecration. Though they may admit that they are not their own in theory, yet they do not sufficiently feel this truth. Most Christians act as though they had a much better right to themselves, their time and possessions, than God has. When they do consecrate the lame, the halt, and blind, they act as though God were brought under a weighty obligation to them. It is as if a steward should employ the most of his master's means and time in his own gratification, and then treat that master with a haughty independence, that says, "You are greatly indebted to me for these refuse and scraps." As long as Christians assume an absolute ownership in themselves, their time and property, acting as if they were masters, and God the servant, it will be difficult to get them to love the blessed doctrine of entire sanctification. They must not only be made to admit that they are not their own, but to feel it, before they will make an entire consecration of themselves to God. O, for a consecrated ministry, to make the people of God feel the duty of thus consecrating themselves wholly to Christ. Is it probable, or even possible, to effectively impress this truth without a sanctified ministry? We have

thus endeavored to show that the work of entire consecration, as such, wholly belongs to man. Without taxing your time and patience further upon this point, we invite your attention to the inquiry :

2nd. *Is entire consecration, synonymous with entire sanctification?* Having been personally perplexed with this question and supposing that others have been similarly troubled, we have thought it would not be amiss, or altogether unprofitable, to give the result of some examination upon it, through the Guide. We would not thereby set ourselves up as an oracle; but desire for God's glory to give expression to some things which we trust are the teachings of the Holy Spirit. God often leads the blind by a way they have not known. Nor does he lead all to the truth by the same path. Our experiences, dear brethren, are not our own; we are to consecrate them also to God, for the furtherance of his blessed cause. It is this view that induces me to submit these articles, hoping some one may be profited, and God be glorified therein.

We have fully and frankly expressed our opinion, that entire consecration is wholly the work of man; just as faith and repentance are; we are as fully satisfied that entire sanctification is the work of God, therefore not synonymous with the former. If it were, there would be nothing for God to do, after conviction had taken place; therefore all the glory of sanctification would redound to the sinner; or at least the greater share of it. Entire consecration we understand to be only an unreserved compliance with the conditions of full salvation; but entire sanctification is a real change wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit; in consequence of which the cleansed person is enabled to love God with all the soul, mind, might and strength, and his neighbor as himself. He can *pray without ceasing, rejoice evermore, and in every thing give thanks unto God.* This inward change, or purification, is wholly the work to God. To suppose these identical, or

synonymous, then, is to aver man capable of sanctifying or cleansing himself from all sin. This, no one believes, or would think of teaching, who is at all acquainted with the Bible teaching upon the subject.

Again—to suppose them identical, would be to hold that we are sanctified by works instead of faith, for consecration is nothing more than works. Still, this does not lessen the importance of this entire surrender of ourselves to God, in order to sanctification. This consecration is a necessary antecedent to the exercise of a faith that sanctifies the soul. It is, in one sense, just as necessary a condition to our being cleansed from all sin, as faith is. Nay, we maintain, that faith for entire sanctification, cannot be exercised, when the seeker of this grace is conscious that a full surrender has not been made. It were as impossible for you to believe God would sanctify you with a partial consecration, as to pluck the sun from the heavens. The connection between consecration and a faith that sanctifies, is indispensable. This antecedency of an unreserved surrender of all to God, is then absolutely necessary to being sanctified wholly, soul, spirit, and body. These are the links in the chain: first, conviction; second, consecration; third, faith; and fourth, the work of the Spirit. If one of these links is wanting, the work must be defective. We may not always note these different steps, yet they are taken in every genuine sanctification. The connection is so intimate, and these steps may be taken so rapidly, as to render them unnoticeable by us; nor may the time between the steps be appreciable. It may all appear as one step, and one period of time. This distinction between the act of consecration and the act of faith, is generally less noticeable than between conviction and consecration. The transition is usually more rapid than between the first and second steps. So it is also between the exercise of faith and the witness of the change. The rapidity with which the mind passes from the act of consecration to the act of

faith, and then realizes that the blood cleanses, is probably the principal cause of the confusion and perplexity that many minds experience in distinguishing between entire consecration and entire sanctification. This fact, we remark, would be very likely to lead many minds to confound two things that are of necessity entirely distinct. We would not be understood as saying, that to be genuinely sanctified, we must be able to note these several steps, and distinguish one from the other. One may take them, and be wholly unconscious of this connection, and yet be truly sanctified. We merely refer to this thus particularly, to show how we might be led to confound two things wholly distinct from the close connection of the steps, and the wonderful rapidity with which we usually pass from the one to the other.

This naturally leads us to another point of interest and importance. When the consecration is complete and hearty, and the person is fully conscious thereof, it is almost impossible for him not to exercise immediately the faith in God that brings the blessing. When the individual feels that he has sincerely surrendered all, he realizes that he has a good foundation for his faith. The conditions thus being filled, he confidently expects God will fulfil his word. Hence his faith immediately lays hold of the promise, and has it verified. This almost inevitable consequence, coupled with the foregoing remarks, may rationally account for what some of the holiest persons have been charged with, viz., teaching that entire consecration and entire sanctification are identical. They might be led to do this for the above reasons; still we can hardly be persuaded that they intended to be thus understood. The difference, after all, between their teachings and those who consider themselves orthodox, is more seeming than real. It is more a misunderstanding of terms than of the real thing itself. Those who lay so much stress upon entire consecration, give unquestionable evidence in their lives that they

have the same thing that those have who lay more stress upon faith. This agreement in the fruits is palpable evidence that they have passed through the same steps to the attainment of this precious grace, however much their teachings may seem to differ, or however they may mark these steps differently. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a safer criterion than judging them by certain forms of expression frequently used. We all know how liable the best and wisest persons are to be misinterpreted when they employ certain terms and phrases. For instance, take the term *perfection*. We know how this has been abused and misinterpreted by the opposers of the doctrine of Christian perfection. This is owing to two causes; first, the poverty of language, and a want of fairness upon the part of contending parties. To one, they have one meaning; to the other, an entirely different meaning. In our humble judgment, a clear understanding of these four steps or stages in Christian experience, viz.,—conviction, entire consecration, faith, and the work of the Holy Spirit, together with the great liability of misunderstanding each other in our use of terms and phrases, will account most satisfactorily for the differences that have divided the friends of entire sanctification. The above order we think *natural, scriptural*, and therefore necessary, whether we are cognizant of them at the time in our experiences or not. This, if true, would preclude the possibility of these two states being identical.

We have never read the heated controversy upon this question; consequently, we have not been swayed by the views of either side. Our own personal trouble upon the subject has given rise to these views. Whether correct or incorrect, we are entirely willing the friends of holiness shall decide. If this shall, in any degree, reconcile what appear to be real differences, but are not, we shall be happy, and give God all the honor. Our intention, in giving publicity to these thoughts are not in-

tended to provoke controversy. This is the farthest from our wish possible. Our single aim herein, we trust, is to glorify God by subserving the cause of holiness, which, of all others, lies nearest our heart. Like all human efforts, this is more or less cumbered with imperfections, and needs the blood of atonement. The writer craves the candor and prayers of the reader upon the above thoughts, that they may be attended with the divine blessing.

Yours in Christ. W. S. T.
Honolulu, S. I., July 25, 1857.

"Desire Shall Fail."

Ecclesiastes xii. v.

BY B. S.

MAN is a creature of desire—a desire ever restless, and never satiated, and never can be satisfied with any finite attainment. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, "desire shall fail." Some of the points wherein "desire shall fail," we purpose briefly to notice.

1st. "Desire" for earthly, physical and sensual gratification "shall fail" when the infirmities of age or disease have blunted or destroyed the sensibilities of the natural body. This is obviously the legitimate meaning of the Scripture quotation with which we head our paper.

2d. "Desire shall fail," when the soul experiences the new birth; when old things pass away, and all things become new, having been "created anew in Christ Jesus." Not that desire then becomes extinct, but simply that it "fails" in relation to its old pursuits and enjoyments. "Desire" for every sinful way, every sinful gratification, ceases. The soul rests, for a season at least,

"— from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear."

Hence we say, respecting the former "desires" of the young convert, they "shall fail." This state of grace is generally followed by another of critical importance.

Good desires, strong and frequent in their visits, will rush in upon the head and heart of the youthful disciple,—desires which should be met and satiated through the exercise of an unyielding faith in the efficacy of grace to impart a complete victory "over all the power of the enemy," and to fill the soul with the "fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." But, alas! we fear most Christians stop short of such an attainment. They seem to quiet themselves with the overflowing of good desires. We regard this as a fearfully dangerous state,—dangerous, because Satan often makes use of these good desires to lull the soul into a fancied belief that there is grace in the desire of grace, and consequently all will finally be well,—that God will finish what his grace has begun, etc. We regard no device of the tempter so plausible, and hence so ruinous, as that of pouring in upon the mind a flood of good desires, and that for the purpose of deceiving,—not sinners, but the "elect," who have tasted, in some measure, "the heavenly gift." Like "the morning cloud and early dew," all such "desires shall fail," they "shall pass away."

3d. "Desire shall fail," when the soul passes from a mixed state to one of purity—of "perfect love"—of completeness in Christ. No soul can feel desire when every want is met; and such is the state of all whose "life is by the faith of the Son of God," and who can say, with the apostle, "Christ liveth in me." Here,

"— fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

The soul, thus wedded and allied to the Savior, ceases from man,—from man's desire, as such. The Holy Ghost becomes the originator and author of what, for want of clearer language, we call desires. But, in fact, this power of the sanctified intellect is what we should rightly denominate the "fruit of the Spirit." The human will being swallowed up in the divine will, "desire" must of necessity "fail." Like a faithful servant, whose attitude is ever waiting, and

watchful of the master's interests, so the holy soul waits upon God. The Sacred Word, the Holy Spirit, and the ever opening developments of Providence, are the manifest indications of the divine will by which every faithful follower of Christ is governed. The basis of creature desire is consequently taken out of the way.

4th, and lastly. God has so constituted our race, that we are ever the subjects of discipline. No state, however holy, is exempt. If holy, and bearing "much fruit," God, as a vine-dresser, "purges it, that it may bear more fruit." Hence, when all the warfare, conflict, change and discipline through which we are now passing, shall have ceased, then, in an unqualified sense, "desire shall fail." There, in that bright world, faith shall be swallowed up in sight. There shall be no more death; sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Until we are thus saved, God grant we may ever "fight the good fight of faith."

Extract.

"To make us partakers of his holiness, is God's design, as stated by the apostle. And there is something very remarkable about the expression. It corresponds to a similar one in the second epistle of Peter, 'partakers of the divine nature.' It implies something very exalted, and very blessed; much more so than if it had merely been told us that God's aim was to 'make us holy.' Partakers of his own very holiness,—his very nature! This is more than angels can glory in. It is something peculiar to 'be redeemed from among men,'—the members of the body of Christ. And it is in this way that Jesus speaks to us. It is not merely 'peace' that he promises to us, but *his own* peace—'my peace.' It is not merely joy he bestows, but *his own* joy,—'my joy.' So here it is not merely holiness he is conferring upon us, but *his own* holiness. His wish is to make us partakers of that. And oh! how much does that imply!"—[H. Bonar.

KNEE WORK.—When Rev. J. Caughey's work, "Revival Miscellanies," was first published, its motto on the title page was "Knee work! Knee work!" Some thought this was in bad taste, and it was left off the subsequent editions. For our part we liked the motto. The fact is, we need more knee work. We need it more among ministers and members—yes, we need more closet knee work. We saw an anecdote the other day on the subject that pleased us much. A clergyman observed a poor man by the road-side breaking stones with a hammer, and, to get at his work better, he put himself in a kneeling position. "Ah! John," said the clergyman, "I wish I could break the *stony hearts* of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." The man replied, "Perhaps you do not work *on your knees*."

No one could divine to what portion of the Christian Church Dr. Muhlenberg, the author of the following hymn, belongs. The beating of a Christian heart pulsates through every line. Its beauty, sweetness, and lyrical flow have never been surpassed.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh! what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord! one beam of THINE:
What, then, the *day where thou dost shine!*

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

The Life of Faith.

The following letter will well repay prayerful perusal. Its initials will be recognized as those of our esteemed English correspondent, to whom we are indebted for some of our most valuable contributions. In an accompanying note, the writer says: "The letter, when written, nearly five years ago, was certainly not intended to cross the Atlantic. But a friend recently proposed for it, in connection with the "Guide to Holiness," a longer journey than that to which I had, at first, destined it.

JANUARY, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” But, you ask, “Does not every Christian live a life of faith?” Certainly not, in the proper sense of the word. All begin to live by faith when they trust in Christ for the remission of sins, and that is accordingly effected; but how few *persist* in the life of faith by trusting in Christ for that which was the chief object of His manifestation,—the destroying the works of the devil,—the taking away our sins,—because in him is no sin?

The faith of many Christians is a very irrational thing. It secures the inferior and introductory part of the spiritual life, the cancelling of guilt, and leaves the great work of that life—the restoration to the image of God—to be accomplished anyhow, and to follow as a matter of course. O, holiness is no matter of course. It will not come to us merely as a result of having been made children of God, without further effort of ours. Simply attainable indeed it is, but the sacrifice to gain it must be unreserved, and the grasp that wields it unfaltering. “I live by faith.” Think of the term. What a constancy of being it involves! We do not call that *life* which exists a moment and then dies. Life is an active, conscious, and enduring existence; and to live by faith is to believe constantly and imperishably. Do not, then, give your-

self to God, and say, “I wish I knew if I were accepted,” and call that *faith*. *Faith!* it is the mere mockery of the word, and it is here that the great secret of our unconquerable sinfulness lies. For self-consecration, unless firm in the confidence of acceptance, becomes, after a while, dispiriting work; and, when the impulse which nerved to it has passed away, it is but too uninfluential in its effects. We *must* believe, or we shall not be established.

In this believing consecration of yourself to God is the beginning of the steadfast life of faith. This is what our Lord means when he says: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.” For, puzzle as you may over that exceeding broad command, you cannot make it broader than this. The unreserved dedication of yourself to God, then, is the whole of what he requires, and this he *does* require, and this you may, in the present moment, yield,—yield through Jesus; and, if he has ceased to be God, you will remain unaccepted. Believe this; for it is the whole mystery of faith. Such a surrender needs no animal excitement, no flight of enthusiasm, no strength of effort.

Faith may be defined as the very absence of effort,—the simple sinking into those everlasting arms which are beneath and around you. Faith is gloriously independent of frames and feelings; for it lives on Christ, and not on sensibilities; and unmoved, immovable by the sinkings of the animal courage, and the alternations of the animal spirits, it rests immutably on its immutable Rock. O, begin to believe immortally now. Take any promise you like,—the one, for instance, with which St. Paul directs us to “cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness.” “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you,”—making a perfect surrender of yourself to God through Christ, and

thus resting on an unchangeable word, you are inevitably and fully saved. Do not startle at the term "perfect surrender," or think that, because you do not understand all it may include, you are not, therefore, qualified to make it. I dare say it comprehends a great deal more than either you or I understand. But we can both enter into the *spirit* of it, and the *detail* will unfold itself long as our probation shall last. Christ demands a hearty consecration in *will*, and he will teach us what that involves in *act*.

But then comes the anxious question, "How am I to walk in the obedience and fulfil the sacrifice which this surrender implies?" You are not to do it at all. That is just the point. Listen: "I am crucified with Christ. I live; yet not I—" You from the moment give yourself up wholly to Christ, and trust him to the uttermost, have no longer a separate existence. You are become one with him, and he uses you merely as a medium of his own life. This is the life of Jesus being made manifest in your mortal body. You, in your own proper nature, are dead,—crucified with Christ. It is Christ now that lives in you. Do not ask, therefore, how you can *obey*, but how you can help doing so, if Christ live in you. Do not ask how you can be *holy*, but how you can be otherwise, if Christ live in you. It is not you who *do* or *are* any thing. You are utterly helpless and sinful. But then you are *dead*—*dead*, remember; and it is Christ, in all the mighty, transforming energy of his Spirit, who now lives, and breathes, and acts, in you.

Then comes another question, not less anxious,—“How am I to maintain constantly this close union with Jesus through all the failings of nature, and all the fierceness of temptation?” This would, indeed, be difficult to answer, did the just live by any thing but faith. But, as they do not, and as faith is equally independent of nature and temptation, the question is easily disposed of. For just consider what

faith is. I am jealous lest we sometimes separate the act of faith and its object. This, if done in the least degree, is just so much departing from our one Savior. It is not the hand by which you hold Jesus that saves you, but Jesus himself; though he would not save you unless you held him. Do not, again, separate *faith* and its *results*. The notion of faith, in my own mind, is generally that of breathing. Now I do not breathe and expel air to enter my lungs a few minutes after. It is true that the rush of air is a consequence of having breathed. But the act and the result are so instantaneous that we cannot, in idea, disunite them. So let it be with faith. It is not so much that you believe, and that Christ communicates his salvation to you in consequence, as that you *breathe in that salvation*.

This seems to me the only view of faith that properly glorifies the Savior, because it is the only one that supposes his absolute willingness to save. In proof of this, take an example from Scripture,—the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment, and was made whole. There was no active will of Jesus exerted to save her. It was a necessity of his nature that healed her. Because we can no more believingly touch Christ, and *not* receive healing, than we can place an object in the sun's rays, and not find sunlight thrown upon it. In the instance named, the will of Christ to heal appears such an essential of his nature, that, were it not a paradox, we should say the healing was *involuntary*. Think much of this. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful instance of the essential, necessitating love of the Godhead, that we have in the whole Bible, and the thought of it will greatly help that constancy of faith by which you must live. You have not to enlist the will of Christ on your behalf. The will he already has doubly pledged to you by the truth of this promise, and by the necessity of his ever-blessed nature.

Now, dear friend, do you understand a little better the subject of practical holiness? I have tried to explain to you its nature,

with the means of acquiring and retaining it. The nature is simply the unreserved dedication of yourself to God. This is *acquired*; i. e., it is changed from a thing of purpose and imagination into a thing of experience and influence,—when, laying hold of an infallible promise, you believe you are infallibly through Jesus accepted. It is retained by realizing the incessant, boundless Savior that Jesus is. I want to press this last point upon you, because you will meet with some moments of fierce satanic assault, in which you will be tempted to unclasp your hold of that uttermost Savior; and many more, perhaps, made up of little degrees of unguardedness, in which this world may almost insensibly relax, and you are only made aware that heavenly life is fainting within you as the overcoming sin wakes you up to your own dying life. But, mind, this need not be. It is a glorious truth that the believing spirit need never, for one moment, be separated from its Savior. Do not, then, be cast down in the hour when you are weary and dispirited; when, through mere nervous weakness, you feel inclined to be irritated and unhappy. Faith can just as readily sink into Jesus in the moment of languor as in that of cheerfulness; and faint not in the time of temptation; for still you live by faith. Lay hold on Jesus, and keep hold; for the temptation will continually return. The devil gets used to your faith, and will not leave you because you grasp your Savior; but still keep hold of his arm, and sin will be as harmless against you as if you already rested within the shelter of that arm in Paradise. There is one passage which I always apply to the resurrection from sin, and the security of that resurrection life in the believer's soul: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Here is the life of Christ brought into the soul by faith. And "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Here is that life inviolably secured by continued faith. Strive, as a further

encourage ent to faith, to feel the complete adaptation of the salvation of Jesus to every want and weakness of your nature. As these arise and press upon you, refer them all to him, and draw from him fresh life to endure and conquer. O, let these goings forth of your spirit be very frequent if you would live by him. When you feel your own ignorance and inability to think or act aright, breathe in his life, for he is your *wisdom*. When you are oppressed with the fear or the consciousness of having offended, breathe in his life, for he is your *righteousness*. When the tempter assails, or the world allures, breathe in his life, and fearlessly too, for he is your *sanctification*. And do this till that life's last triumph over death has told you what he is as your *redemption*. Such a perpetual recognizing of yourself only in connection with Christ Jesus is probably part of his meaning in these words: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." And thus to live is, indeed, to live by faith.

I trust I have not tired you by so often insisting on this near union between the soul and its Redeemer. I do so because I know how necessary it is, in suddenness of temptation, or weariness of spirit, to be able, with the rapidity of thought, and with less than its effort, to flee to "Our Life." Ever your affectionate friend. E. R.

Christian Cheerfulness.

CHRISTIAN cheerfulness is honorable to God, and of happy influence on man. Let the cheering and tranquillizing power of the gospel break forth and shine from your character. Jeremiah sung psalms in the dungeon; Luther translated the Bible in prison; John beheld the brightest visions of the New Jerusalem in Patmos; Bunyan, in later days, composed his Pilgrim confinement. There is very impressive

power in Christian happiness, on those who see it from without. It is a sunshine amid dripping clouds—a Sabbath heart in a weekday body, and Sabbath speech amid the dialects of Babel. It is brightest when all around it is blackest. When our natural affections cease their music, we then hear, sung out of the sky, unutterable melodies which ear hath not heard; when the world is all gloom, a regenerated soul treads glories out of every pebble, and sees the stars as arteries along which pulsations of felicity reach him. He can say, with Habakkuk—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Dr. Thomson's Mother.

THE SUBJECT WHICH CAN ALONE INTEREST
THE DYING.

I HAVE just been mingling my tears with those of our revered President over the death of his widowed mother. He requested me to convey to you and to his friends the sad intelligence.

MRS. ELIZA THOMSON, mother of Dr. Edward Thomson, died of cancerous stomach, at the house of her son Benjamin, in Princeton, Ill., on Sabbath, the 11th inst, at 3 A. M., in the seventy-second year of her age. Her sufferings commenced in August, and increased up to the time of her happy release into paradise. "Never have I seen such suffering," was a frequent exclamation over her dying pillow. Eyes long accustomed to sights of pain, had never witnessed such agony. For two days before she died her very breath was a groan. Her mind was clear till earth had completely faded from her vision. In her extreme agonies she preferred greatly to die. This desire, as a being capable of

forming resolves, she could have innocently. Her purity and rectitude were demonstrated not in not having any independent desires, but in calmly subjecting those desires to the divine will, and in patiently enduring the tortures of a consuming cancer.

At the first intimation of his mother's danger, our President hastened to her bedside. Her gratitude to God for his coming, went up as a cloud of incense from that suffering couch. He took her trembling hand, and poured upon the ear that had so long attended his own deep breathings, the truth of a philosopher, the affections of a son, and the consolations of a minister of Jesus. At one time he would carry her to the land of her birth, and the home of her youth, and discourse to her of the greatness and the glory of England, and the great things she has accomplished for the human family. Then did he inquire if this was not to her a theme of interest? "O," said she, "I do not wish to hear about earth. Talk to me of heaven. I want to hear of heaven." Then he took her through her own experience. He read to her some of the blessed pages of her own history, the good she had accomplished; the blessings she had dispensed; the husband whose memory she had faithfully honored for twenty-five years; the family she had reared; how well they were situated; how her prayers, counsels, and examples had enriched them; how they revered her, and how they would cherish her memory, when her eye would no longer melt in tenderness over them. "But," she replied, "that is all valueless, all destitute of merit. My hope rests only upon the blood of Christ."

So from subject to subject did he take his loved and dying mother. But all failed to meet the aspirings of her soul. Finally, he said, "Mother, shall I read to you from the Bible?" "O, yes—read to me from the Bible." "Well, mother, where shall I read?" "O, read anywhere. It is all so good, so precious, read anywhere!" The Doctor opened the Bible

and pronounced some of its sacred sentences. The word of God seemed to fill her soul. Then she was deeply interested, divine truth alone could meet the felt needs of her spirit. It pillowed her head, soothed her sorrows, filled her mind, and satisfied her whole soul. Often did she break forth with thankfulness at the richness, the fulness, the adaptedness of the Bible to a dying mortal.

Her eyes being closed, but the lips moving, her son placed his ear at the mouth that had spoken so tenderly to him for nearly half a century, to catch its final articulations as a memorial, evanescent but substantial, to carry with him, till he should listen to her spirit lips among the angels of God. He listened as she repeated slowly, as if dwelling on every word, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Sickness in his own family deprived the Doctor of the privilege of watching with his mother, soothing her pain, pillowing her head, witnessing her last look, and listening to the farewell tones of her voice. Finding his family improved, he was preparing to return to his mother, when the sad tidings reached and overwhelmed him. I was with him in that hour of grief and sorrow. I could not say any thing he did not already know. But I could weep with him, and I could understand his deep desolation in losing the most unselfish friend he ever had.—[Western Christian Advocate.]

Fulness of Christ.

What the heart is at the birth,
What the soul is to the earth,
What the gem is to the mine,
What the grape is to the vine,
What the bloom is to the tree,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the string is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the estate is to the heir,
What the autumn's to the year,
What the seed is to the farm,
What the sunbeam's to the corn,
What the flower is to the bee,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What the light is to the eye,
What the sun is to the sky,
What the sea is to the river,
What the hand is to the giver,
What a friend is to the plea,
That is Jesus Christ to me.

What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
Or springs of water to well,
What beauty is in all I see,
All this and more is Christ to me.

Revival Extraordinary!

The Laity for the Times exemplified.

From three to four hundred Souls saved in a few days—A Momentous Question, or, Where is the place which may not at once be favored with a Revival?—Co-operation of Preachers and People—Thousands might be saved in New York in less than a week.

The following letter, addressed to our friend and brother, Dikeman, of New York city, was published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, from which we copy it. It includes so many points of interest, that our readers will judge it worthy of publication.

HAMILTON, C. W., OCT. 17, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER DIKEMAN,—What hath God wrought! Would that I could portray on paper the wonderful works of God, which we have witnessed within the last few days. It is now only a little over one week since we paused, with the intention of only tarrying for the night at this place. We were on our way homeward from one of the most glorious camp-meetings we ever attended, and had the railroad cars favored our purpose, we would have been with our New-York friends one week yesterday. But God's ways are not as our ways. We have witnessed, during the past twenty years, many signal displays of God's wonder-working power in saving souls, but never before have we witnessed a revival after this fash-

ion; so remarkable in its aspects, so singularly suggestive and inspiring. The work began only a little over one week since, and already between three and four hundred have been brought into the fold of Christ. And still the work is going on with rapidly increasing power.

It is now Monday, October 19. It was only on Friday, one week since, that this glorious work commenced. Twenty-one souls were blessed with pardon, and several others, I trust, with sanctification, the first day that the extra effort commenced; since which the work has steadily increased in power, the number of the newly justified varying from twenty to forty-five each day, until yesterday, when, through Christ, the Captain of our salvation, over one hundred were won over to the ranks of the redeemed. Halleluiah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! And let all the redeemed say, Amen, amen!

Thanks to the Lord of the harvest for such an ingathering. And where will it end? Not, we trust, till all Canada is in a blaze.

The work is taking within its range persons of all classes. Men of low degree, and men of high estate for wealth and position; old men and maidens, and even little children, are seen humbly kneeling together pleading for grace. The mayor of the city, with other persons of like position, are not ashamed to be seen bowed at the altar of prayer beside the humble servant, pleading for holiness. My pen lingers. I might write out a volume of interesting incidents, but I must forbear.

I commenced a letter, two or three days since, which I intended to have addressed to yourself, in connection with our dearly beloved pastor, Brother Roche. In this, I commenced to give a little more in detail, a glance at our journeyings since we left New York. The recital would cheer your hearts amazingly; but time fails. Such are the exigencies of this glorious work, that every moment has its demands. I also commenced, several days ago, to write a few

lines in regard to our Canada tour, for our excellent Advocate, (which, by the by, is really a great favorite with the Canadian Methodists,) but I failed with this, as with yours, for want of time.

But I must hasten. I have nearly filled my little sheet, yet in the multiplicity of good tidings have left unwritten that with which my pen was most heavily laden when I commenced to write. If the principles on which this revival *commenced*, and is now being carried out so wonderfully, is of God, where is there a place within God's dominions, where Christianity has the least foothold, but may be favored with a revival *at once*? This revival *commenced*, and is progressing, on precisely the principles laid down in the articles published in the Christian Advocate and Journal early last spring, under the caption, "*Laity for the Times.*"

Though Hamilton is favored with three devoted ministers, than whom few are more marked in our own or any other church, for talent and pious and ministerial ability, yet these ministers will be as free to acknowledge to the praise of God as ourselves, that this gust of divine power, now spreading as a pentecostal flame over this entire community, took its rise in the sudden rise of the *laity*.

In as few words as possible I will endeavor to tell you just how the work commenced, and then tell me whether the same principles, if brought into immediate requisition in all our New York churches, would not result in the salvation of thousands of souls in less than a week. The membership in Hamilton, comprising the three Wesleyan Churches, has heretofore numbered about five hundred. When we paused on our journey here, on Thursday last, one week since, with the expectation of tarrying but for the night, there was nothing in the tone of the meeting we attended which indicated the near approach of this gust of power. It was the stated prayer-meeting evening, and about seventy persons were present. We were led to speak of the solemn obligation of bringing *all* the tithes

into the Lord's store-house, in order that all the tithes of time, talent, and estate, might be laid upon God's holy altar, and thus be brought into immediate use, by way of saving a lost world. It was suggested that if the people would pledge themselves, thus to bring all the Lord's tithes into his store-house at once, and go to work on the morrow to invite their unconverted friends and neighbors to Christ, a good result might be seen the ensuing evening. Probably over thirty of those present raised their right hand in the presence of the Lord, in solemn affirmation that they would sacrifice that which cost them something, in earnest specific endeavors to win souls to Christ. A special meeting was appointed for the next evening. Each one had obligated himself to bring at least one with him, and to invite as many as possible. On coming together in the evening, the lecture room was found wholly insufficient to contain the people, and the large audience room was resorted to. Ministers had been alike diligent as the laity, in giving sinners a personal invitation to come to Christ. The invitation had been accepted, and the glorious result of the first day's effort was that a score of souls were added to the ranks of the saved. And now, the newly saved were pledged, in turn, to unite with those already in the field, in bringing their unsaved friends to Jesus. A meeting was appointed for the next afternoon and evening, and still the numbers doubled and trebled, till hundreds are now in daily attendance on the afternoon and evening meetings, and the revival seems to be the absorbing topic of all circles. And who can say where it will end? Think of the three or four hundred new recruits, and these all engaged alike with those before in the field, in daily renewal of efforts to bring one more. Nightly we pledged ourselves *anew* to bring yet one more the coming day, and thus the hosts of Zion are enlarging daily, and new cases are being ferreted out, which would never have been reached but by this *system of vigorous daily*

effort. "Wonderful!" exclaimed one of aristocratic bearing, who had long been unapproachable on the subject of his soul's best interest. And now he had been approached by one who, having newly received the baptism of fire, dared not let him alone. The lady, who now dared to meet him in his own home, was one among the many scores who, with uplifted hand, was daily pledging herself to be "instant in season and out of season" in searching out some new subject for Christ's kingdom; and now, on being thus personally addressed, and beholding the tears of earnestness streaming from the eyes of the lady addressing him, he exclaimed, with amazement, "Wonderful! what can all this mean? Never did I see anything like it!" He listened with interest to the expostulating tones of pious entreaty, as they fell from the lips of the lady, and though he has not yielded to the claims of Christ, he has had a season of the Spirit's visitation, through human agency, without which the Church might not have been clear of his blood should he eventually be lost.

Said another, who was a lady of some position, but who had long been a neglecter of salvation; "Why, here is more than half a dozen different persons who have been running to me on this subject. I do not see what has got into the people! Why, they must think I am a dreadful sinner!"

All classes are at work. Illustrations of exceeding interest come up before me; but I can scarcely trust myself to glance at them, they are so numerous, and so suggestive of good. Seldom have I seen a more lovely convert, than one in the common walks of life. After her translation from the kingdom of darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son, she was so entranced with the glory of her inheritance that the utterances of her new-born spirit were singularly beautiful and sublime. I mentioned this on my return to the family where we are entertained. "O, that is the one our Eliza brought!" said our hostess. Eliza

is a pious servant in the family, but, though pressed with an unusual amount of service, she had, with others, lifted her hand, by way of pledging herself to bring at least one. "I did not know, that our servant knew a person in the place, as we brought her from a distance not long since; but she had pledged herself to bring one, and that one was converted." So said the Rev. Mr. R., the minister who superintends the work here. The work is becoming the town topic. Men of business are after men of business; every man after his man. Surely this is a truthful demonstration of Christianity in earnest, and a return to what was said by an eminent divine of the more early Methodists: "They are all at it, and always at it."

In fact, it is only a return to primitive Christianity, when the manifestations of the Spirit were untrammelled by mere human opinions, and Church conventionalisms, and permitted to have full sway. It is that which was foretold by the prophet Joel, and of which the apostle Peter spoke, when he proclaimed, "It shall come to pass, in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," etc.; furnishing a marked demonstration that the same power still continues in the Church that was in the apostolic Church, when Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, scattered the band of disciples, comprising men and women, in every direction. The infant Church, with the exception of the apostles, were, by Saul's fearful havoc, scattered away from Jerusalem; and, being thus scattered, these *men* and *women* of the *laity* went everywhere *preaching* the word. That is, they went abroad proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, and urging the gospel invitation.

And why may not all these instrumentalities again be brought into use? Have we not men, women, and children in our various churches, whose personal realizations of the blessedness of salvation, empowers them to urge others to the gospel

feast? O, will not the ministers of the sanctuary at once bring all these instrumentalities into action! Dormant power is in the church, which, if brought into immediate use, would result in the salvation of thousands speedily. Will not the captains of the hosts of Israel call upon the people to come up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty? O, if we may only have a "*laity for the times*," how soon will this redeemed world be brought back to God!

PHOEBE PALMER.

[Christian Advocate and Journal.

The Work of Holiness in New York some years ago.

THE following communication speaks for itself. We are confident we speak the sentiment of our numerous readers, when we assure our beloved Father Kent that his contributions will be gratefully received and prayerfully read. The choice of subject is a happy one, and cannot fail to interest. May God spare his aged servant yet many years, to instruct and stimulate the church in her high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

BROTHER DEGEN:—I have, for some time, wished it was in my power to send you something, that would be profitable for the readers of the Guide. By age and infirmities, I am almost shut up from society, and often my mind goes back to former days, and I rejoice in the remembrance of the gracious displays of salvation among the people.

I have finally concluded to write you a few letters concerning the work of holiness in the city of New York, some years ago, and of my correspondence with Nathaniel C. Hart, that eminent Christian, whose labors were much blessed of God, but, for years, has rested from labor.

I shall begin with a few incidents at a camp meeting on Long Island; I think the place was called Mosquito Cove. In June, 1819, I went from New London, and was, in a manner, a stranger, yet I knew some of the preachers. The meeting progressed in the ordinary way—prayer meeting at

the stand, at eight o'clock A. M. One was appointed to select some half-dozen others, and conduct the meeting from the stand. I think it was Thursday morning, that my soul was in an agony to urge holiness or perfect love, as a present duty, upon the congregation. This had not been made a prominent subject in the public exercises, and for a stranger to enforce it might seem assuming too much, and might give offence by disturbing the order of the meeting. I think I never, in my life, had felt so sensibly a message from the Lord, when my way seemed to be so hedged up; and doubtless the tempter magnified the hindrances. I was sure of condemnation if I withheld my testimony—was in a great strait—and thought of speaking to the brother who had charge of the meeting; but he might think, I supposed, I understood the gospel better than he. Though ready to sink, I had no time to spare; the time had come. I went and sat upon the steps of the stand, hoping some one would ask me to go up; but they all passed by. I went up and took a seat. They sang and prayed, and, as amen was uttered, I arose and spake a few words to the brother in charge of the meeting, of the constraining emotions of my soul, and then gave full vent to the overflowings of a burdened spirit; a gracious influence rested on the congregation. The burden of my testimony was, the necessity of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, both for preachers and people, and I spake to this effect. "Doubtless, many have come here, hoping and praying that God would fully sanctify their souls at this meeting, but are now tempted to fear they shall be disappointed. Desponding souls look up and hear the word of the Lord. 'Behold, I bring near my righteousness.' The Holy Ghost is bringing it near this moment, as a present salvation. He is helping your infirmities, and making intercession for you, and, by this almighty *Helper*, you may ask and receive, and sink into all the will of God. He is now as able and willing to grant you this salvation as he ever will be. Faith,

mighty faith, sees the promise now held out to view: take it with humble confidence, and trust the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin, and the work is done."

As soon as I closed, Brother Nathaniel C. Hart, of New York, arose, and stepped upon his seat, before the stand, and spoke in a most powerful manner of the indwelling fulness of the sanctifying Spirit, which absorbed all the powers of his soul, and exhorted all to ask and receive, that their joy might be full. This was the theme which continued for about two hours, speaking of full salvation, or offering mighty prayer in the congregation—but very little was done from the stand. Numbers professed to obtain the blessing of perfect love, and great was the rejoicing of the children of God.

I will here give an extract of a letter from Brother Hart, written the month after the camp meeting:

"NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1819.

"The effects of our late camp meeting, are visible among us. I never witnessed such an inquiry among the people, for the deepening of the work of grace. A few witnesses of perfect love have been raised up, but oh! my dear brother, how I long for a gracious shower, that both preachers and people might feel all alive! The devil is hard at work to destroy us, and nothing but great grace can save us. There have been several select prayer meetings formed among our brethren and sisters—I mean for such as particularly hunger and thirst after holiness. O, my dear brother, how it is that God is so good and merciful to me, I cannot tell. While I write, I feel unworthy of his mercy, and yet he blesses me so graciously. My blessed Master calls on a poor, timid worm, frequently to bear testimony of the blessing of perfect love. Oh! the cross; I blush at my backwardness, and am astonished at the long forbearance of my God. Last Thursday evening, the Lord made it known to me, two or three hours before meeting, that it would be my duty to rise and bear testimony for him in the public congregation after preaching, and tell what he had wrought for me. I dared not turn to the right or left, for I had suffered loss so often by my backwardness. I had made up

my mind in covenant with God, I would strive to follow the leadings of his Spirit. Oh! how I am supported, how I am borne with! I cannot, I dare not say, any thing but Mercy! Mercy! I cannot, I do not, indulge an idea of ever resting without this blessed evidence to govern my soul. When I awake in the morning, if God and heavenly objects are not the first that strike my mind, I am grieved. Oh! I want to be all for God.

"Thursday. I thank God I feel Jesus precious this morning; my sky is clear. Oh! glory to God. I could spend my hours in weeping with thankfulness before him. My love for retirement has increased much, and my anxiety for a reformation among my brethren is indelible. I hope, brother, you will write soon; I want instruction and advice from you. Our interview at camp meeting has been profitable. God bless you, and fill you with the desire of your soul. Farewell. N. E. HART."

Should this be acceptable, and health permit, I shall write again.

A. KENT.

New Bedford, November 3, 1857.

Pencilings by the Way.

BY DORA.

WEEKS of incessant toil, and a more than ordinary burden of care, combined with which were trials peculiarly calculated to crush the spirit, have had such an influence upon both mind and body, as to irritate the one, and enfeeble the other. For two weeks I had entirely given way to discouragement. "When I would do good, evil was present with me, for the good that I would, I did not, but the evil which I would not, that I did."

I abhorred myself on account of my vileness. I was ashamed to appear before God, and utterly cast away my confidence in Christ as my present Savior. To-day, with a heart weary of its burden and its wretchedness, and longing for that quiet rest which had so often sustained me in the midst of severe trials, I prostrated myself at the foot of the cross, and while I could not appropriate the language of him who thanked God that he was better than others,

I plead the promise made to the guilty. I implored the benefits of that blood which cleanseth the polluted heart. I was strengthened by prayer, and when, a few hours afterward, I knelt again before God, I found that faith could more readily embrace the promises, and rely on a present Savior. A devoted servant of the Lord, one deep in experience, called on me, and from his lips fell words of encouragement, such as had not been given me for a long, long time; and I resolved, God being my helper, though disease affected my nervous system, I would trust in Him who pitieth his children, and who knows their frame, and remembers that they are dust; and, though cares multiplied, I would cast *all my care* on Jesus, for he careth for me; and though men and devils raged, and opposition increased, I would hold fast that blessed doctrine taught in the Bible, and set forth in the writings of holy ones in all ages, and instilled into my heart from my spiritual birth. Yes, upon my banner should be inscribed, "*Holiness to the Lord*;" without this, religion was to me a mere form, without the power. For years, I have had it a settled point in regard to myself, *Holiness, or nothing*. All short of this standard was valueless, for steps backward were not onward toward glory. There have been times, when hell seemed to be moved against me, and legions of devils arrayed to force me back, and every circumstance and agent possible employed to drive me from my stronghold, and at times with success. But, though cast down, thank God, I am not destroyed; but anew with faith's victorious shield, I arm myself for the conflict.

To-night the following extract from the writings of Fenelon, has afforded me much instruction and encouragement. They are peculiarly adapted to my recent condition. The italicizing is my own. "The faults most difficult to bear turn to good, if we use them to humble ourselves, without relaxing our efforts to correct ourselves. *Discouragement remedies nothing; it is*

only a despair of vexed self-love. The true way to profit by the humiliation of our faults, is to see them in all their deformity, without losing hope in God, and without ever hoping anything of ourselves. We need, most deeply, to be humble, by our faults; it is only thereby, that God will crush our pride, and confound our presumptuous wisdom.

"When God shall have taken away all resource in ourselves, he will erect his edifice; until then, he will cast all down, making use even of our faults. Let us give ourselves up to him; let us work humbly, without promising ourselves anything from our own strength alone. We ought to bear with ourselves, without self-flattery or discouragement. This is a mean rarely found. *We are apt to promise ourselves much from ourselves, and our good intention, or else despair of all.*

"Let us hope nothing from ourselves; let us expect all of God. The despair of our own weakness, which is incorrigible, and unreserved confidence in the omnipotence of God, are the true foundations of the spiritual edifice.

"It is a false humility, whilst we acknowledge ourselves unworthy of the mercies of God, not to dare to expect them with confidence. True humility consists in seeing all our own unworthiness, and remaining abandoned to God, not doubting that he can effect in us the greatest things."

There is much more connected with this subject, which is exceedingly rich and instructive, but we shall render our communication too lengthy, if we extract more.

A Word of Encouragement.

MR. EDITOR,—After reading what you have said respecting "articles for the Guide," in your last number, I hardly dare make an attempt, as I am inexperienced in writing for the press. I venture however a few words by way of encouragement. I will not trouble you with a detail of the manner in which I obtained the "Guide;" suffice it to say,

since January last, I have been one of its devoted readers. Why, I fell in love with its title before I had read one word; but a deeper and purer love filled my heart after carefully perusing its sacred pages. I bless God I ever found it; I hail its monthly visits with delight; it brings the "manna" my soul loves to feed upon; it strengthens and encourages my heart, inspiring it with stronger and holier desires after all the mind that was in Christ. Truly it is *the* Guide. Now if it be the means of bringing strength and comfort to one poor soul, is it not worth your while to use all your powers of body and mind to spread its holy doctrine through the land? But, I bless God, its influence is not so limited, for all who read it must feel the force and power of the great truth it so plainly teaches.

If what I have written is worthy a place in your columns, please insert it. Yours in Christian love,

HATTIE HALL.

To the Guide.

WELCOME, sweet messenger divine,
Thou "Guide" to holiness;
Welcome to every heart—and mine,
To bless us with thy perfect peace.

Sweet comfort to the fainting mind,
Your monthly visits bring;
Then speed thee; tarry not behind,
O haste on time's most rapid wing.

Bring peace, bring happiness to man
From that pure fount above;
Scatter thy fragrance o'er the land,
And fill the earth with hallowed love.

Thou Guide, thou message from above,
The strength of "Israel's God" is thine;
His banner over thee is Love;
Go forth; the victory shall be thine.

I bid thee haste, in Jesus' name
Unfurl thy banner wide;
Lead on to Truth, and loud proclaim
I am to holiness the "Guide."

HATTIE HALL.

Milan, Pa.

Goodness and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life.

I AM sure I cannot use better or more appropriate language to express the dealings of my heavenly Father to my soul than that employed by the Psalmist,—“Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.”

It is now nineteen years since I set out in the service of the Lord. At a very early stage in my progress, I was made sensible of my many deficiencies, and sought earnestly for ability to serve God better. I thank him that my prayer was answered; for, some years after, the Spirit pointed me to the way of holiness as the only path in which I could fully answer the end for which God had called me out of nature's darkness into the glorious light of the gospel. The Bible was my instructor, the Holy Spirit shedding light into my benighted mind, and thus enabling me to see my privilege. O how often I regret that so many years passed away before I was brought to see my duty; but, thank God, as soon as I saw it, I set about it, by seeking a clean heart, and the renewal of a right spirit. Nor did I seek in vain. God, true to his promise, imparted the heavenly gift, and revealed to me the “highway” spoken of by the prophet.

As I entered in this way, cast up for the ransomed of the Lord, I saw many crosses to be borne, many duties to be performed, much self-denial to be exercised, but my cry, from that day to this, has been:

“Only thou my leader be,
And I still will follow thee.”

I have to confess, however, that, at times, duty was performed rather mechanically, and more because it *was a duty*, and to quiet the demands of conscience, than through love to God and his creatures. I thus often grieved the Holy Spirit.

Some of my exercises about this time may not be unacceptable to those who are

seeking instruction from the experience of others. There was a very dear Christian brother who, with his wife, took a deep interest in me. I appreciated their kindness, and loved them much. One evening, this brother brought before me a duty so clearly, that I could not shut my eyes to its reasonableness; but, alas! I found I was not willing to perform it. He turned to me and asked, “Do you think you are fully consecrated to God and his service, if you are unwilling to do his bidding?” I felt the force of this probing question keenly, and went home deeply convicted by the Spirit of God. I retired to bed; but not to sleep. My thoughts held my eyes waking until long past midnight, when God remembered me, and soothed me into a calm, quiet sleep. At the usual hour I awoke, but without a scripture portion which, for months past, had been invariably given me every morning. I prayed God to bless me with my usual morning comfort. The soul-cheering promise came, “As thy day, so shall thy strength be.” I praised the Lord, and seemed to realize the fulfilment of that promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Scarcely had these last words been suggested to my mind, when these words were applied with a strange force, “Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God.” “Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind; be sober, and watch unto the end.” How or what can this mean? thought I. Is the mystery of the kingdom of God to be made clearer to my mind by some extraordinary means?

While pondering on this singular exercise, my past delinquencies arose before me, and I would have dwelt upon these; but there seemed to be something within me still urging me to seek to know “the mystery of the kingdom of God.” All day, these words were sounding in my ear, and I felt within me a response to this voice. “I am thine,” were the words of my inmost soul, “do as seemeth thee good.”

There were, at this time, friends visiting us from the country; and, as I was engaged in household duties, politeness dictated that I should be cheerful, and converse with them; but, in spite of my efforts to comply with the rules of courtesy, my mind was so engrossed with the subject that had been urged upon its attention, that it could take no interest in matters of an earthly nature. My prayer was constantly going out to God that he would teach me, by his Holy Spirit, how to gird up the loins of my mind, and be sober, and watch unto the end. In the evening, I again repaired to the house of the brother who had propounded the weighty question already mentioned, to enjoy the meeting that was held there. I entered, and took my seat in a favorite corner of the parlor. The exercises soon commenced. I was restless and uneasy. I had made up my mind, (strange as it may seem,) not to take any part in the exercises, though I knew I would be expected so to do. Whilst one of the company there was leading in prayer, I rose from my knees, and went into the back room, supposing I would feel better alone; but, when I got there, I found Brother H—'s daughter, and my own, sitting there; here I was foiled. I then thought I would kneel in a little room between the one where the prayer meeting was in progress, and the back room I had just left; but here I was again disappointed; for, kneel where I would, I could not conceal myself from the observation of others, which was the point I was seeking to gain. I returned then to my accustomed place. Soon the time arrived when I was expected to open my mouth in prayer. But O, the struggle! How sensibly I felt the truth that I could, in some cases and in some places, hide myself from the eyes of my fellows; but never from my Maker. I was humbled. I saw how unprofitable I was and had been, and how much my Savior's cause had suffered through my neglect, supineness, indifference, and the slave I had been to the opinions of man.

The Bible says, the fear of man bringeth^a a snare. This had been fearfully realized in my case. But I then and there determined—God being my helper—to break from these fetters, and seek to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, and, as the Spirit might give utterance, to declare those mysteries to others. I remembered the word, "Open *thy* mouth wide, and *I* will fill it." Under a sense of my dependence on the Spirit's aid, I opened my mouth, and claimed the promise "I will fill it." It was verified. Jesus drew precious near; heaven opened, and my will, hitherto rebellious, was conquered by LOVE. I was now ready to be offered up. The language of my heart was, I would be thine—thine only. Victory! victory! victory! Jesus was with me. "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; but his goodness and mercy passed before me. I was lost to all around me. On being questioned by those present what the mystery of the kingdom of God was, I replied, *The love or life of God in the soul*. On giving this answer, a peculiar light shone around me. I felt an indescribable peace within, and a sense of the divine presence in my soul. Never before did I see such force in those words of Jesus: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He had become my Alpha and Omega—my beginning and end.

We retired late that night; but I felt little inclined to slumber. Toward morning, I arose, and repaired to the same spot in the parlor where God had condescended to bless me so signally—not to pray, but to adore, yea, to worship. Self was now lost sight of. Jesus drew near and said, "Now are ye mine, if ye do whatsoever I command you." My former shrinkings when duty was presented, were all gone, and I felt a joy to do his precious will, as it was made known to me. Again the comforting word was spoken, "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken to you." Now, dear brother, excuse this lengthy communication, but the

love of God is so boundless I can scarcely find a stopping place. Believe me, this was not the work of imagination. Eternity will test it. Surely, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

L.

A Little While.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

[Rev. Dr. Bonar.]

Troubles.

The following, from the *Star* (*) correspondent of the Independent, is well timed. Happy for us if, in these times of trial, we see God's hand in our troubles, and profit from the chastening of his rod.

WHOEVER enters this world with an expectation of finding or making a life of uninterrupted joy, will enter blindfold ; but trouble will quickly open his eyes. The wish to be happy is natural and normal. But the *expectation* of happiness unalloyed is most unreasonable. Life is a probation, more or less severe. It varies to different ones.

Some seem only dipped into life, as we plunge children into a bath. They come for a moment within the horizon and depart again.

Some appear to have answered the earthly conditions of their existence in a few years. There is no interpreter to God's Providence, and God is silent.

Some persons appear to have an end in life which requires an even and balanced mind and temperament. They pass smoothly on, neither exalted by great joys, nor depressed by burdensome sorrows.

Others are sent into life armed to resist the pressure of external things. They have hope, courage, elasticity, and they meet and vanquish assaults with almost gladness.

But others still there are to whom is appointed a much more difficult task. Their troubles are within. As a ship-master, who carries an insubordinate and mutinous crew, has his enemies in his own ship, so many men have a disposition so wild, so untempered, a mind so unbalanced, that their work of life is in their souls.

Others still are children of special sorrow. God seems to deal with them as Apollo is fabled to have dealt with Niobe—slaying all their hope.

Many persons bring their own troubles—others find them in their social dependence and connections. But there are many troubles that do not seem to bear any relation to our wisdom or to moral

obliquity. They are like silver arrows shot from the bow of God, and fixed, inextractible, in the human heart.

In such a world, it is folly to expect exemption. They who are exempt have reason to fear evil. But some there are who meet their troubles with such cheer that they hardly remember them as trials. As the sun converts clouds to a glorious drapery, firing them with gorgeous hues, and draping the whole horizon with its glorious costume, and writing victory in fiery colors along the vanquished front of every cloud, so sometimes a radiant heart lets forth its hope upon its sorrow and all the blackness flies, and troubles that trooped to appal, seem to crowd around as a triumphal procession following the steps of a victor.

Now these need not fear that they are not the sons of God. They seem but little tried, because they have such singular victory. But those who have no troubles, and gain no victories, have never striven for a higher place in life than nature gave. A man without aspiration is stale indeed. But aspiration brings endeavor, and endeavor strife, and strife many grievous woundings.

It is unwise, therefore, to rear our children to avoid trouble. Instinct will do that sufficiently. It should be ours, rather, to teach them how to vanquish one part, and how to endure the other. And enduring is the greater.

Secular troubles—or troubles from without, troubles by men, troubles from affairs, troubles of business, should always be met with greater force than they bring.

Many troubles can be cut at the root and cease. Many can be strangled. Many can be overcome by *direct attack*. We should count worldly trouble to be only an excitant, and become by it aroused to an energy and force, which otherwise we could not have felt. Such trials are only occasions of victory. Meet and resist them!

Some troubles and trials can be thrown

off. Diseases are repelled by great animal vigor. And troubles may be repelled by great mental vigor. Every one perceives this in his own experience. In the morning we can carry the world like Atlas. At noon, we stoop and find it heavy. At night, the world crushes us down, and we are under it.

The very troubles of to-day were about you yesterday, and you did not know them. For you were engaged in things which fired the mind with higher excitements. Very many troubles of life are nothing but your *weakness*. Stand up, and they are gone. They are like gnats, which, while one is still, settle and bite, but, rising up and working, the whole swarm fly off and do but buzz. But the moment the man rests, they alight. Thus activity is exemption, and sleep is defeat.

The want of proper occupation is the cause of more than half of the petty frets of life. And right occupation will be a medicine for half the minor ills of life. A man without any proper aim in life, without moral inspiration, too rich to be industrious, and a prey to the thousand frets of unoccupied leisure, sometimes sets himself to pray against his troubles. Now a man might as well pray against the particles of sand in Sahara, as a lazy man to pray against petty troubles.

Therefore it happens, sometimes, that bankruptcy brings a man what all his wealth failed to give—happiness; for he has *real troubles*, and trouble is a good medicine for trouble. There is a moral counter-irritation.

Many troubles, unlike the above, that are *real*, can be medicated by Hope. For so is it, that we can bear much when the prospect before us is cheerful and assured. If a man lets his troubles come between him and the sun, they will cast a shadow, and interpose their substance too. But if he will put himself between the sun and his troubles, then his own form will fall upon the overshadowed evil and half eclipse it. It is for this that Hope is given. We

are saved by hope, it is said. Hope is an anchor that holds on to the bottom while the storms handle the ship, and enables it to outride the tempest.

Happy is he that has hope. It is a heart-spring. If a man had no elasticity in his foot, and could spring over no pool, nor ditch, nor roughness, but went leadenly through them all, how burdensome would his journey be! But, by an elastic ankle, he springs over a hundred hindrances, and never knows their annoyance. Many of our troubles should be *oversprung*.

Many troubles in life cease when we cease to nurse them. We take them up, we dandle them upon our knee, we carry them in our bosom. When they seem to sleep, we wake them up, and insist upon sharpening their point. We ruminate our cud, which was a thistle at first, and make mean and fretful martyrs of ourselves. If one will be unhappy, if bitter is craved by the palate, there is no need for remedy.

Many real troubles there are which will cease the moment our heart accepts them and submit itself to God.

For many, troubles are but the strain which we endure when God would carry us the right way, and we insist upon going the wrong! When two walk arm in arm, if one would turn and the other would not, either they must pull diversely or else must separate. But God never lets go his children's arms, and if they struggle and hold back they are dragged. Let them submit to be led, nor struggle, nor hold back. In that instant, the trouble goes. This is specially true of all troubles which involve *loss of property*, and worldly comfort, as though *that is necessary to happiness*, when myriads, the most happy, live without it.

Many of our troubles are instantly cured by holding them up in the *light of God's countenance*. They arise from seeing of things in a false light, or from seeing things in the half-light of this world. When they are surveyed in the great sphere—in light of heaven, they dissolve like snow-flakes.

This is the reason of the experience of many Christians. They go under a cloud,—and, finally pressed and burdened, they go to pray—and, rising into the presence of God, and filled with hope and cheer, when they begin to think of their petition—it is gone. The air of heaven has health in it. There is peace in the very presence of God. They that touch the *hem* of his garment, are often as much healed as those whom he takes by the hand!

The same is true of music;—a little hymn, child-warbled, has sometimes done more for a man in one moment than all his own philosophy, his strivings and his labor. For a hymn is like the touch given to the servant's eyes by the prophet. It opens the air, and it is full of God's messengers.

There be troubles that may be *worn out*. A patient endurance will destroy them. Like tides, they cannot be checked nor resisted when rising. But, like tides, if patiently waited upon, they will turn and flow out of themselves.

Nay, rather let me say that they are inundations of freshets. When God means mercy to the seasons, he sends clouds to the mountains. From their bosom all the mountain springs nurse, and are full. But when, from the fulness of the rain, the streams swell, and branch adds to branch its tribute, the over-swollen river spreads wide over all the neighboring meadows. Trees wade deep; bushes, half-hidden, seem cut in twain; and the earth is lost. But with a few days the stream sucks back its waters, and drives them out to the sea. Now see the drenched earth all a slime. Mud, mud, mud. But go again in two months, and see the children of the mud—grass that waves its little forest—flowers that carry heaven in their bosom—corn and grain that exult in richness and vigor. Troubles come to us like mire and filth. But, when well mingled, they change to flower and fruit.

The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

From our Canadian Correspondent.

HAMILTON, C. W., Oct. 20, 1857.

REV. HENRY V. DEGEN:

DEAR BROTHER,—It affords me unspeakable pleasure to inform you, and the numerous readers of the "Guide to Holiness," of a precious work of God now in progress in this city. On Thursday, 8th inst., Dr. Palmer, (the beloved physician,) and his devoted companion, stopped with us on their return from the camp meetings, which they had been attending for some weeks past; the last of which was that at Oakville, where an unusual outpouring of the Holy Spirit had been experienced. Some of our people had been there, and had shared largely in the Baptism of Fire. They there, with thousands, pledged themselves to work for God on their return. At the prayer-meeting, on the evening first referred to, they gave in their testimony for God, and renewed their pledges of devotedness. Many others joined in the same determination. Meetings were appointed for the following afternoon and evening, to which they invited their friends. The attendance was good. Addresses were made by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and fervent prayer was offered to God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Seekers of justification and holiness were invited forward, and many came to "taste and see that the Lord was gracious." The next afternoon and evening showed an increase of interest in the work of God; and so it has been every day since. We have no preaching, except on Sunday. Each disciple of Jesus is saying "to his neighbor, and to his brother, *Know the Lord*," and large numbers are obedient to the faith. Last Sabbath was a high day, and exceeded all that any of us ever witnessed before. More than one hundred and twenty souls were brought to God, in the services of the morning, afternoon and evening. Of the number of those who have obtained holiness of heart, I cannot speak with accuracy,

as their names were not taken down; certainly several hundreds, including the most stable and faithful members of the Church. The number of those who have been converted within the last ten days, exceeds three hundred, and we trust that this is but the beginning of the work. The meetings are characterized by great order, and the deep, silent power of God. When the invitation is given, the space around the communion railing is thronged. The praying is distinguished by fervor, faith, and power. The leading voice is heard, accompanied by the sighs and prayers of penitents, and the hearty amens of God's children. The churches are thronged from the hour of commencement, until ten o'clock, and, even then, the people are unwilling to leave. So marked is the hand and power of God in this work, that the most fastidious lover of good order appears satisfied. The *people* are working and praying, and furnish a good specimen of the "*laity required for the times*." They have a mind to work. The part taken by Dr. Palmer and his estimable wife, in the sacrifice of their pecuniary interests, time, etc., and their addresses, conversations, prayers, etc., is signally owned of God, and appreciated by a grateful people. May God render to them sevenfold in return.

Last evening, we held a service for the recognition of those who had been converted during the past week. It was one of the most delightful and impressive that we ever witnessed. At its close, a prayer-meeting was held for half an hour, and several souls were brought to God. O, that this work may spread—that other churches may catch the flame—that the people may work, and trust in God for results. Pray for us, dear brother, that it may NEVER CEASE till the WORLD IS CONVERTED. Excuse the imperfections of this scrawl, as I have no time to re-write it.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

EPHRAIM B. HARPER.

The wages of sin is death.

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—The present number is the last that will bear on its imprint the year 1857. How rapid is the flight of time! It seems but as yesterday that we were employed in the duties incident to the beginning of a new year, and yet a twelvemonth has passed, with its solemn record of events. It is both natural and proper, on the return of these yearly periods, to retrospect the past. As we recall the divine dealings, who of us will not say, with the psalmist, "Goodness and mercy hath followed us all the days of our life"? Even the trials of life have been sent in mercy, and, in the severest chastenings, we have seen the yearnings of a Father's heart. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Happy for us if we have been profitably exercised thereby, and the close of the year finds us, through divine discipline, increasingly "partakers of his holiness." But, apart from trials, how manifold and manifest have been the blessings of our God upon us! If the earth's yielding her increase, the prevalence of general health, and the blessings of peace and prosperity are to be considered as marks of his favor, surely he has not dealt so with any other nation as he has with ours. And yet, who will not find, in the very face of these blessings, grounds for humiliation? Has the goodness of God led us to repentance? Has it fanned the flame of love? Has it awakened new desires to be conformed to his image? Has it discovered to us more of the odiousness of sin? In short, beloved, has it been the means of leading us nearer to God, or farther from him? Let us not deceive ourselves in regard to this matter. Whatever our lips may profess on this subject, the acts of the past year will bear an unequivocal testimony on these several points. These never lie. They show faith to be either dead or alive. If an honest retrospect shows that your life has not been the life of faith; if your present consciousness testifies that you are not in possession of this animating principle, delay not the consecrating act a single hour. Now reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Why remain in Kadesh Barnea when so short a journey would bring you into the land of promise? Let it be seen that you sorrow after a godly sort for past unbelief, and misspent opportunities, by devoting yourself afresh to the service of God, and redeeming the time.

Not least among the mercies of the past year have been the numerous revivals with which we have been favored. All denominations have shared in them. The present number contains an account of a most extraordinary work in Canada. It would be well for us to study the connection which the principles and preaching of entire holiness have with these wonderful displays of divine power. Learn this secret of success, beloved. Arm yourselves with the whole panoply of God, and your Christianity will possess an energy and attraction which will save you from being either barren or unfruitful.

REV. WILLIAM BUTLER.—We have been kindly furnished, by Brother G. C. Roundey, of Lynn, with the following extract of a letter from this devoted missionary. The Wednesday evening meetings to which Brother Butler alludes, is a meeting held in the Common Street Church, Lynn, for the promotion of the work of holiness. Having been permitted to enjoy its benefits for nearly two years, we can bear testimony to its precious influence. It is still sustained, and constitutes an element of vitality in the church with which it is associated. But to the letter:—

"God bless you, Brother Roundey; many a time does your happy face come before my mind's eye, and I think of your experience and of the blessed times we have had together in 'the courts of the Lord's house.'"

"Well, perhaps we may never again meet on earth—but we both hope to live in heaven, and the way to it is that very way we used to talk and pray about in our little Wednesday evening meetings. If those meetings are still kept up, give my Christian love to each and all who attend them. I hope they kindly remember one who is now nearly a thousand miles away from any other Methodist, except the one that God has raised up to help me. He belonged to the Church of England Missionary Society, but, having been in early life a Methodist in England, and loving the doctrines of "the witness of the Spirit," and the "Perfect Love" of God, he has resigned his post in a church where such truths are seldom heard, and has offered himself

to our society. I have sent on his papers to the Bishop and the Board, and, meanwhile, have licensed him to preach. He can preach fluently in both Hindostanee and Hindee, and is a good English, Persian, and classical scholar. He speaks seven languages. He is a blessed acquisition to me and my mission. It would do you good to hear him tell his experience out, or to see him in the midst of a crowd of Hindoos, telling them he knew that God has pardoned all his sins. It is wonderful preaching to them."

We are happy to learn that Brother Butler is in comparative safety from perils which, for some time past, seemed to threaten his life. Let not the church falter in her prayers at the throne of heavenly grace for both him and his family, and that the way may be opened for the more successful prosecution of his mission in heathen India.

GUIDE COVER.—We hope that this is read by every subscriber. The present has a word to *each*—a word to *ALL*—pass it not by—but let us hear from you a prompt response to its suggestions.

WESLEY'S PLAIN ACCOUNT.—The publication of this treatise in "serial articles, was pressed out by other matter, in this and foregoing number, but will be continued in future issues.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

AN ESCAPE FROM DELHI.—The following statement is taken from the "Panjabe Extra," dated 27th August, 1857:

Mrs. Leeson, the wife of Mr. Leeson, deputy collector of the Sixteenth, was almost reduced to a skeleton, as she was kept in a sort of dungeon while in Delhi. Two chuprassees, who, it appears, have all along been faithful to her, aided her in making her attempt to escape. They passed through the Ajmere gate, but not wholly unobserved by the mutineers' sentries, as one of the chuprassees was shot by them. It being dark at the time, she lay hid among the long web grass until the dawn of day, when she sent the chuprassee to reconnoitre, and, as luck would have it, he came across the European pickets stationed at Subzee Mundee. So soon as he could discover who they were, he went and brought the lady into the picket house amongst the soldiers, who did all they could to procure her safety. As soon as she arrived inside the square, she fell down

upon her knees, and offered up a prayer to Heaven for her safe deliverance. All she had round her body was a dirty piece of cloth, and another piece folded round her head. She was in a terrible condition; but I feel assured that there was not a single European but felt greatly concerned in her behalf, and some even shed tears of pity when they heard the tale of woe that she related. After being interrogated by the officers for a short time, Captain Bailey provided a doolee for her, and sent her under escort safe to camp, where she has been provided with a staff tent, and every thing that she requires.

LOVE.—I never was so impressed with the power of love, as when I heard the following story: A woman had a deadly hatred against a fellow-creature. Now, there lived near her a child who was not polluted with the world's wickedness. Mortal man had taught that child only a simple prayer, but the angels talked to her soul, and the Lord's light shone clearly there. Now, that woman once left her home, burning with jealousy, and she stumbled and fell just where that little child lived. The woman was angry and spoke bad words, when the child sweetly asked "Has she been hurt?" Now, the child was not afraid, but looked her in the face, and said, "Never mind! God will cure you, and I will ask him." So she put up her little hands to the Lord, and said her little prayer. The tears of the woman started; the child was asking the Lord to bless her, and the Lord was looking at her through the child! She could not bear it; she screamed in agony. And then the child rose up, and the woman caught her and said, "Teach me to pray." The woman forgot her hatred—her fellow-sinner, everything but that child. Her look was on her when the child said, "Do you love?" "Me love? Me! Oh! who can I love?" Then said the child in a whisper, "Love God who loves you, and me, and all the world." "Yes," said the woman, he loves you, but he cannot love *me*." Then said the child of love, "You do not know our Father, then, for he is love." Now, what that woman felt, I do not know; but she fell on her knees, and the power of love impressed her; and she let the child, the little child, lead her home, feeling an angel had been sent to keep her from great sin, and to tell her God was love, and loved her.

Now, this woman became transformed, not by fear, but by the power of love in a little child.

